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HARPER'S BAZAR.

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"HER SWEETEST FLOWER."—FROM A PAINTING BY ARTHUR STOCKS, EXHIBITED IN THE LONDON ROYAL ACADEMY OF 1880.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 338.]

"HER SWEETEST FLOWER."

See illustration on front page.

Her slender fingers weave the flowers
In dainty love-knot and bouquet,
Where all day long the shining hours,
Like loosened pearls, slip swift away;
Where to and fro, with restless feet,
The busy people meet and pass,
To catch upon the stony street
A dream of dew-drops on the grass,
To feel upon the wooing air
A whiff of violet odor shy,
To pause anear the vision fair,
To glance, to hesitate, to buy,
Though sweet her spoils from field and bower,
She will not sell her sweetest flower.

Her basket overflows with bloom:
White apple blossoms from the farm,
And ferns that love the forest's gloom,
And lilacs city eyes to charm;
Deep crimson roses, with a spice
Of Orient languor at their heart;
And vestal lilies, cold as ice,
And chaste as sculptor's purest art;
Pale pink arbutus, with the shells
That nestle 'neath the pine-trees' ward;
And tiny strings of snowy bells,
Safe sheltered close to leafy sward.
Sweet are her spoils from field and bower,
But fairer far her sweetest flower.

Clasp dimpled arms around her, boy:
She counts it bliss to toil for you.
Your kiss upon her cheek is joy,
Your breath is sweeter than the dew.
What sparkle in your merry eyes!
What laughter on the baby mouth!
Why, e'en your sudden tearful cries
Are dear as rain-fall after drouth,
For she can soothe the grief away.
At night she folds you to her breast:
Her nestling cradled so, the day
Glides out at last in perfect rest.
Who will may rifle field and bower;
They shall not steal her sweetest flower.

The gray old grandam lives to share
Her trials and vicissitudes,
With simple lore and patient care
To watch the baby's fitful moods.
With tender touch her work-worn hands
Caress the sturdy, active limbs;
And well the bairnie understands
Her crooning lullabies and hymns.
His transient fretfulness she deems
The token of a spirit strong,
And often o'er her knitting dreams
His future tuneful as a song.
O little one, may life have power
To keep you aye their sweetest flower!

The pensive mother twines the leaves
And dainty buds in bright bouquets;
And still her busy fancy weaves
Dear thoughts and plans for coming days.
The shadow of a sorrow lies
Upon her meek, submissive face,
And resignation in her eyes
Has left its mute and plaintive grace.
For bloom and perfume, silver coin
No measure large she asks, to keep
The two whose hands around her join
In comfort while they wake or sleep.
Who'll buy her gems of field and bower,
And help her guard her sweetest flower?

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1881.

Now is the time to subscribe.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

NEW ILLUSTRATED SERIAL STORIES.

No. 80 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued May 10, contains the opening chapters of two fascinating Serial Stories:

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a May-party story for girls, by KATE R. McDOWELL, with illustrations by MRS. JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD.

[See Advertisement, page 350.]

Our next Number will contain a Pattern Sheet with numerous full-sized patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' Grenadine, Nuns' Veiling, Batiste, Surah, Pongee, Silk, Wool, and other Summer House, Street, Travelling, and Country Dresses and Wrappings; Boys' Sailor Suits; Girls' Dresses; Ladies' Summer Bonnets; Afghans, Quilts, Bags, Shawl-Straps, Embroidery Patterns, etc., etc.; with choice literary and artistic attractions.

BREAKFAST.

THE Sphinx's riddle of the average housekeeper is that genuine and ever-recurring question, "What shall we have for breakfast?" She seldom answers it to her approving conscience, and her penalty is to be devoured by dumb remorse. For the average housekeeper is not that "minion of fortune and worm of the hour" whose faultless cook and heavy purse have only to lay tribute on an abundant market. Alack! the typical American housewife accounts her-

self lucky if her maid-of-all-work can serve the simplest breakfast without assistance, or coax the kitchen fire to burn in the gelid dark of the belated winter dawn. Nor is there money to spare for cakes and dainties. So that the vast body of citizens of this enlightened republic begins its daily labors on an unattractive and indigestible meal which rather exhausts than supplies the vital forces.

But what should breakfast be? Simply, as its name implies, the fast-breaking. Or, as the Germans call it, *Frühstück*, the "early morsel." The French, indeed, reduce their early morsel to a mere cup of coffee or chocolate, taken on rising, and this suffices them till noon brings the breakfast with knife and fork, which is, indeed, a luncheon of many courses, with fruit and wine. But this artificial habit doubtless grew out of the late hours of the people, and does not commend itself to a simpler existence.

The English, on the other hand, from whom we derive our substantial meal, break their fast with plenty and elaboration. The hissing urn stands in a solid prosperity at one end of the board, the tea (always made upon the table) distills its most fragrant essence within the ugly but useful "cozy" at its feet; coffee or chocolate steams in a shining silver pot. Two or three hot dishes, among them the inevitable bacon and eggs, announce themselves in tempting odors from beneath their burnished covers. A monumental muffin plate conceals mysterious viscera of burning coals. Above a silver tripod hangs a cunning egg-boiler, whose flame the solemn butler lights and tends as if he were the celebrant of some mystic and depressing rite. A contingent of well-browned dry toast, "cold as the fruitless moon," occupies the toast rack; and jam, marmalade, and honey add color to the feast, while the sideboard proffers cold joints, game, and a vast loaf.

A well-appointed English breakfast table is, indeed, as cheerful a sight as a hungry man could desire. But it is related that a cultivated Hindoo prince, being a guest at one, confided to a friend his misgiving that a people loving such vulgar profusion of coarse food could never become civilized in the fine sense of that word. And, indeed, except in a greater refinement of cooking and serving, such a meal differs little from the beef and brawn, the boar's head and mighty hams, divided with the fingers, and washed down with great mugs of strong beer, which made the breakfast of the gentles of England in HENRY the Eighth's time.

The German "early morsel" consists of a cup of coffee, bread, eggs perhaps, and a comb of golden honey, or some like dainty. On this fare the fine brain of Germany has done its subtle thinking for generations—the poet his imagining, the warrior his planning, the philosopher his speculating, the statesman his contriving, the musician his ethereal weaving, the theologian his destroying and his up-building.

Nay, there was an earlier nation of poets, orators, philosophers, warriors, statesmen, dramatists, painters, architects, sculptors—a nation from which we still borrow the best we know of art and eloquence—which wrought its eternal labors on a still simpler diet. The old Greeks made their breakfast of bread dipped in wine, to which in self-indulgent moods they added ripe fruit. Dinner, to be sure, was an affair of time and substance. But there were slaves to cook it, and slaves to serve it; the labors of the day were done, and the simplicity-loving Greek might permit himself a little elegant gluttony without self-reproach.

Might not we profit by the example of the older and the younger nation? A simple and light breakfast would go far to redeem us from the reproach of being a nation of dyspeptics. It would greatly lessen the toils of the housekeeper, who could teach the most unintelligent maid to prepare good coffee, and bread, and the wholesome Graham puffs variously called, or who could herself make upon the table the best of breakfast tea. Eggs at some seasons are scarce and dear. But the maternal egg would be far cheaper than the long array of half-spoiled breakfast dishes with which the conscientious housekeeper struggles after "variety." These simple viands, with oatmeal and milk, offer all the chemical elements required for nutrition, and may be unfaillingly good.

This morning sobriety leaves the head clear, the spirits light, the body stimulated, not clogged. It tends to cultivate a simple and refined taste. And if the familiar breakfast, with its steaming meat, its amber potatoes, and infinite riches of griddle-cakes and hot bread be something to resign, the gain in health, ease of work, and cheerfulness will bring swift compensation.

It was said of Lord HOLLAND that he always came to breakfast with the air of one who had just heard unexpected good news. If he were often hypocritical, it was the

hypocrisy of a household saint. But it must be remembered that he had a faultless breakfast to come to. And possibly many a man who now brings to his greasy pork-chops, sour buckwheat cakes, and bitter, Laodicean coffee the visage which SYDNEY SMITH called "a breach of the peace," might rival the famous Lord HOLLAND in sunny courtesy had he the same assurance of a satisfying *Frühstück*.

ON NOVELS AND NOVEL-MAKERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

II.

THAT the novel, not only in its literary but moral form, is an engine of enormous power, no one could doubt who had the reading of letters received, say in a single year, or even a single month, by any tolerably well-known author, from all parts of the world, and from total strangers of every age, class, and degree. Not merely the everlasting autograph-beggars, or the eulogists, generally conceived egotists, who enjoy the vanity of corresponding with celebrated folk, but the honest, well-meaning, and often most touching letter-writers, who pour out their simple hearts to the unknown friend who has exercised so strong an influence over their lives. To this friend they appeal not only for sympathy, but advice—often of the most extraordinary kind—on love affairs, the education of children, business or domestic difficulties, impulses of gratitude, revelations of perplexing secrets, outcries of intolerable pain, coming sometimes from the very ends of the earth, in a mixture of tragedy and comedy, to the silent recipient of these strange phases of human life—stranger than anything he or she has ever dared to put into any novel. Yet so it is; and any conscientious author can but stand mute and trembling in face of the awful responsibility which follows every written line.

This, even of the ordinarily good books—but what of the bad ones?

I believe a thoroughly "bad" book, as we of the last generation used to style such—bad either for coarseness of style, as *Tristram Shandy*, or laxity of morals, like "Don Juan"—does infinitely less harm than many modern novels which we lay on our drawing-room tables, and let our young daughters read *ad infinitum*, or *ad nauseam*: novels chiefly, I grieve to say, written by women, who, either out of pure ignorance, or a boastful morbid pleasure in meddling with forbidden topics, often write things that men would be ashamed to write.

Absolute wickedness, crime represented as crime, and licentiousness put forward as licentiousness, is far less dangerous to the young and naturally pure mind than that charming sentimental dallying with sin, making it appear so piteous, so interesting, so beautiful. Nay, without even entering upon the merits of the favorite modern style of fiction—in which love, to be attractive, must necessarily be unlawful—there is a style of novel in which right and wrong are muddled up together into a sort of neutral tint, the author, and consequently the reader, taking no trouble to distinguish between them. The characters are made interesting not by their virtues, but their faults: a good woman worships a bad man, and *vice versa*. Now this may be true in real life, though I doubt; but to present it in fiction, to make a really noble woman the abject-willing slave of a contemptible brute not worthy to tie her shoes, or an honorable man doing all sorts of erring things for the sake of a feeble or vile woman, whom her own sex, and the best of the other, would heartily despise—the effect of such a picture as this is to confuse all one's notions of good and bad, and produce a blurred and blotted vision of life, which, to those just beginning life, is either infinitely sad or infinitely harmful. Besides, it is not true. Time brings its revenges; and if there is one certainty in life, it is the certainty of retribution. Ay, even in this life, and alas! down to the third and fourth generations: a creed by the young despised and disbelieved, but which the old, be they optimists or pessimists, know to be only too true—a creed which the young disbelieve or despise, but the old know it, and have proved it.

There is another favorite subject of modern fiction, even virtuous fiction: a man or woman married hastily or unhappily, and meeting afterward some "elective affinity," the right man or woman, or apparently such. No doubt this is a terrible position, pathetic, tragic, which may happen to the most guiltless persons, and does happen, perhaps, oftener than any one guesses. Novelists seize upon it as a dramatic position, and paint it in such glowing, tender, and pathetic colors that, absorbed in the pity of the thing, one quite forgets its sin. The hapless lovers rouse our deepest sympathy; we follow them to the very verge of crime, almost regretting that it is called crime; and when the obnoxious husband or wife dies, and the lovers are dismissed to happiness—as is usually done—we feel quite relieved and comfortable!

Now surely this is immoral, as immoral as the coarsest sentence Shakespeare ever penned, or the most passionate picture that Shelley or Byron ever drew. Nay, more so, for these are only nature—vicious, undisguised, but natural still, and making no pretense of virtue; but your sentimental assumes a virtue, and expects sympathy for his immorality. Which is none the less immoral because, God knows, it is a delineation often only too true, and perhaps only too deserving of pity—His pity, who can see into the soul of man. Many a condemned thief and hanged murderer may have done the deed under most piteous and extenuating circumstances; but theft still remains theft, and murder murder. And—

let us not mince words—though modern taste may inwrap it in ever such pathetic, heroic, and picturesque form, adultery is still adultery. Never do our really great authors—our Shakespeares, our Scotts, our Thackerays, our George Eliots—deny this, or leave us in the slightest doubt between virtue and vice. It is the mild sentimentalists who, however they may resent being classed with the "fast" authors—alas! too often authors—of modern fiction, are equally immoral, because they hold the balance of virtue and vice with so feeble and uncertain a hand as to leave both utterly confused, in the writer's opinion and the reader's mind.

But putting aside the question of morality, there is another well-deserving the consideration of novelists, viz., whether the subjects they choose are within the fair limits of art. Legitimate comedy ought to be based on humor and wit, free from coarseness and vulgarity; and in true tragedy the terrible becomes the heroic by the elimination of every element which is merely horrible or disgusting. In the dying martyr we ought to see, not the streaming blood and the shrivelling of the burned flesh, but the gaze of ecstatic faith into an opened heaven; and the noblest battle ever represented is misrepresented when the artist chooses scenes fit only for a hospital operating table or a butcher's shambles.

I can not but think that certain modern novels, despite their extreme cleverness, deal with topics beyond the legitimate province of fiction. Vivid descriptions of hangings, of prison whippings, of tortures inflicted on sane persons in lunatic asylums, are not fit subjects for art; at least, the art which can choose them and dilate upon them is scarcely of a healthy kind, or likely to conduce to the moral health of the reader.

The answer to this objection is that such things are; therefore why not write about them? So must medical and surgical books be written; so must the most loathsome details of crime and misery be investigated by statesmen and political economists. But all these are professional studies, which, however painful, require to be gone through. No one would ever enter into them as a matter of mere amusement. Besides, as is almost inevitable in a novel "with a purpose," or one in which the chief interest centres in some ghastly phase of humanity, there is generally a certain amount of perhaps involuntary exaggeration, against which the calm judicial mind instinctively rebels. "Two sides to every subject," say we, "and I should rather like to hear the other side."

Without holding the unwise creed that ignorance is innocence, and that immunity from painful sensations induces strength of character, I still maintain that these are topics which are best kept in shadow, especially from the young. We sometimes admit to our public galleries—though I question if we should—the magnificently painted but gross pictures of a few old masters, and the realistic horrors upon which a certain French school has made its fame. But few of us would choose a "Potiphar's Wife" or a newly guillotined Charlotte Corday for the adornment of the domestic hearth. Such subjects, though manipulated by the most delicate and yet the firmest hand, are apt, either in art or literature, to do more harm than the moral drawn from them is likely to do good.

Of course the case may be argued pretty strongly from the other side. Life is not all "roses and lilies and daffadowndillies"; therefore why should fiction represent it as such? Men and women are not angels, and bad people are often much more "interesting" than good people in real life: why should we not make them so in novels?

I answer, simply because it is we who make them—we short-sighted mortals, who take upon us to paint life, and can only do so as far as our feeble vision allows us to see it; which in some of us is scarcely an inch beyond our own nose. Only a few—but these are always the truly great—can see with larger eyes, and reproduce what they see with a calm, steady, and almost always kindly hand, which seems like the hand of Providence, because its work is done with a belief in Providence—in those "mysterious ways" by which, soon or late, everything—and everybody—finds its own level, virtue its reward, and vice its retribution. Also (happy those who see this!) in those merciful ways which out of temporary evil evolve oftentimes permanent good. To judge authors solely by their works is not always fair, because most people put their best selves into their books, which are the cream of their life, and the residuum may be but skimmed milk for daily use. But, in the department of fiction at least, the individual character gives its stamp to every page. Not all good novelists may be ideal men and women, but I doubt much if any really immoral man or irreligious woman ever made a good novelist.

I wish not to malign my brethren. Most of them do their best, and I think we may fairly decline to believe such stories as that of the "popular authoress" who, having starved as a moral, prosy, and altogether unpopular authoress for several seasons, was advised to try "spicy" writings, and now makes her thousands a year. And even after weeding from our ranks the "fast," the sentimental, the ghastly, the feeble and prosy, the clap-trap and altogether silly school, there still remain a good number of moderately clever and moderately wholesome writers of fiction, who redeem our literature from disgrace, or could do so if they chose; if they could be made to feel themselves responsible, not to man only, but to God. "For every idle word that men shall say"—how much more write?—"they shall answer in the day of judgment."

To us who are old enough to have read pretty thoroughly the book of human life, it matters little what we read in mere novels, which are at best a poor imitation of what we know as a solemn daily reality. But to the young, who are

only opening its first pages, this matters a great deal. Impressions are made, lessons taught, and influences given which, whether for good or for evil, nothing can afterward efface. The parental yearning, which only parents can understand, is to save our children from all we can—alas, how little! They must enter upon the battle of life; the utmost we can do is to give them their armor, and show them how to fight. But what wise father or mother would thrust them unarmed into a premature conflict, putting into their pure minds sinful thoughts that had never been there before, and sickening their tender hearts by needless horrors which should only be faced by those who deal with evil for the express purpose of amending it? Truly, there are certain novels which I have lately read, which I would no more think of leaving about on my drawing-room table than I would take my son to a casino in order to teach him morals, or make my daughter compassionate-hearted by sending her to see a Spanish bull-fight.

Finally, as an example in proof of many, almost all, of the arguments and theories here advanced, I would advise any one who has gone through a course of modern fiction to go through another considered a little out of date, except by the old, and, I am glad to say, the very young. Nothing shows more clearly the taste of the uncorrupted healthy palate for wholesome food than the eagerness with which almost all children, or children passing into young people, from thirteen and upward, devour the *Waverley* Novels. A dozen pages, taken at random this moment from a volume which a youthful reader (I might say gormandizer) has just laid down, will instance what I mean.

It is the story of Nanty Ewart, told by himself to Alan Fairford on board the *Jumping Jenny* in *Redgauntlet*. Herein the author touches deepest tragedy, blackest crime, and sharpest pathos (instance the line where Nanty suddenly stops short with "Poor Jess!"). He deals with elements essentially human, even vicious; his hero is a "miserable sinner," no doubt of that, either in the author's mind or the impression conveyed to that of the reader. There is no paltering with vice, no sentimental glossing over of sin; the man is a bad man—at least he has done evil, and his sin has found him out—yet we pity him. Though handling pitch, we are not defiled; however and whatever our author paints, it is never with an uncertain or feeble touch. We give him our hand, and are led by him fearlessly into the very darkest places, knowing that he carries the light with him, and that no harm will come. I think it is not too much to say that we might go through the *Waverley* Novels from beginning to end without finding one page, perhaps not even one line, that we would hesitate to read aloud to any young people old enough to know that there is evil in the world, and that the truly virtuous are those who know how to refuse the evil and choose the good. And I, who, having written novels all my life, know more than most readers how to admire a great—the greatest—novelist, should esteem it a good sign of any son or daughter of mine who would throw a whole cart-load of modern fiction into the gutter—often its fittest place—in order to clasp a huge wholesome armful of Walter Scott.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

TRAVELLING DRESSES.

THE season for summer travelling is at hand, and travelling dresses are in demand. Cheviots and flannels are the materials most used, and there is a wider liberty in choice of colors than formerly. The rough-finished Cheviots are usually a mélange of colors, with some prevailing hue, such as condor brown, bronze, or olive green, with stripes, or bars of red or orange that may be indistinct and merely suggested, though the stripes are apt to be of even widths and well defined. These come in double widths like cloth, cost from \$1 to \$2 a yard, and require six or eight yards for the suit. The flannels are of lighter quality, and are especially liked this year in tan-colors and in olive green shades, though the popular blue flannel will not be discarded. When plainly and tastefully made, these light woollen dresses serve for morning suits at the cool mountain and sea-side resorts. The favorite corsage for such dresses is the shooting jacket with a double box pleat behind, and a double-breasted front with a single box pleat each side of it; the Byron collar, wide belt strapped on at the sides, and two rows of buttons down the entire front complete this waist, which, to be well fitted, must be made over a close lining like any other basque. For ladies who are too stout for the pleated waist, a short postilion basque is used, made as plainly as that of a riding-habit; the front should be cut away from the waist line, the edges should be even all around—not shorter on the hips—and the back should have a series of flat fan-like pleats, or else two large box pleats in the middle form. For the round skirt the fancy at present is a cluster of tucks for trimming, and a narrow box-pleating is set on at the foot, being sewed to the edge of the skirt, and hanging below it. The tucks may be two inches wide, with a space their own width between, and may be four, six, or eight in number. The imported dresses, however, have narrow tucks only half an inch wide, very close together, and with a single cluster of six or eight tucks; a similar cluster of tucks is repeated on the pointed over-skirt, which consists of an apron made of a single breadth, with the point drawn to one side, and a full straight back breadth tucked on three sides, and very slightly draped. The top of this back breadth may be pleated to the waist, and the lower half slit upward in the middle and caught up in pleats so that the falling sides each form a point. When the cloth used is heavy enough, rows of stitching complete the basque and overskirt, and the whole suit is made in the simple and severe styles in

which tailors made up cloth costumes during the winter. The round apron over-skirt, with stitched edges, is still seen on tailor-made suits, while others dispense with wrinkled drapery in front, and use, instead, three straight stitched forms across the front and side gores, while still others open these forms in the middle, having a series of square-cornered pieces, each stitched in rows down each side. At the furnishing stores the full round skirts, with full straight back breadths and apron fronts, are commended as light and simple for mountain dresses of flannel. These have tucks and pleating for trimming the skirt, and are very youthful-looking. Still others have two deep kilted pleats all around the skirt, while the top has a short wrinkled apron that is shirred in rows down each side, and is fully draped behind. Such dresses of olive green or of coachman's drab flannel, made up with a pretty hunting jacket, are sold for \$21 50; while those with a round skirt and apron are \$17 or \$18. For the latter two pretty capes like coachmen's capes are added, and may be buttoned on or left off at pleasure; passementerie ornaments, with cords connecting them, are on the back and front of the basque. Small buttons of polished bone or of vegetable ivory are used with these dresses. A square bag like the dress material, or else one of seal or of alligator-skin, is worn attached to the belt.

A poke bonnet of rough straw, either bronze, black, or old-gold-color, will be the popular choice to wear with travelling dresses. Feathers in small clusters of tips, or two half-long plumes, or a single long plume, will be the trimming, with a large bow and strings, if required, of satin Surah ribbon. The mousquetaire gloves are of chamois-skin, with loose long wrists, and are usually of tan-color. The travelling cloak may be a jacket or short shirred mantle to match the dress; but the more popular wrap is a long Ulster or a Mother Hubbard cloak of some English homespun cloth different from the dress, and suitable to be worn over various suits. Indeed, many ladies prefer to wear this cloak on short journeys, as it is long enough to protect any nice costume it may be convenient to use, and they are thus not restricted to a travelling dress. For midsummer the coolest cloaks are made of India pongee, shirred at the neck, waist, and sleeves in Mother Hubbard style.

GLOVES.

Very long loose-wristed gloves without buttons, or else with two buttons at the wrist, though closed above, are the stylish choice this season. The Saxe or Bernhard glove is closed all the way like a stocking, while the mousquetaire gloves have a slight opening at the wrist, to be closed by two buttons. These are worn made of undressed kid for most occasions, for full dress as well as for shopping; the same styles are used in chamois-skin, and in a glacé-finished heavy skin for general wear and for travelling. Tan-colors, condor browns, and black are the colors most desirable, and these are worn for full dress or with the simplest walking costume. There is no longer any matching of gloves to the dress. The tan-colors are worn with any dress, even with those of white satin, and within a few weeks have been adopted by bridesmaids at fashionable weddings; there are also light shades of tan that will be considered specially stylish with white muslin dresses during the summer. White gloves are confined to brides, and are not even seen on the bridegroom, as it is the latest custom at the most ceremonious weddings for the bridegroom, his best man, and the ushers to appear without gloves. The long closed gloves vary in length, those most popularly worn being equal in length to gloves that are fastened by four or by six buttons, while those to be worn with short or elbow sleeves are as long as if fastened by ten or twelve buttons. For general use in the country and for travelling the inexpensive chamois gloves are chosen, at 75 cents or \$1 a pair, in mousquetaire shapes. For nicer wear the finer French chamois, the undressed kid gloves, and the glacé-finished Biarritz gloves of heavy skins are preferred. For gloves of stylish lengths \$1 75 or \$2 are asked, while those of extreme lengths and the finest qualities are \$3 75 to \$4 75 a pair. Conservative ladies who object to the wrinkled long gloves continue to wear those buttoned up the arm, choosing very long gloves, and preferring undressed kid to all other fabrics. For midsummer there are silk gloves, also lisle-thread gloves, shaped like the loose wrinkled long gloves just described, and these will be worn in écar, tan shades, condor browns, black, gold, white, and gray shades. These plain wrists are most stylish, but there are many with polka dots, stripes, and bands of open-work like the clocked and lace patterns of last summer. Mixed silk and linen gloves are very durable, and are shown in the long closed tops so easily put off and on, at 70 or 80 cents a pair. The French lisle-thread gloves, with the fingers finished like a Balbriggan stocking, are in excellent lengths at \$1 20 a pair. Silk mitts of olive and old gold shades in lace patterns at \$1 will be worn with summer dresses; there are also lisle-thread mitts in white, écar, and gray shades for country wear, costing from 20 to 60 cents a pair. The thick silk Marguerite mitts so popular last year are shown again, and are liked for service in black or in colors to match the light dress, also in white, at \$1 a pair. Black lace mitts will be as much used as they were last year. They come in pretty striped and dotted patterns, costing, according to their fineness, from 50 cents to \$8 50 a pair.

FAN, POCKET, AND COLLARETTE.

A pretty caprice for brightening up black dresses, or to add to white toilettes, is a set consisting of a spread fan, a pocket for the handkerchief, and a Medici's collarette, made of Surah satin, trimmed with Spanish lace of the same color, and clusters of flowers. To enliven black dresses these are made of rose pink Surah, on which is pleated Spanish lace of the same color,

and bunches of dark red roses. To wear with white dresses, pale blue Surah or else ivory white is used, trimmed with blue or with white blonde and the bright yellow Marshal Neil roses. The fan is made in radiating pleats mounted on a spread Japanese fan of large size. A bow of satin ribbon is tied around the bamboo handle.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ombre sashes of satin Surah three yards long, and made of an entire breadth of the fabric, are sold for \$9. They are folded around the hips like paniers, and tied behind in a large bow of long drooping loops with short ends. Cinnamon red shades and those of olive green are most liked with white mull dresses.

Large embroidered mull shawls of purest white—not cream-tinted—are chosen for midsummer, and cost from \$7 to \$20 each. The largest measure a yard and a half across the bias part, and are folded like a fichu with long pointed ends.

Square mull neckerchiefs have wide hems that are hem-stitched, and a cluster of block ornaments in each corner: price \$1 50.

Three-cornered chenille pieces in pale tints, as well as dark red and black, with looped chenille fringe, are pretty for extra warmth in the summer; they cost \$4 50 each.

Black and white checked silk kerchiefs are chosen for travelling and for wearing with black dresses. These are bordered and narrowly hemmed, and cost \$1. For the sea-side are dark blue, brown, or black Surah neckerchiefs, with a white anchor brocaded in each corner; these are sold for \$1 65.

Shoulder capes of white Canton crape, with Chinese embroidery and netted fringe, are shown for summer. The single capes are \$10, but those with double capes are more dressy, and cost \$15.

Cream white pongee handkerchiefs for the neck or for the pocket are shown with a deep hem that is hem-stitched, and above this is fine embroidery in a gay vine, or else white; \$3 is the price.

Ladies' satchels are now quite large, square, and flat, and may be carried in the hand, or else hooked over the belt. In the real alligator-skin they are \$5 each, but less expensive ones are shown in the English seal-skin, and in its many imitations; also in canvas and straw netting.

For information received thanks are tendered Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; STERN BROTHERS; and AITKEN, SON, & Co.

PERSONAL.

At the reception of Maitre ROUSSE, in Paris, the other day, the Archduchess CLOTILDE, daughter of the Princess CLÉMENTINE DE SAXE-COBURG, wore Indian cachemire, Orleans blue, with arabesque trimmings of lighter blue.

The author of *Native Races of the Pacific*, HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT, is tall, broad-shouldered, and has an erect and imposing figure. His dark hair is slightly gray, and he wears a beard and mustache. His large library in San Francisco is plainly furnished, and consists principally of printed and manuscript volumes relating to the history of the west coast of North America. He has also an index costing ten thousand dollars.

The melodies of SCHUMANN and CHOPIN are the favorites of the Princess of Wales, who is a fine musician, and whose poetical Danish nature shows itself in her perfect touch.

PATTI says she is as poor as a newspaper correspondent, and would be obliged to live on bread and cheese except for her salary as singer, and can not, therefore, afford the time to learn a new opera.

Mr. THOMAS HARRIS, of Wheeling, possesses the first rebel flag that was captured in the late war.

The trousseau of the Princess STÉPHANIE is worth four hundred thousand dollars, but the dowry voted for the future Empress of Austria does not exceed fifty thousand dollars.

CHARLES GOUNOD, the composer, is a short man, with sparkling eyes, and a beard just touched with gray. He wears a velvet sack-coat and a Florentine cap, and when he talks with his cap on, his animation gives him the appearance of youth; taking off his cap, and displaying his bald head, as he frequently does, he makes as sudden a transformation from youth to age as that of Faust himself.

The founder of the Kindergarten system, FROEBEL, had his birthday celebrated in Boston lately.

Mrs. JOHN C. FREMONT is visiting in Washington, where she is greatly admired, having lost but little of the beauty for which she was remarkable.

A blood-relation of the Marquis of Lansdowne, Mrs. MARY HORD LANSDOWNE, lately died in Grayson, Kentucky.

MILLAIS has caught the fallow face, the refined aquiline nose, thin black locks, the prominence of the under lip, the large forehead, and wonderful eyes of Lord BEACONSFIELD, though he had but two sittings. The portrait is nearly profile.

A Frenchman of Montreal, LOUIS LESSARD, aged one hundred and three, has a silver snuff-box which was given him, he says, by NAPOLEON, under whom he fought in all of his campaigns, from Egypt to Waterloo.

Whoever buys EUGÉNIE's villa at Biarritz will be obliged, by a clause in the deed of sale, to celebrate masses in the chapel on the anniversaries of the death of the Emperor NAPOLEON III. and the Prince his son.

A reception to Mr. and Mrs. JESSE GRANT, who go to Paris for their wedding tour, is to be given by the American colony in that city.

It is thought that Mr. GLADSTONE's book on Homer is the most zealous work this generation has produced, that he has the enthusiasm of a lover for Helen, and the enthusiasm of a German professor for scholastic details.

It is supposed by some that OLIVER GOLD-SMITH is the author of the nursery story *Goody Two Shoes*, as he was known to have been in the employment of JOHN NEWBURY in 1765.

At a recent ball Mrs. MACKAY wore, in the character of an Oriental Jewess, over draperies of pale yellow silk interwoven with gold, and looped with a clasp of large diamonds, a bodice of pale blue velvet embroidered with gold, to-

gether with a pale blue satin caftan profusely embroidered with tropical flowers and birds in natural hues; a toque of lilac velvet embroidered with gold, with a diamond chain passing under the chin, diamonds braided in her hair, a necklace of diamonds, and another of Oriental pearls; sapphire ear-rings with pear shaped pearl pendants, and brooches and bracelets of diamonds and turquoises.

The old tree of Clovernook, beneath which ALICE CARY played when a child, and about which she wrote in after-years, still stands near her old home, and only two of the family are living—two brothers in Ohio.

"Carmen Sylva" is the *nom de plume* of the young Queen of Roumania, who has translated a volume of poems from Roumanian into German.

The military painter DÉTAILLE is following the Tunisian expedition.

A genuine Toledo blade, one of a lot presented to GEORGE WASHINGTON by CHARLES III., King of Spain, to be given to his general officers, will be worn at the Yorktown Centennial by General JOHNSTONE JONES, of Charlotte, North Carolina, whose great-grandfather, Major CADWALLADER JONES, wore it at the battle of the Brandywine and the surrender at Yorktown.

The scene of the trial of the Czar's assassin is to be painted for the present Emperor by the celebrated artist MAKOVSKY, who has attended the courts of justice at St. Petersburg for the purpose.

A great festival celebrating the genius of LISZT is to be given in Antwerp in September; there will be a week of banquets, processions, illuminations, balls, and concerts.

EMILIO CASTELAR is chairman of a Spanish railway company.

H. SOTHERAN & Co., of London, have purchased the collection of KEATS's manuscripts which belonged to the late Mr. SEVERN, and which included the original manuscript of "The Eve of St. Agnes" among others, and a likeness in India ink, by Mr. SEVERN himself, sketched by the bedside of KEATS a few nights before he died.

The famous cypress-tree, described by PAUSANIAS four hundred years B.C., which has stood near the city of Sparta for more than two thousand years, and which a band of strolling gypsies who camped beneath it lately destroyed by leaving their fire burning, was seventy-five feet high, and ten feet in diameter near the ground.

TOMMY TU ROA TE RANGIHANTURI, a Maori prince, who recently stopped in New York on his way to Europe for an education, has dark eyes and skin, and straight black hair. He speaks English easily, and has forgotten every syllable of his native language, and when he visits his parents he employs an interpreter.

The little girl brought from the Cannibal Islands last year, who was afraid, at first, that everybody meant to eat her who came near her, is living in the family of Captain MEANS, of Mill-bridge, Maine, and has learned to read, write, and talk in eleven months. She has a kind disposition and great intelligence, and has a lively remembrance of the barbarities of her native "Sulu Island."

The honorary degree of LL.D. is to be conferred upon Mr. HENRY IRVING by Trinity College, Dublin, at the next Commencement.

Twenty cents per millimeter was the rate at which a Meissouier was lately sold—a millimeter being about the size of the head of a pin.

One of the best table-talkers in Washington is said to be ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

The Austrian Reichsrath took no notice of the Czar's death.

The iron prow of the famous steamer *Merrimac*, which destroyed two frigates in Hampton Roads at the time of the rebellion, is rusting in a junk-shop in Baltimore. Why doesn't some collector of curiosities and relics pounce upon it?

SLEEPING WATER is the liquid-sounding name of SITTING BULL's daughter, who has fulfilled the saying that "still waters run deep" by eloping with a brave of whom her father disapproved.

At a wedding, the other day, in Washington, Miss WAITE, daughter of the Chief Justice, wore, as bridemaid, an ivory white brocade, with front breadth of silk gauze, and carried a bouquet of Jacqueminot roses.

Illness will prevent the maestro STRAUSS from coming to this country this summer.

The wife of the late EMILE DE GIRARDIN, to whom he owed much of his success, obtained a prize from the French Academy for a poem, "The Sisters of Saint Camille," when only eighteen; and later a eulogy on CHARLES X. secured her a pension of three hundred dollars from his privy purse.

"Profounder than Shakespeare" was WALT WHITMAN's criticism upon MILLER's picture of "The Sower."

General LONGSTREET, the American Minister to Turkey, has obtained a firman in favor of the American Archaeological Society for excavations at Assos, on the island of Cephallonia, and has left Constantinople for Vienna and Western Europe on leave of absence.

The Archduke LUDWIG SALVATOR of Austria has been elected an honorary member by the Royal Geographical Society.

The veteran statesman ex-Senator HAMLIN attended a ball in Maine lately, and danced all the evening with as much pleasure as a youth of twenty.

Sir EDWARD THORNTON's son is a fine amateur photographer.

The patriotic American colony in Paris are preparing to celebrate the Fourth of July by an entertainment surpassing in magnificence anything of the kind ever seen outside our own country. A superb château, some two hundred and fifty years old, with grounds capable of accommodating the five thousand expected guests, at Maison, half an hour by rail from Paris, has been loaned for the occasion by the owner, a Russian nobleman. A special train will leave Paris at 2 P.M. with the excursionists and the band of the Garde République, followed by another, half an hour later, with the honored guests of the day—President GRÉVY, GAMBETTA, the foreign ministers, and other notabilities. The hearts of the Americans present will be cheered by national anthems and orations, and all sorts of amusements will be provided in the castle grounds for the entertainment of the more juvenile guests. At six o'clock all will partake of a sumptuous dinner, which will be followed by a brilliant display of fire-works and a grand ball in the evening. Arrangements have been made, we understand, to telegraph the details direct from Maison to the New York papers.

Silk Quilt with Protector.—Woven Braid and Crochet.—Figs. 1-3.

The silk quilt, Fig. 1, is furnished with a linen protector, the flap of which buttons down on the upper side of the quilt in the manner shown in the illustration. Fig. 2 shows a section of the flap, and Fig. 3 the lace for the outer edge of the protector. The flap is worked in crochet on a foundation of open-work braid about three-quarters of an inch wide, which has projecting loops along both sides, with medium fine cotton, in the following manner: 1st round.—Take an end of braid, and work * 1 sc. (single crochet) in the following 2d loop, 4 ch. (chain stitch), 2 tc. (treble crochet), the uppermost veins of

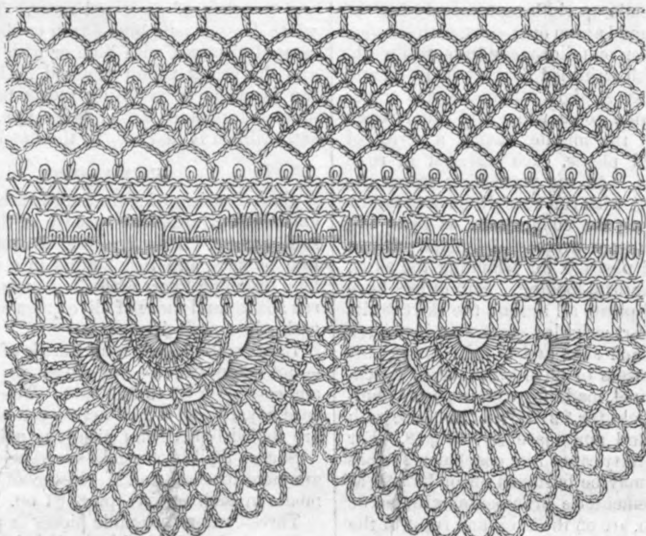


Fig. 3.—Woven Braid and Crochet Edging for Quilt Protector, Fig. 2.

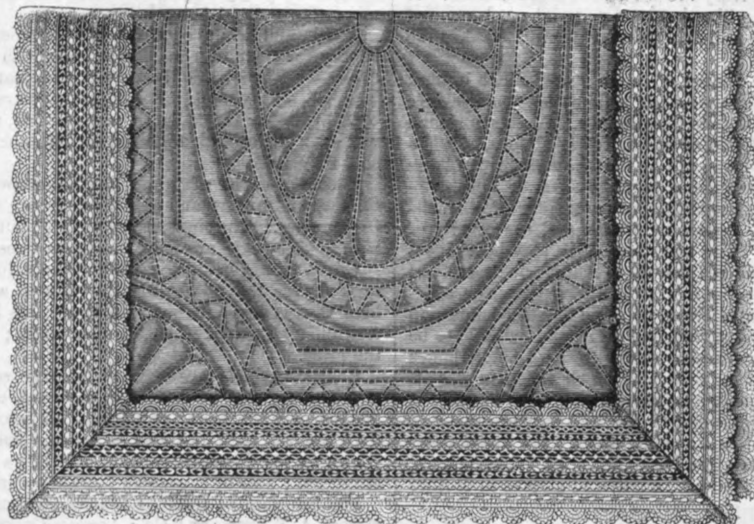


Fig. 1.—SILK QUILT WITH WOVEN BRAID AND CROCHET PROTECTOR.—[See Figs. 2 and 3.]

which are worked off together in the same loop in which the sc. was worked, 4 ch.; repeat from *. At the corners in this and in every following round fold the braid to form a right angle, and vary the work in the manner clearly shown in the illustration. 2d

necting the middle st. of each succeeding 7 sc. to the middle sc. of the following 7 in the 14th round. 17th round.—Work at the other side of the third end of braid, * 4 sc. separated by 2 ch. in the next 4 loops, 7 ch., 2 sc. separated by 2 ch. in the next 2

of braid, and work on one side of it as in the 5th round. 8th round.—* 1 sc. on the next st. in the 6th round on which 3 sc. were worked, 4 ch., 2 sc. separated by 5 ch. on the same st., connecting the middle ch. of the 5 to the middle ch. of the next 7 in the 7th round, 4 ch., 1 sc. on the same st. with the preceding 2 sc., 3 ch.; repeat from *. 9th–12th rounds.—Work at the other side of the second end of braid as in the 1st–4th rounds. 13th round.—Alternately 1 sc. around the next ch. in the preceding round, and 7 ch., passing by 5 st. 14th round.—7 sc. around every 7 ch. in the preceding round. 15th round.—Take a third end of braid, and work on one side of it alternately 1 sc. in the following 2d loop, and 7 ch. 16th round.—7 sc. around every 7 ch. in the preceding round, con-



Fig. 1.—Tulle Cap.



Fig. 2.—Mull Cap.



Fig. 1.—WHITE BROCADE PARASOL.

round.—Going back over the st. (stitch) in the preceding round, work 2 tc., the uppermost veins of which are worked off together on the next 2 tc. worked off together in the preceding round, * 4 ch., connect to the next 2 tc. worked off together, 4 ch., 2 tc. worked off together on the same st. previously connected to; repeat from *. 3d round.—Alternately 1 sc. on the next 2 tc. worked off together in the preceding round, and 5 ch. 4th round.—Alternately 1 dc. (double crochet) on the following 2d st. in the preceding round, and 1 ch. 5th round.—At the other side of the braid alternately 1 sc. in the following 2d loop, and 7 ch. 6th round.—* 8 ch., 1 sc. on the 4th of them, 5 ch., connecting the 3d to the middle ch. of the

Fig. 2.—RED SATIN DE LYON PARASOL.



Fig. 3.—BROWN SURAH PARASOL.

Fig. 4.—STEEL BLUE SATIN PARASOL.

loops, turn the work, 12 dc. around the preceding 7 ch., 1 sc. on the 3d of the first 4 sc., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the 2d of the 4 sc., turn the work, 1 ch., 13 dc. separated by 1 ch. around the 12 dc. worked previously, 1 ch., 1 dc. on the next sc., 1 sc. in the next loop, turn the work, and going back over the preceding st., work 7 times alternately 5 ch. and 1 sc. around the following 2d ch., turn the work, 7 times alternately 6 ch. and 1 sc. around the next 5 ch., then 6 ch., 1 sc. in the same loop in which an sc. was last worked, 1 ch.; repeat from *, but at every repetition connect the first 2 of the 8 ch. scallops to



Fig. 1.—SERPENTINE BRAID AND CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE.

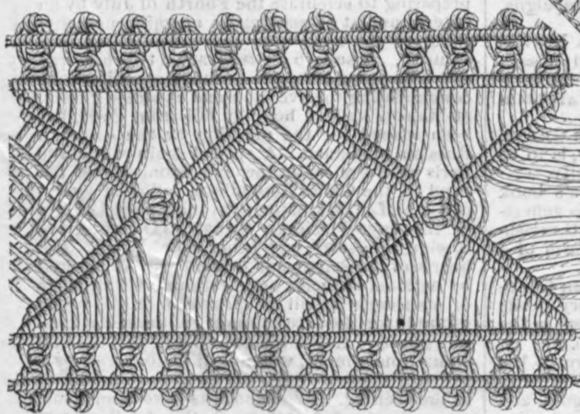


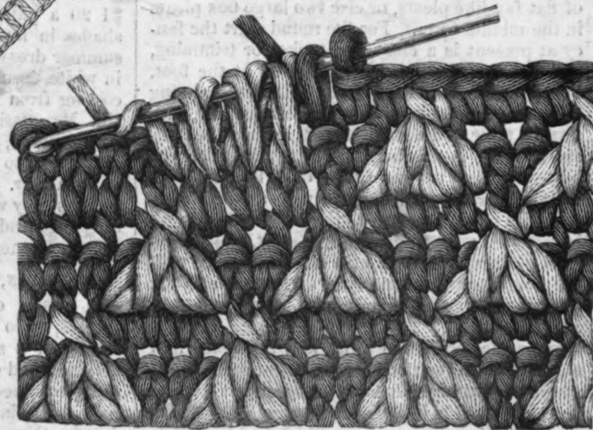
Fig. 2.—WOVEN BRAID AND CROCHET PROTECTOR FOR QUILT, FIG. 1.

next 7 in the preceding round, for which hold the work in such a manner that the 5th round will be turned downward, 2 sc. separated by 4 ch. on the same st. with the preceding sc.; repeat from *. 7th round.—Take a second end

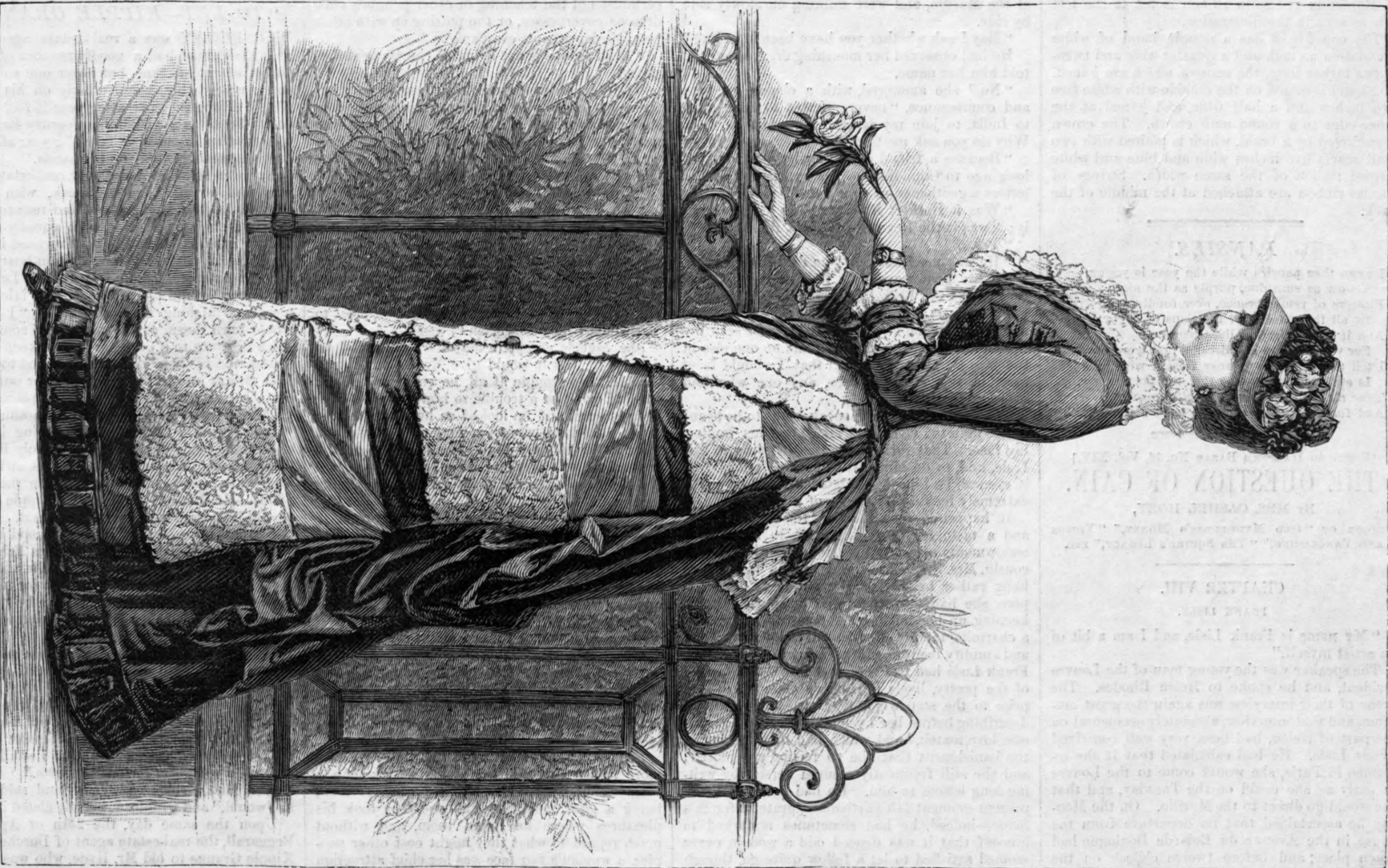
the last 2 ch. scallops in the preceding pattern figure in the manner shown in the illustration. For the lace around the outer edge of the protector work on one side of an end of braid for the 1st–3d rounds as in the 1st–3d rounds of the edging on page



Fig. 2.—MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE.



CROCHET-WORK FOR AFGHAN.



SURPLICE WAIST AND GREEK TRIMMED SKIRT.—CUT PATTERN, NO. 3085; WAIST, 20 CENTS; SKIRT, 25 CENTS.

317. *Bazar* No. 20 of the current volume. 4th round. —At the other side of the band, alternately 1 se. in the following 2d loop, and 7 ch. 6th round—Alternately 2 se. separated by 5 ch. on the middle ch. of the next 7 in the preceding round, and 5 ch. 6th-8th rounds—Alternately 2 se. separated by 5 ch. on the middle ch. of the following second 5 in the preceding round, and 5 ch. 9th round—Alternately 1 se. around the following 2d 5 ch. in the preceding round, and 7 ch. 10th round—Alternately 1 se. on the middle ch. of the next 7 in the preceding round, and 5 ch.

Surplice Waist and Greek Trimmed Skirt.

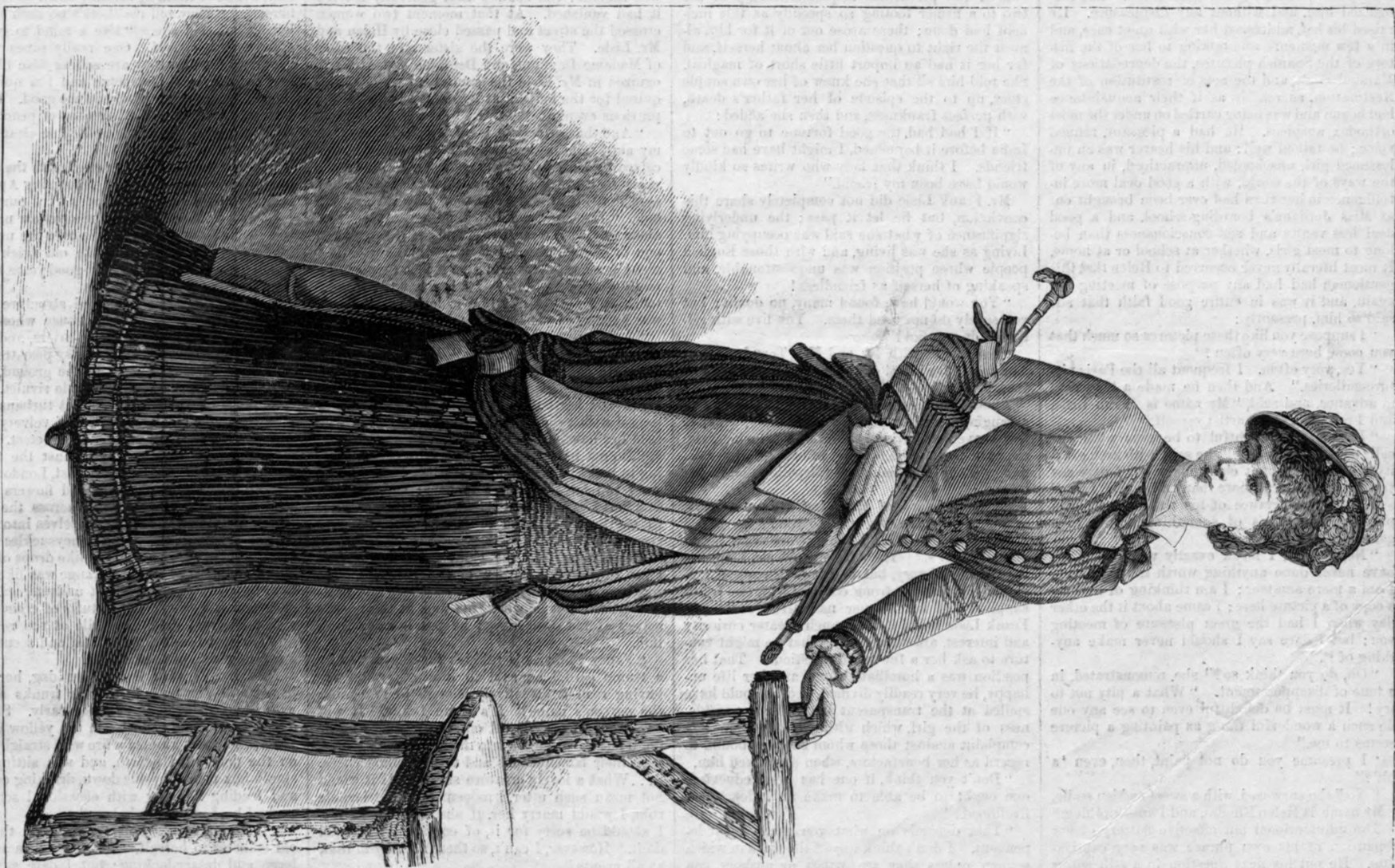
THIS beautiful French costume is composed of satin Surah of the new shade called old silver, trimmed with flesh-tinted satin and white embroidery of appliqué muslin on tulle in antique gimpure designs. The round skirt made on a foundation is bordered with an organ-pleating of the silver gray Surah laid over a knife-pleating of the flesh-color. On the left side are three bands of silver satin, alternating with others of the flesh-color, on which embroidery falls two-thirds of its depth. In the back, a large straight breadth of gray satin Surah falls to the bottom of the skirt, and is slightly wrinkled toward the middle. In front, another very full breadth begins at the waist, forms two pleats, and is drawn aside in natural folds, and lost under the back drapery. A wide band of embroidery, set on flat at the bottom and fastened at the top, follows this kind of demi-skirt, which forms the front. The new surplice corsage, lapped in front and fastened by an agrafe without a button, has a round waist in front from the hips, finished by a demi-belt; the back has a full basque, which forms a wrinkled puff, and is trimmed with the embroidery and light satin. A drapery of the flesh-colored satin is gathered in at the shoulders, crosses with the front on the bust, and disappears under the belt. The sleeves, which are almost long, have a scarf of the satin and lace for trimming. The collar or frill of lace also crosses on the breast like the satin trimming. Gray straw hat, trimmed with black Spanish lace and Nice roses.

Trignon Suit.

THIS costume is of beige wool and striped satin shaded from maroon to Maltese orange. The round skirt of satin is closely shirred from the top very far down, from whence falls a flounce like a demi-skirt laid in very narrow pleats that are finished at the bottom by a row of stitching. The over-skirt of wool is trimmed with four narrow bands close together like tucks. This over-skirt opens over the shirred skirt, and is drawn back and slightly draped by a narrow satin bow. Behind, it reaches half way down the skirt, and is joined to a very full straight breadth, which forms a quadruple hollow pleat in the middle of the skirt, and another lower one extends to the bottom of the under-skirt. The basque, cut away from the waist line, and very short on the hips, terminates behind in a sort of point formed by a large double box pleat in fan shape, on which are set two short loops. A drapery in front is shirred at the neck, on the breast, and on the bottom. The large buttons are engraved pearl. A narrow belt hides the bottom of the shirring. Byron collar of maroon satin. The sleeves have tucks or bands of wool with a striped shaded satin pleating below. Collar hat of gold-powdered beige straw lined with shaded satin. A cluster of shaded roses under the brim.

Ladies Caps, Figs. 1 and 2.

The foundation of the cap Fig. 1 consists of a brim an inch and a quarter wide and seventeen inches long, made of stiff mull taken double, the ends of which are joined by a band five inches long of similar material. The brim and the band are edged with box-pleated point d'esprit, and covered with a row of similar lace. At the inner edge they are joined to a full crown of white dotted tulle, the seam being concealed under box-pleated point d'esprit and a jabot. A bow



TRIGNON SUIT.—CUT PATTERN, NO. 3086; BASQUE, OVER-SKIRT, AND SHORT SKIRT, 20 CENTS EACH.

of Bordeaux red satin ribbon is set at the left side as seen in the illustration.

The cap Fig. 2 has a double band of white foundation an inch and a quarter wide and twenty-two inches long, the ends of which are joined. The band is edged on the outside with white lace two inches and a half wide, and joined at the inner edge to a round mull crown. The crown is encircled by a braid, which is plaited with two mull scarfs five inches wide and blue and white striped ribbon of the same width. Strings of similar ribbon are attached at the middle of the back.

PANSIES.

I SEND thee pansies while the year is young,
Yellow as sunshine, purple as the night;
Flowers of remembrance, ever fondly sung
By all the chiefest of the Sons of Light;
And if in recollection lives regret
For wasted days and dreams that were not true,
I tell thee that the "pansy freak'd with jet"
Is still the heart's ease that the poets knew.
Take all the sweetness of a gift unsought,
And for the pansies send me back a thought.

(Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 16, Vol. XIV.)

THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

By MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDLETON'S MONEY," "VICTOR AND VANQUISHED," "THE SQUIRE'S LEGACY," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

FRANK LISLE.

"My name is Frank Lisle, and I am a bit of an artist myself."

The speaker was the young man of the Louvre incident, and he spoke to Helen Rhodes. The scene of their interview was again the great museum, and that interview, absolutely accidental on the part of Helen, had been very well contrived by Mr. Lisle. He had calculated that if she remained in Paris, she would come to the Louvre as early as she could on the Tuesday, and that she would go direct to the Murillo. On the Monday he ascertained that no departure from the house in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne had taken place, and before twelve o'clock on the following day he had taken up his position in the gallery, within easy range of the great doorway into that chamber of gems, which is to the museum what its sanctuary is to a church, and was waiting.

He had not to wait long for the vision of the tall graceful figure in the clumsy English clothes, and the fair innocent face that had so strongly attracted him; and as the girl advanced toward the doorway, walking steadily on, and only glancing at the pictures on the wall as she passed them, he had the exceeding satisfaction of perceiving that she was, on this occasion also, alone. In the other event, he had made up his mind what to do, but this was much more interesting. She turned in at the doorway, and in a minute or two he followed, and found her, catalogue in hand this time, standing in front of the picture, with the same look of absorbed and self-forgetting interest that he had previously thought so beautiful. He advanced, and she saw him. Was there a heightening of the tea-rose color in the fair cheek, and a slight droop of the dark eyelashes? The man who was observing her closely but imperceptibly was not likely to delude himself upon such points, and he noted both these. She recognized him, and without any displeasure. He raised his hat, addressed her with quiet ease, and in a few moments was talking to her of the history of the Spanish pictures, the depredations of Marshal Soult, and the acts of restitution of the Restoration, as readily as if their acquaintance had begun and was being carried on under the most orthodox auspices. He had a pleasant, refined voice; he talked well; and his hearer was an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpracticed, in any of the ways of the world, with a good deal more intelligence in her than had ever been brought out at Miss Jerdane's boarding-school, and a good deal less vanity and self-consciousness than belong to most girls, whether at school or at home. It most literally never occurred to Helen that this gentleman had had any purpose of meeting her again, and it was in entire good faith that she said to him, presently:

"I suppose you like these pictures so much that you come here very often?"

"Yes, very often. I frequent all the Paris picture-galleries." And then he made a bold step in advance, and said, "My name is Frank Lisle, and I am a bit of an artist myself."

"It must be delightful to be even what you call 'a bit of an artist,'" she said, with arch gravity, which he thought charming, "but I dare say you are a great deal more than 'a bit,' Mr. Lisle."

The girl's utterance of his name gave him a pleasant feeling, as of something scored in a game.

"No, indeed; I mean exactly what I say. I have never done anything worth talking about. I am a mere amateur; I am thinking of making a copy of a picture here; I came about it the other day when I had the great pleasure of meeting you; but I dare say I should never make anything of it."

"Oh, do you think so?" she remonstrated, in a tone of disappointment. "What a pity not to try! It must be delightful even to see any one do such a wonderful thing as painting a picture seems to me."

"I presume you do not paint, then, even 'a bit'?"

"No," she answered, with a sweet sudden smile. "My name is Helen Rhodes, and I am—nothing." The unintentional but effective flattery of her repetition of his own phrase was very captivating. He put his next question in a still softer tone, and somehow they had both ceased to look

at the Murillo, and were walking on slowly side by side.

"May I ask whether you have been in India?" He had observed her mourning dress when she told him her name.

"No," she answered, with a change of tone and countenance, "never. I was to have gone to India, to join my father; but—but he died. Why do you ask me that?"

"Because a friend of mine who went out not long ago to Chundrapore has mentioned in her letters a gentleman of your name."

"Was it Herbert Rhodes?" she asked, eagerly; "was it the Reverend Herbert Rhodes?"

"Yes."

"He was my father, and he died after having been only a few hours ill. Did the lady tell you that? Oh, Mr. Lisle, what did she tell you? I know so little; there was no one to write to me, no one to tell me anything. I had not seen my father for several years, and I had no one else in the world. How wonderful that I should meet here, in this strange place, any one who had heard of him!"

The forlornness of the speaker was to be heard in her agitated voice, and read upon her imploring face. That forlornness was puzzling to Mr. Lisle, and, to do him justice, he was touched by it, even while he congratulated himself upon the extremely lucky conjuncture of affairs.

It happened that a talent for letter-writing, and a taste for exercising it, were among the endowments of Colonel Masters's feather-headed cousin, Mrs. Stephenson, and as she found time hang rather heavily on her hands at Chundrapore, she had devoted herself with assiduity to keeping up her home correspondence. She had a charming facility of style, and could adorn facts and amplify feelings with pleasing dexterity. Mr. Frank Lisle had had the good fortune to be one of the pretty, lively Christina's prime favorites, prior to the step which she was in the habit of describing before her husband's face as her "idiotic love match," and which had involved her in the banishment that she so feelingly deplored; and she still frequently amused herself by writing long letters to him. He had never until the present moment felt particularly grateful for this favor—indeed, he had sometimes remarked to himself that it was deuced odd a woman never seemed satisfied to let a fellow quide go, though she might have thrown him over for another fellow ever so coolly—but he was sincerely obliged to her now. And he remembered with great satisfaction that he had not destroyed the letters; that he had them stowed away somewhere.

"That was the name," he answered, "the Reverend Herbert Rhodes. I think I can tell you all that was written to me."

He led her to a seat and placed himself by her side. He made a successful demand upon his memory, and as Mrs. Stephenson's sentimental turn, combined with the opportunity of depicting her own alarm and the horrors of the situation, had induced her to give the death of the English chaplain a place of great importance in her chronicle, he had much to tell of a nature to touch the orphan girl very deeply. She sat listening, with downcast eyes, and as the tear-drops gathered thickly in them, she drew her crape veil over her face. When he had repeated all that Mrs. Stephenson's letters had conveyed to him of the respect in which her father had been held, she was silent for a while; then she lifted her veil, and turning to him with a smile, thanked him in very simple words. Nothing could possibly have advanced the precarious acquaintanceship of the two to a firmer footing so speedily as this incident had done; there arose out of it for him almost the right to question her about herself, and for her it had an import little short of magical. She told him all that she knew of her own simple story, up to the episode of her father's death, with perfect frankness, and then she added:

"If I had had the good fortune to go out to India before it happened, I might have had some friends. I think that lady who writes so kindly would have been my friend."

Mr. Frank Lisle did not completely share this conviction, but he let it pass; the underlying significance of what she said was occupying him. Living as she was living, and with those English people whose position was unquestionable, and speaking of herself as friendless!

"You would have found many, no doubt; but you surely do not need them. You live with relatives, do you not?"

"No; I live with Mr. and Mrs. Townley Gore. You may have heard of them; perhaps you know them?"

Another magical coincidence might possibly be arranging itself for Helen, she thought; what if this heaven-sent friend were one with whom she might sometimes be brought in contact in her ordinary life? But his answer dispelled that hope; he said:

"I have heard of them, but I do not know them. They are not related to you?"

"They are not. Mr. Townley Gore was a friend of my father's." Then Helen told Mr. Lisle the rest of her history, but told it with reserve and embarrassment in strong contrast with the frank simplicity of her former narrative; while Mr. Frank Lisle heard it with much greater curiosity and interest, ardently wishing that he might venture to ask her a few plain questions. That her position was a humiliating one, and her life unhappy, he very readily divined, and he could have smiled at the transparent but futile honorableness of the girl, which withheld her from any complaint against those whom she was bound to regard as her benefactors, when she asked him,

"Don't you think, if one has been educated, one ought to be able to make an independent livelihood?"

"That depends on what you mean by independent. I don't think any of the ways in which women, unless they are artists or authors, can earn for themselves are to be called independent;

certainly not the teaching of other people's children as governesses, or the putting up with other people's caprices as companions."

"Even so, one is not living on charity or sufferance."

"No," he answered, quickly; "one is not; but there are people who contrive to make women in such positions feel as if they were. Women who are tyrants by nature will always tyrannize. Don't try it, Miss Rhodes; put up with the ills you have, don't fly to others that you know not of."

"I never said I had any ills to fly from."

"No; but who has not? We are not very old, either you or I, but we both know that much."

She said nothing, and he felt that she was about to leave him; he made the next move.

"Would you like to have a copy of the passages in Mrs. Stephenson's letters that relate to your father? There may be points of interest to you which I have forgotten."

She eagerly accepted the offer. It would be delightful; but it would give Mr. Lisle so much trouble. No trouble at all, he ventured to say; nothing could be a trouble to him that could give her pleasure, and he looked as he spoke for the sweet conscious confusion in her face which it did not fail to show him. She should have the copy of the passages on the next day, if she could allow him to have the great pleasure of seeing her.

"I have not the privilege of asking any one to call," Helen said.

"No, no, I did not mean that; but I thought you might, perhaps, like to see the Luxembourg; you know the great Delaroche pictures are there, and the *Dernier Appel des Condamnés*; and if you would allow me to point out to you the best worth seeing among them, I might bring the letters there."

"I am free to go to picture-galleries," said Helen; "I shall be very glad to see the Luxembourg with you. But I am not sure of being able to go out to-morrow, and I should be sorry to waste your time."

She spoke in perfect good faith, and with no more notion that she was doing wrong than a child would have had. He was very far from being a good man; he was one who took his pleasures where he found them, and without much regard to what they might cost other people; a woman's fair face was her chief attraction in his eyes, and it had never yet proved a lasting one; but he was not bad enough to have the smallest doubt of Helen's unconsciousness of wrong. Indeed, that unconsciousness added to the charm of her beauty. For the first time within his experience, Mr. Frank Lisle liked a woman all the better for being what in any other case he would have called a fool. He was, however, bad enough to take advantage of the simplicity that had awakened so novel a sentiment in him, and he found it an easy matter to induce her to promise that if she could not visit the Luxembourg on the following day she would write to him to warn him of the impediment.

"I hope nothing will occur to prevent your coming," he said; "not only because it will be such a pleasure to show you the pictures, and to give you what you will care to have, but because I, too, have a little story in my life that I should like to tell you."

He had walked with her to the entrance of the great Court of the Louvre, and they were standing on the pavement as he said these words. She looked up, pleased and excited; the smile in his eyes as they met hers fascinated her; her face was radiant; the shadow that generally marred it had vanished. At that moment two women crossed the street and passed close by Helen and Mr. Lisle. They were the sister and the niece of Madame Devrient, and Delphine instantly recognized in Mr. Lisle the gentleman who had inquired for the lodgers at her aunt's lodge on the previous evening.

"And that, of course, is mademoiselle, she that my aunt talks of," thought Delphine, as, unperceived by her mother, she gave Mr. Lisle a swift sharp look which made him wonder where he had seen that face before, and then passed demurely on. "That is the English miss who goes out alone to visit the museums, and the gentleman is one of the objects. But why did he ask last night for her so uncertainly? What was it he really wanted to know? He is a handsome man, too, and I should like him to look at me as he was looking at the English miss."

"I am going for a few minutes into the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois," Helen said, when Mr. Lisle asked if he should call a carriage for her. "No, thank you."

He took her across to the famous church, and parted with her at the door, saying to her, as he held her hand in his for the first time:

"Do not be surprised at the request I am going to make; I will explain it when I tell you the story you have promised to hear; and you will find that I have a good reason for asking you not to mention my name to Mr. or Mrs. Townley Gore."

Helen went into the church, and he walked away toward the Garden of the Tuileries. He was in a strange mood—partly amused and partly startled; but he would not look at the uneasy aspect of his own fancy; he put it away from him.

"Fancy Christina's rubbish turning out to be a trump card," he said to himself; "and my having read it attentively enough to remember the parson's name! It's quite funny. It will be a bore to copy it all out, but it would never do to put the originals into the fair Helen's hands, with their lamentations and their reminiscences. . . . What a lovely creature she is! If it would not mean such utter, irredeemable, irretrievable ruin, I would marry her, if she would have me. I should be sorry for it, of course, but I would do it. However, I can't, so there's safety in that, at all events."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"TO LET"—KIPPLE GRANGE.

MR. PIXLEY was a real-estate agent. Mr. Pixley had had a goodly number of houses on his list in his time, but never one so persistently, unalterably, perseveringly on his list as Kipple Grange. Year after year it had figured on his books as a "Desirable Country Residence, to be had on Reasonable Terms"; year after year it still hung hopelessly on his hands.

Nor was Mr. Pixley the only real-estate agent who had wrestled, so to speak, with Kipple Grange. Other land-brokers and rent-collectors had had their "try" at it, with equally unsatisfactory results. It had been advertised in newspapers, and pasted up on bulletin-boards, and still it remained "Kipple Grange—To Let."

"Hang the old place!" said Mr. Pixley, vehemently scratching his bald head. "I wish it would burn down, or blow away, or something! It's a disgrace to a business man to keep such an eye-sore on his list. I've a great mind to put old Miss Briggs into it, to keep it in order until I can get a better tenant. She wants a place cheap. I'll let her have Kipple Grange for nothing."

So when Miss Briggs came tiptoeing into the real-estate office—a faded, melancholy little old maid, leading her terrier-dog by its string, and wearing a green veil to neutralize the spring winds—Mr. Pixley told her that Kipple Grange should be hers, for the present at least.

"You'll probably find it lonely," said he.

"I dote on the country," said Miss Briggs.

"And very much out of repair," he added.

"I don't doubt but that it will do for me," said the little old spinster, her faded eyes brightening. "Probably, also, there's a ghost about the premises," jocosely uttered the agent.

Miss Briggs shook her head with a sad smile. "It's live people I am afraid of," said she, "not dead ones."

"Well," said Mr. Pixley, "Kipple Grange shall be yours this quarter, if you'll fix up the garden a little, and give the place a *lived-in* sort of look. Of course it will be for sale, and I shall expect you to do your best for our interests."

And Miss Briggs courtesied, and said, "Yes, she would," and withdrew, greatly elated in spirit.

Upon the same day, the 25th of April, Mr. Beggarall, the real-estate agent of Dorchester, let Kipple Grange to old Mr. Hyde, who was a naturalist and a botanist and an entomologist, to say nothing of half a dozen other *ists*, and who wanted a quiet country home, with woods and meadows in its vicinity, wherein to prosecute his beloved sciences. And Macpherson & Co., of Long Island, made a bargain with the Reverend Mr. Bellairs, an invalid clergyman, who was in search of country air and complete repose. Mrs. Bellairs was a pattern housekeeper, and gloried in the prospect of grass bleaching, new-laid eggs, wild raspberries, and plenty of plums and apricots for preserving purposes.

And, strangely enough, it occurred to none of the three real-estate agents to let the other two know of his action.

"There is never any demand for Kipple Grange," said Macpherson & Co., indifferently.

"I'll write to Pixley and old Mac when I get time," said Beggarall.

"There's no hurry about Kipple Grange," thought Pixley. "If Miss Briggs keeps it from tumbling to pieces, she will do very well."

Meanwhile Mrs. Kipple herself, the plump widow whose grandfather on the husband's side had bequeathed her this impracticable piece of property, began to think of running down to look at it herself. "They tell me there's no such thing as letting it," said she. "I've a mind to go down and see for myself. One really pines for the country, now that they are selling lilac blossoms and pansies in the streets; and I'm quite sure that a change of air would do me good. I'll take Dorcas, my maid, and a few cans of peaches and sardines, and we'll picnic at Kipple Grange, just for the fun of the thing."

"It never rains but it pours," saith the ancient proverb; so upon this windy, blooming April day, when the sunny meadow slopes were purpled all over with wild violets, and the yellow narcissus was shaking its golden tassels over the neglected borders of Kipple Grange, the old brick house, which had stood empty for six good years at least, became all of a sudden alive.

It was an ancient mildewed structure on the edge of a wood, an old red house whose front garden, tangled over with rose-briers, and grown with the fantastic trunks of mossy pear-trees, and apples that leaned almost to the ground, sloped down to the bank of a merry little rivulet. Here the tiger-lilies lifted their scarlet turbans in the July sunshine, and the clumps of velvety sweet-williams blossomed first and sweetest. Great cream-hearted roses swung against the tumble-down stone wall, and love-in-a-mist, London-pride, and all those rare old-fashioned flowers of our ancestors ran riot, sprawling across the grass-grown paths, and packing themselves into the angles of the fence, where the honeysuckles trailed, and the scarlet poppies looked like drops of blood. The old garden of Kipple Grange was like a horticultural show gone mad at midsummer. And even now it was sweet with tufts of crocus, blue-velvet iris, and daffodils, while at the rear rose up the silent hemlock wood, still and scented and emerald green, in the twilight.

Miss Briggs, with her terrier-dog, her band-boxes, and her poor little hair trunks studded with brass nails, had got there early. She had opened the windows to let in the yellow glow of the April sunset, kindled a fire with straight sticks on the deep tiled hearth, and was sitting on a starch-box turned upside down, drinking cold tea, and feeding her dog with occasional scraps of canned beef and baker's bread.

"It seems rather lonely here," said the little old spinster to herself, "and the rooms are very large and dreary-looking; but I dare say I can hire a little furniture in the village, and the gar-

den is really superb. I never saw such tulip roots in my life. And the little brook twinkling at the foot of the wall is an idyl in itself."

Miss Briggs, who had a good deal of poetry in her starved soul, set down the can, and reached over to look out of the window at the golden western sky.

"So quiet, too!" said she; "so secluded!"

But, to her amazement, even as she looked, she perceived the figure of a stout old gentleman, bald and spectacled, and carrying an immense flat travelling case under his arm, who was picking his way among the rose-briers that lay prone across the path, stopping here and there to examine the growth of silver-green houseleeks on the garden wall.

Miss Briggs, who was somewhat near-sighted, jumped at once to the conclusion that this interloper was a tramp. She hurled the tin can recklessly down into the budding currant-bushes.

"Go away!" she cried.

Mr. Hyde peered upward, with one hand back of his ear. "Eh?" said he.

"Or I'll set the dog on you!" squeaked Miss Briggs, encouraged by the shrill bark of the terrier.

"Woman," said the scientist, "who are you?"

"I'll let you know," said Miss Briggs, waxing more and more excited in her indignation. "How dare you trespass on my premises?"

"How dare you trespass on mine?" retorted the old gentleman, curtly.

"He's a madman," thought Miss Briggs; and she remembered, with a thrill of terror, that there was no key to the big front door, and the bolt was rusted into two pieces.

At the same moment the sound of whooping voices was heard through the wide, echoing halls, and three chubby lads rushed hilariously in, tumbling over one another as they came.

"Hurrah!" they shouted; "hurrah! Ain't this a jolly old cavern of a house! My! here's a fire! and here's an old woman!"

Miss Briggs, who had drawn her head in from the window, stared at the three cherry-cheeked invaders, who returned her gaze with interest.

"Boys," said she, severely, "what are you doing here?"

"Why," said Master Bruce Bellairs, *et al.* eleven, "it's our house. And pa and ma are helping unpack the cart at the south door. And I've got a redbird, and Johnny's got a brood of Brahma chickens in a basket, and Pierre has a monkey."

"But, boys," said Miss Briggs, with a little hysterical gasp, "this is *my* house."

"No, it ain't," said the three Masters Bellairs in chorus; "it's ours. We've rented it for a year, and pa and ma are unpacking down stairs."

"Is that your pa?" said Miss Briggs, with a sudden inspiration, as she pointed to the old gentleman in the garden, who stood stock-still, like the Egyptian obelisk.

"No, indeed," said Pierre, contemptuously.

"Nothing of the sort," said Johnny.

"Our pa ain't such a guy as that," chuckled Bruce.

"I think I must be asleep and dreaming," said Miss Briggs, as the door opened, and a stout, blooming matron entered upon the scene, with a kerosene lamp in one hand and a basket of carefully packed china in the other, while from her finger depended a bird-cage.

"My good woman," said the Reverend Mrs. Bellairs, "I suppose you have come here to see about a situation. If you can bring good references as to character—"

"You are entirely mistaken, madam," said Miss Briggs, with energy. "I am here because—"

But at that moment Mrs. Kipple herself, with Dorcas her maid, entered the room. She was a tall, handsome woman, dressed in elegant mourning, and she used an eyeglass as she talked, and somehow she seemed to take up a good deal more room than anybody else. Mrs. Bellairs set down the kerosene lamp and the bird-cage, Miss Briggs's terrier stopped barking, and the three boys instinctively retired behind the starch-box.

"Who are you all?" said Mrs. Kipple, surveying the scene through her eyeglass. "And how came you to be here?"

"I have taken this house," said Miss Briggs, with dignity.

"So have we," said Mrs. Bellairs.

"So have I," declared the bald-headed old gentleman, who had by this time made his way up into the ruby light of Miss Briggs's fire, and stood there, closely hugging his flat travelling case.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Kipple; "this is very singular. And I have come here because the house wasn't rented at all."

And then ensued a general chorus of explanations, laughter, and deprecation, whose general effect was heightened by a single combat between Master Pierre Bellairs's monkey and Miss Briggs's terrier.

"What are we to do?" said Miss Briggs, plaintively looking at the hair trunks studded with brass nails.

"Do?" said Mrs. Kipple, briskly—"why, there is but one thing to do that I see: the house is big enough for us, and half a dozen families to boot. Let us all live here together."

"I am sure I have no objection at all," said Mrs. Bellairs.

"Neither have I," said the old gentleman, setting down his flat travelling case with a sigh of relief.

"Birds in their little nests agree," quoted the Reverend Mr. Bellairs, who had by this time entered upon the scene, with one joint of a bedstead balanced across his shoulder. "And it really seems to me as if we might do the same thing."

So Kipple Grange was let, and good, earnest Mrs. Kipple and Dorcas established themselves in two sunny rooms giving to the south, where the apple boughs brushed against the lozenge-shaped panes of the casement. The Bellairs family settled down all over the rest of the first floor, in a miscellaneous, cosmopolitan sort of

way, mixing up birds, old china, sermon-paper, patchwork, and theology in a manner which amazed the precise soul of gentle Miss Briggs. The scientific man perched himself on the top floor, where he could have a good outlook with his telescope, and set up his cases of specimens without let or hindrance. And Miss Briggs herself made a home-like little home on the second story, and devoted her whole energy—and not without some degree of success—to keeping the peace between Chico, the monkey, and Nip, the terrier.

Mrs. Kipple, however, got tired of rural felicity, and returned to the city in the autumn.

Mr. Bellairs received a call to a Delaware parish, where peaches were thicker than blackberries, and the climate was soft as that of Italy, and he accepted it promptly.

"What shall we do now?" said Miss Briggs, who was disposed to take a timorous view of things.

Mr. Hyde pushed his spectacles on to the top of his head. "Don't you like the house?" said he.

"Yes," Miss Briggs admitted, "I like the house."

"And don't you consider the situation salubrious?"

"Certainly," said Miss Briggs.

"Then," said Mr. Hyde, looking at the edge of his geological hammer, "why don't you stay here?"

"What, all alone by myself?" said Miss Briggs.

"No," said the scientific gentleman: "with me!"

"Good gracious!" cried Miss Briggs.

"We both like the place," said Mr. Hyde, "we like the situation, and we like each other. Why shouldn't we settle down here for life?"

"But I never have thought of such a thing," said Miss Briggs, in trepidation.

"Think of it now," said Mr. Hyde, in accents of scientific persuasion, as he laid down his hammer and took her black-mitten hand tenderly in his.

And Mr. Bellairs married them before he went away, and Kipple Grange has never been to let since.

A BRIDAL SONG.

Dost thou linger, gentle maiden,
At the minister door?
Dost thou tremble, tender maiden,
On the chancel floor?
Dost thou fear, and dost thou falter,
When thou kneelest at the altar?
With the bridegroom by thee now
Wilt thou take the marriage vow?

If thy heart, O loving maiden,
Thou hast given away,
Without fear, O trustful maiden,
Give thy hand to-day.
Leaving father, leaving mother,
Give thy life unto another,
Taking back a dearer life
From his love as wedded wife.

Let him lead thee, wedded maiden,
From the altar now.
Thou art his forever, maiden,
By the marriage vow.
His in joy and sorrow ever,
None these holy bonds may sever.
Loving, trusting, stand beside
Him who loves thee, happy bride!

PASTORAL DAYS.

IT is gratifying to find in the critical *Saturday Review*, of London, the following appreciative notice of Mr. W. H. Gibson's daintily illustrated idyl, *Pastoral Days*, lately published by Harper & Brothers, and universally lauded by the American press as one of the most exquisite volumes of the day:

"This pleasant American book has brought to our remembrance, though without any sense of imitation, two old-fashioned favorites. In the first place, its descriptions of rural humanity, its rustic sweetness and humor, have a certain analogy with the delicately pencilled studies of life in Miss Mitford's *Our Village*; but the relation it bears to the second book is much closer. It is more than forty years since Mr. P. H. Gosse published the first of those delightful sketches of animal life at home which have led so many of us with a wholesome purpose into the woods and lanes. It was in the *Canadian Naturalist* that he broke this new ground, and though we do not think this has ever been one of his best-known books, we can not but believe that there are still many readers who will be reminded of it as they glance down Mr. Gibson's pages. The fauna and flora of both books are the same, or nearly the same; the patient, cheerful attitude in the presence of nature is the same; and in his specially entomological fervor the younger distinctly recalls to us the elder naturalist. The indignation of the villagers at the man who can spend his time in paying attention to insect life is told in a story that directly reminds one of Mr. P. H. Gosse's anecdotes. In Canada, as in New England, there seems a wider and more generous landscape than we can boast. A recent American writer, otherwise highly complimentary to our institutions, complains of the poverty and confined range of our scenery. Only once, for a moment, among the billowy woods of Sussex, did he contrive to lose the sense of restriction and constraint that our landscapes gave him, and he found himself always sighing for the boundless forest and vast rivers of the States. Even in the naturalist's account of the civilized parts of New England, where all is pastoral and comparatively old, we have the same impression of vastness. The powers of nature are unexhausted, the ground itself retains its primeval richness, and the explorer who dives into a solitude is not always, as in England, coming out upon the seamy side of nothing.

To those who are haunted by the narrowness of the Old World and the swarming civilization of its crowded acres, there is something very soothing, and almost moving, in the record of a life spent in the beautiful woodlands of America. Mr. Howells has prophesied that a time will come when the gadding temper of the Yankee will turn backward and form a wave of passionate nostalgia for American solitude. We fancy that the whole world will some day look to the back counties of the States as the only place where a man may be quiet and possess his soul.

"People must be strangely constituted who do not enjoy such pages as Mr. Gibson has presented to us here. It is not merely that he writes well, though he possesses a style that is full of felicities, but the subject itself is irresistibly fascinating. We plunge with him into the silence of a New England village in a clearing of the woods. The spring is awakening in a flush of tender green, in a fever of warm days and shivering nights, and we hasten with our companion through all the bustle and stir of the few busy hours of light so swiftly that the darkness is on us before we are aware. Then falls on the ear a pathetic, an intolerable silence; a deep mist covers the ground, a few lights twinkle in scattered farms and cottages, and all seems brooding, melting, in the deep and throbbing hush of the darkness. At last a little plaintive piping trill breaks the stillness:

"Again and again I hear the little lonely voice vibrating through the low-lying mist. It is only a little frog in some far-off marsh; but what a sweet sense of sadness is awakened by that lonely melody! How its weird minor key, with its magic touch, unlocks the treasures of the heart! Only the peeping of a frog; but where, in all the varied voices of the night, where, even among the great chorus of nature's sweetest music, is there another song so lulling in its dreamy melody, so full of that emotive charm which quickens the human heart? How often in the vague spring twilight have I yielded to the strange, fascinating melancholy awakened by the frog's low murmur at the water's edge! How many times have I lingered near some swampy road-side bog, and let these little wizards weave their mystic spell about my willing senses, while the very air seemed to quiver in the fullness of their song! I remember the tangle of tall and withered rushes, through whose mysterious depths the eye in vain would strive to penetrate at the sound of some faint splash or ripple, or perhaps at the quaint, high-keyed note of some little isolated hermit, piping in his sombre solitude. I recall the first glimpse of the rising moon, as its great golden face peered out at me from over the distant hills, enclosing half the summit against its broad and luminous surface. Slowly and steadily it seemed to steal into view, until, risen in all its fullness, I caught its image in the trembling ripples at the edge of the soggy pool, where the palpitating water responded to the frog's low, tremulous monotone. Higher and higher it sailed across the inky sky, its glow now changed to a silvery pallor, across whose white halo, in a floating film, the ghostly clouds glide in their silent flight."

"The wailing of the great owl upon the maple-tree breaks through this mood of reverie, and takes our author back in memory to the scenes of his youth, where the owl was looked upon as a creature of most sinister omen, and his own partiality to it, as a proof that there was something uncanny or even 'fey' about him. All this is described with great sympathy and delicacy; but perhaps Mr. Gibson is most felicitous in his little touches of floral painting. He has a few words about the earthy, spicy fragrance of the arbutus that might have been said in verse by the late Mr. Bryant; his description of the effect of biting the bulbs of the Indian turnip, or 'Jack-in-the-pulpit,' is inimitable in its quiet way; while the phrase about the fading dandelions—the golden stars upon the lawn are nearly all burned out; we see their downy ashes in the grass—is perhaps the best thing ever said about a humble flower, whose vulgarity, in the literal sense, blinds us to the beauty of its evolution and decay.

"In his studies of life and country manners Mr. Gibson is a very agreeable and amusing, if not quite so novel, a companion. Not seldom he reminds us not merely of Miss Mitford, but sometimes of Thoreau and of Hawthorne. The story of Aunt Huldy, the village crone who sustained herself upon simples to the age of a hundred and three, is one of those little vignettes, half humorous; half pathetic, and altogether picturesque, in which the Americans excel. Aunt Huldy was an old witch in a scarlet hood, whose long white hair flowing behind her was wont to frighten the village children who came upon her in the woods; but she was absolutely harmless, a crazy old val-tudinarian, who was always searching for the elixir of life in strange herbs and decoctions. At last she thought she had found it in sweet-fern, and she spent her last years in grubbing up every specimen she could find, smoking it, chewing it, drinking it, and sleeping with a little bag of it tied round her neck.

"But although Mr. Gibson writes so well, he modestly disclaims all pretension as a writer, and lets us know that he is an artist by profession. His book is illustrated by more than seventy designs from his pencil, engraved in that beautiful American manner to which we have so often called attention that we need not particularly dwell upon it here. The scenes designed are closely analogous to those described in the text. We have an apple orchard in full blossom, with a group of idlers lounging underneath the boughs; scenes in the fields so full of mystery and stillness that we are reminded of Millet, or of our own Mason; clusters of flowers drawn with all the knowledge of a botanist and the sympathy of a poet. It is hard to define the peculiar pleasure that such illustrations give to the eye. It is something that includes and yet transcends the mere enjoyment of whatever artistic excellence the designs may possess. We are directly reminded by them of such similar scenes as have been either the rule or the still more fascinating exception of every childish life, and at their suggestion the past comes back; in the familiar Wordsworthian phrase, 'A river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.' It is a curious matter of speculation how far this sentiment of homely nature is or is not a growth of nineteenth-century civilization. A certain sentiment of the grandiose forms of

scenery was undoubtedly introduced into life at the close of last century, and scarcely existed before, even in trained poetic minds. But the homelier beauty, the picturesqueness of the minute objects that surround our feet, this seems to have been more or less an element of human feeling from the first, and as vivid in Theocritus, or Virgil, or Herrick, as in any nature-loving bard who has flourished since the French Revolution.

"We know so little over here of the best American art that it may chance that Mr. Gibson is very well known in New York. We confess, however, that we never heard of him before; but his drawings are so full of delicate fancy and feeling, and his writing so skillful and graceful, that, in calling attention to his book as one of the prettiest that the present winter season has brought forth, we can not but express the hope that we soon may hear of him again, in either function, or in both."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOT POSTED.—Undressed kid gloves are most desirable at present, and will remain so during the summer.

T. O. L.—Peacock blue will remain in fashion. A dress of it will look well made by the pattern of the Grecian Polonaise Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. XIV.

CONSTANT READER.—Get black striped Surah satin to combine with your black silk, and use the trimming you now have. Get some gay bayadere-striped ribbon to pass over the top of your bonnet and form strings. Some soft crushed flowers and an aigrette of feathers will make it more ornamental.

ELL.—Cream, gray, drab, or pale blue French bunting, costing from 60 to 80 cents a yard, according to width, will look well trimmed with three scantily gathered ruffles of your brocade across the shirred front and sides of a skirt; also as plastron, collar, and cuffs on the bunting basque. Make it in the way illustrations of the Bayadere Suit are given, if you object to the shirring. Mull dresses will be tucked and lace-trimmed for summer.

WHITE PLAIDS.—Dark checked sleazy wool stuffs will be suitable for little girls' travelling dresses. Make them with two wide double box pleats in the back, from the neck to the end of the skirt, and a single box pleat down each side of the front. Have a belt beginning on the side in front of the back pleats, and fastened by a buckle in front. Button the dress in front its entire length, and have a deep collar like a yoke. Stitching in rows is the only trimming.

A. B. C.—Get some gay striped cloth for borders and panels on your dress, and do not alter the style of it.

A. K. N.—Get a mustard-color, which is yellowish-green, in sleazy Cheviot, with gay striped border of mingled dark red, pink, dark green, and pale blue, and make your travelling dress with a Greek over-skirt and basque, with deep pleatings edged with the border on the skirt.

A. F.—At the Decorative Art Society's rooms, in Nineteenth Street, you will see "decorated china," while any of the fashionable furniture stores display rooms filled with artistic furniture.

F. R.—White sashes of embroidered muslin and belted pleated waists of muslin will be worn for negligee with dark skirts. The cream bunting with velvet will be very pretty, and not too youthful. Striped gingham are more stylish than small checks, but many of the latter will be worn.

J. S.—Make your gray flannel suit with a hunter's jacket, a round full skirt, and pointed apron. Make the checked silk with a shirred basque and a skirt that has three deep-pleated flounces behind, with panels lapping over two pleatings in the front. Edge the flounces with red Surah piping, or with black velvet.

NELL.—Have a wide collar and turned-up cuffs of Hamburg edging on your blue satteen basque; also straps of it in pleatings of the satteen for the skirt. The striped wash poplins make excellent Balmoral skirts for spring and summer.

F. M. H.—We do not reply by mail. A large circular or a cloak with bishops' sleeves made of heavy repped silk without lustre, or else of drap d'été, will be suitable for your fur-lined garment for next winter. Have a large collar and wide border of black fox fur, or, if you can not afford this, buy the black Russian hare instead.

SUPERFICIAL EDUCATION.—You will find a recipe for pot-pourri of rose leaves in *Bazar* No. 25, Vol. X. A good way to correct your grammatical errors is to mix with cultivated people, and carefully observe their language. We know of no book that would take the place of such training, nor have we any knowledge of the treatise you mention. A careful study of the rules of English grammar would of course be of great service.

S. O. M.—Make a blue flannel dress with a single-breasted shooting jacket, round skirt, and short wrinkled apron over-skirt, with stitching for trimming. The same design is used for wash dresses. The waist may be a basque or else a gathered waist with a belt. The sacque shape, medium long, with a deep round collar, is pretty for a small boy's coat. There are some box-pleated overcoats with belt, and also those with princess double-breasted front, and the back in kilt pleats.

Mrs. C. W.—Tucks in the skirt and also ruffles, with perhaps some footings, are the trimmings for white dresses for mourning, instead of embroidery. The polka-dotted bands with scalloped edge are also used, and are headed by a puff of muslin with black ribbon run through it.

R. R.—Your pretty silk is Louise, and should be used for the whole dress with the exception of red or blue satin Surah for facings and bows. It should also be simply made with two deep pleatings faced with red around the foot, and a very fully draped wrinkled and short bouffant over-skirt. Then a shirred basque-waist to complete it will be in the best style and best taste.

B. B.—Make a dark silk by the pattern of the Grecian Polonaise Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. XIV. Get Cheviot of light quality for a young girl's travelling suit, and make with a hunting jacket, short apron over-skirt, and kilt-pleating.

No. 16.—Send to the *Bazar* for an infant's cloak pattern, and use white cashmere or else repped piqué with open-patterned embroidery for trimming. The white and blue afghans of double zephyr are liked for baby carriages. You can obtain back numbers of the *Bazar* at this office for 10 cents each.

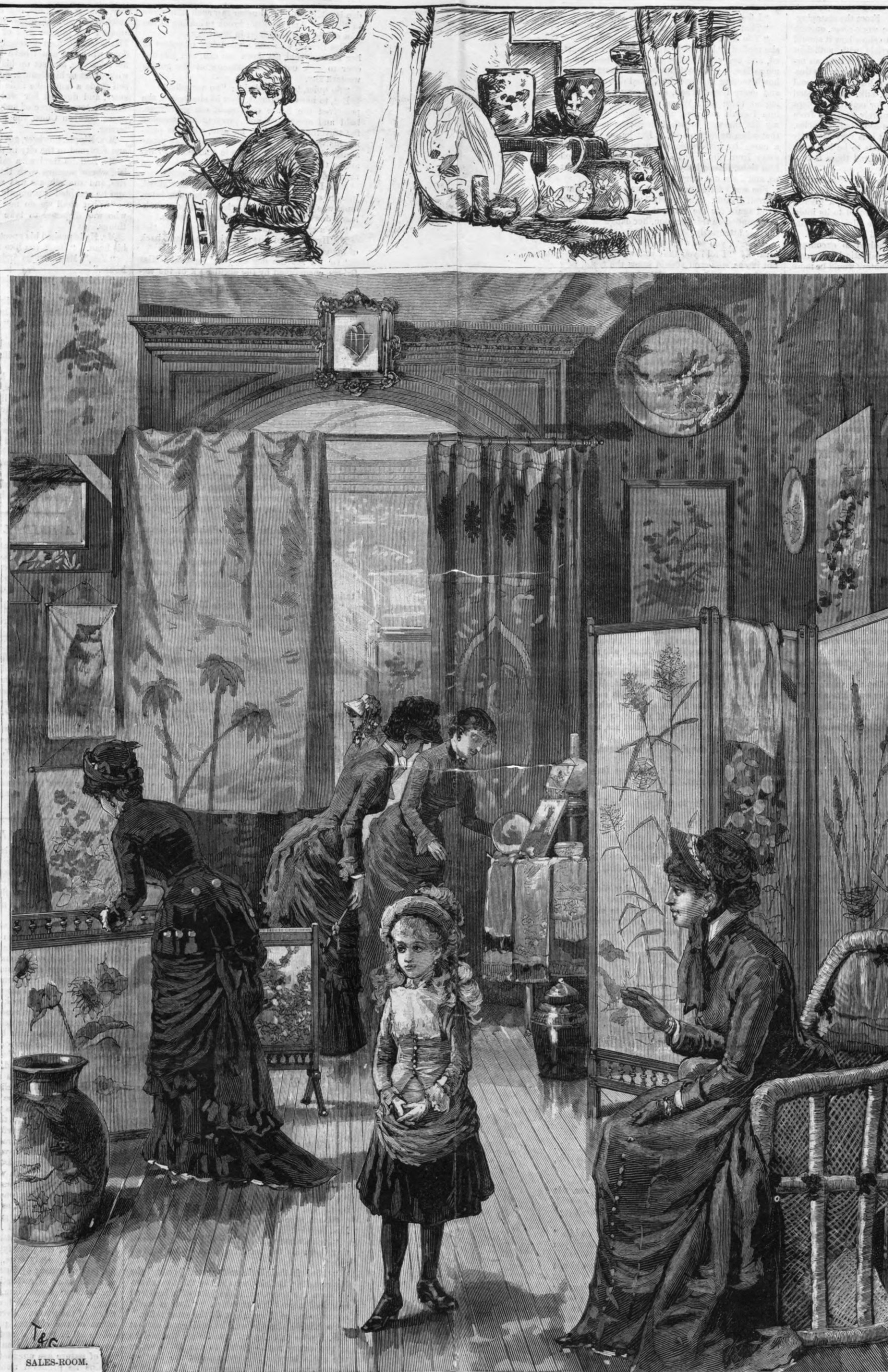
APPRECIATIVE SUBSCRIBER.—You can get an index for each volume of the *Bazar* by sending to this office. Flowers are the favorite gift at Easter. There are also many fanciful boxes and candles in egg shapes sent at that time. They may be sent on Easter-Sunday, or late in the evening of the previous day. The Easter cards are sent in letters to friends at a distance.



Class in China Painting



Embroidering a Curtain



SALES-ROOM.



Embroidering Screens in the Work-Rooms.

Class in Hand Embroidery



THE NEW YORK SOCIETY OF DECORATIVE ART.

See illustration on double page.

THE New York Society of Decorative Art originated primarily in the desire of a number of prominent ladies of this city to provide a new and remunerative means of employment for gentlewomen, who, having the necessity to earn money, were, either from temperament or circumstances, debarred from making their struggle in more public ways. The modern revival of household art in England had recently occurred, resulting in the establishment of the Royal School of Art Needle-Work at South Kensington, and its influence had to some extent reached our shores. It appeared an exceptional opportunity for an organization like the Society of Decorative Art to furnish work to needy fingers, and to elevate at the same time the standard of public taste in decoration. That the aims of the society were perfectly practical has been abundantly proved by the experience of the four years since its formation in March, 1877.

Immediately upon organization its objects were published as widely as possible, and many women of recognized artistic taste and skill were invited to contribute articles to the sales-rooms, which were opened in October, 1877.

It was early determined that only such things as might strictly come under the head of decorative art, and be of positive artistic merit, should be accepted and sold by the society; for it was not intended that the charitable purpose should absorb the artistic one. Hence such articles as wax flowers, skeleton leaves, knitting, crochet, and the like, were excluded from its rooms. It was decided that all contributions should be submitted to a committee on admissions, composed of persons of artistic culture, whose expressed judgment should be final in determining the acceptance or rejection of any object. When contributions are accepted, if from a new consignor, they are numbered and placed in the sales-rooms; the number, after being recorded with the name and address, is forwarded to the sender; and if she continues to contribute, she attaches her number to each thing sent, thus facilitating the routine of entry. It is desired that each contributor shall place a price upon anything offered, and to this price is added the ten per cent. commission charged by the society. The checks to contributors are sent twice a month. If a contributor's work be of unusual merit, it receives the seal of the society, which emphasizes to purchasers the estimate of the committee. On the other hand, when articles are declined, they are promptly returned, and, if requested at the time of sending, a letter of criticism from the committee accompanies them. These letters of criticism are very valuable to the contributors, because they point out what are sometimes mere technical defects, which, while they can not be allowed to pass the committee, may easily be corrected in future work. In some cases, where contributors live at a distance from art centres, and have little or no chance to study in the direction of modern decorative art, the letters of criticism supply various desirable suggestions. That the opportunities of some contributors must be very limited will easily be understood when it is known that articles have been sent from more than twenty-five different States, and cover a territory from Maine to Louisiana, and Minnesota to Georgia. Even Mexico and Canada, England, Ireland, France, and Italy, have consigned articles to the society; and the number of different contributors is now nearly two thousand, whereas the sales-rooms opened in 1877 with less than two hundred.

As was almost certain in the beginning of such an enterprise, there was found at first great want of originality of design, crudeness of coloring, and commonplaceness of character, the execution being often far in advance of other qualities. Great effort has been made to remedy these faults, and the gain during the last three years has been remarkable. On the part of the society everything possible has been done to stimulate improvement. From the commencement it has held classes in needle-work and china-painting under the best teachers attainable; it has offered prizes for design and execution, held loan exhibitions, made suggestions, given advice and material aid, and has, during the past winter, established a class in normal drawing, in which are taught the principles of all decorative design. When this course is thoroughly mastered, it is intended, if they wish it, to instruct the students in such special branches of design as they may select. The first course costs ten dollars for twenty lessons, being put at the lowest possible price for the sake of benefiting more pupils.

In the effort to improve the general artistic quality of the work, the lending library has been of great assistance to contributors at a distance. It contains many sheets of design, as well as the best books on design and decoration in English, French, and German; and these books are lent—sent by mail—to any applicant for the small charge of one cent a day and prepayment of return postage. To those who have no access to libraries the advantage of this resource will be manifest, and its appreciation is shown by the fact that during last year nearly five hundred loans were made from the library, many of the volumes going to a great distance.

In connection with loans by the society should be mentioned an admirable department that was established during the winter of 1880 by the Committee on Admissions. It had long been found that many remote contributors sent things which, while showing technical skill, displayed also a want of knowledge in design and color, and not infrequently a lack of good materials. Letters of criticism and advice did not appear to remedy the difficulty. It was determined, therefore, to establish a loan department of approved designs, and from this department samples of commenced

work are sent, with materials to copy, to contributors known to be in especial need. When the copy is made, it is returned with the sample to the society; the copy is sold in the sales-rooms, the price of materials, postage, etc., is deducted, and the net profit forwarded to the contributor. The plan was experimental; but its results have been so satisfactory that it has become a regular department. During the eight months of its operation, last year, two hundred articles were thus sent away, and there are about thirty contributors on this special list. Many of them are invalids, some of them are confined to their beds altogether, and it is not uncommon for their letters to say, "Please send me something that I can do on my back, for I have to lie down all the while."

A subscriber of fifteen dollars is entitled to send to this loan department one contributor, to whom commenced designs will be furnished, subject to the conditions, for one year.

An annual subscriber of one hundred dollars is entitled to nominate a pupil for one year to any of the free classes taught by the society. An annual subscriber of ten dollars is entitled to nominate a pupil for six free lessons in china-painting, painting on silk, panel-painting, or decorative design. But specimens of drawing or painting must be submitted to the master in charge, who shall decide whether she is sufficiently advanced to profit by the instruction.

An annual subscriber of five dollars is entitled to nominate a pupil for six lessons in the free needle-work classes, the pupil's ability to be determined by the first two lessons. If she prove very skillful, she is, at the discretion of the committee in charge, given a second, more advanced course, and after this, if she is willing to devote herself to the work, she is generally taken into the work-rooms of the society, and regularly employed. During the period of her instruction her work belongs to the society. If she does not go into the work-rooms, she must agree not to teach in New York for one year after receiving her instruction. As a matter of fact, nearly all the free pupils of merit do go into the work-rooms, and generally thirty or so are daily employed there. As the free classes in all branches are intended only for those who desire to become self-supporting, it is not expected that others will seek to enter them.

The privileges to subscribers of nomination of pupils will, it is hoped, widen the scope of the society, not only by increasing its income through subscriptions, but through the subscribers reaching more of the poor gentlewomen for whose special assistance the society was instituted.

As needle-work may be applied to ornamenting so many household articles, it naturally appears in almost every form in the beautiful sales-rooms, of which we give an illustration. It is found on the delicately wrought doyley, the soft table-cloth, the dainty handkerchief bag, the comfort-suggesting sofa pillow, the tall screen, the elegant portière, and numberless other articles. It is used to make little things attractive, and larger ones more beautiful. But it is elbowed on all sides by fine wood-work, lace-work, and painting in endless variety, from dinner cards and Easter-eggs to mirror frames and services of china.

In the painting classes both the underglaze and overglaze methods are taught. The lessons, twice a week, last two hours each; the course of six lessons in underglaze costing twenty dollars—brushes and colors included—while the lessons in overglaze are two dollars each. For pupils intending to support themselves there are special classes at lessened rates. During the past year 430 lessons were given in the different styles of china painting. In the needle-work department, eighty-five pupils were taught in the paying classes, at five dollars for six lessons; sixty pupils were taught in the free classes, and fifty-one private lessons were given.

Much of the embroidery done in the work-rooms is in large pieces, such as portières, window-curtains, and wall-hangings. These are wrought in large frames, similar to those described in articles on crewel-work in earlier numbers of the *Bazar*. Every variety of stitch is used, and sometimes a stitch is invented to suit the immediate want. Frequently the pieces of work are so large as to require frames five or six feet long, and often four or five, even more, needle-women are employed at the same frame. Not long since the society filled an order for the wall decoration of an entire room, which it required months to complete. It consisted of panels of pale gold satteen, wrought with conventionalized rose branches in natural colors, and of an elaborate dado and frieze of soft-toned needle-work. Such orders as this take time and many deft fingers to finish, and the work-rooms are frequently more crowded than is comfortable or convenient. During the past year the society has filled important orders from Cottier, Herter, Tiffany, and other prominent houses, and there is a steadily increasing demand for its work wherever it has become known. It is now moving into a more commodious house, No. 28 East Twenty-first Street, where it will have still better facilities for the fulfillment of orders, and the display of its own and its contributors' productions.

It receives orders for almost every variety of embroidery, although it does not execute all kinds in its own rooms. For instance, flannel embroidery and embroidery on garments it does not do, but will take orders for it, as it always knows of persons glad to secure the work, and to bring worker and buyer together is one of its chief objects.

An important branch of the business is stamping and commenced work. The patterns are first traced from the colored design on tracing-paper. Then the tracing is pricked through on a light brown paper by means of a curious little needle-like instrument worked rapidly by a treadle, and guided by the stamper's hand. Finally, the powder which makes the stamped outline is dusted

through the tiny punctures. From the stamping-room the article goes to the work-room, enough of the figure is embroidered to show how it should be done; and then the article, with sufficient crewels or silks to finish it, is, unless it be an order, offered for sale in the needle-work sales-room. In the needle-work sales-room are sold crewels, silks, flosses, linen, silk, and worsted stuffs—indeed, all materials for embroidery kept by the society; and it is entirely separate from the general sales-rooms of the contributed articles. A large stock is not kept, but it is very carefully selected from the best materials to be had both in this country and in Europe, and there is continued effort to improve it.

Indeed, in every department the effort toward improvement is steady and constant, for it is hoped to reach a broader usefulness, a greater success. The managers are devoted to its interests, and have the benefit of the advice of distinguished artists and experienced business men.

If anything had been required to encourage the society to persevere, the pathetic letters continually received from contributors would be more than sufficient. Many of the contributors declare they have found, for the first time, work that they can profitably do, although they have striven early and late in many ways. Some of the letters are from Southern women, who write of ruined homes, and poverty so extreme that their letters are delayed from actual inability to pay postage. But to the credit of independent womanhood let it be known that of the thousands of letters received by the society since its inception, not one has asked for money, though everywhere and always comes the cry for employment, which the society does its best to supply. And when it is said that during 1880 it paid the contributors more than \$18,500, it will be seen that it has done something toward relieving the wants of that most difficult of all classes to assist—the refined poor.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 12, Vol. XIV.]

WOMEN ARE STRANGE.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY," "POOR HUMANITY," "COWARD CONSCIENCE," ETC.

"Les femmes sont si étranges."—PAILLETON.

CHAPTER XX.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

THERE was to be no beating about the bush in this case, it was evident. With a wish to abridge the interview, or announce the nature of it at once, Clara Darrell had gone straight to the main question at issue. Here was a truth to be told; let it be told without preface or parade—without theatrical effect!

Mrs. Cuthbert stared hard at the speaker, and then closed and reopened her eyes like a woman doubtful if she were not dreaming all this. Her face changed color, and the red spots on her cheeks added to the general ghastliness of its hue, before the shaking hand was stretched out for the diluted spirits at her elbow.

"Did you say my daughter Clara?" she whispered, very huskily. "Did you really say my daughter?"

"Yes."

"God help me—what is to be done? What is the use of your coming to me now?" she muttered, looking askance at her visitor over the rim of the glass she was holding to her lips, and with her teeth chattering against it.

"Ah! that is what I want to talk to you about, mother, if you will let me."

"Mother," she repeated softly to herself. Then she put the glass down untasted, and looked more intently and earnestly across at this child of hers.

"I don't see the use of it all now," she repeated once more; "and I am afraid of a scene."

"I am not going to make a scene."

"Or of any emotional display," she added. "I have been recommended to keep myself very quiet, very free from all excitement—I have, indeed."

"So have I."

"And you will distress and frighten me; I see it in your face," she whispered.

"I will be very calm—I give you my word," was the daughter's answer.

"My heart is wrong, as well as my spine," she added, "and you must remember always that you are talking to a poor invalid; you will do that, I am sure."

"I will, indeed."

"I wish Mrs. MacAlister had come with you," she said, nervously; "if she had only been here, I could have borne this so much better."

"I think you are mistaken," answered Clara.

"Ah! well—I hope I am. What is it you want to say to me after all these miserable years?" she asked.

"Have they been miserable years to you, mother?" asked Clara, anxiously.

She had sat down facing her, but very close, so that she could put her hand out and touch hers when it was necessary.

The mother seemed to flinch away again—to hide as it were behind the cloak of her illness and imperturbability.

"Have I not had years of illness—of an incurable complaint?" she repeated. "Can you expect to hear that they were happy ones?"

"I should be sorry to hear it," said Clara; "glad to be told, for your sake, for your soul's sake, that they have all been years of sorrow and repentance since you left me and my father."

"An actress talking to me about my soul!" she cried, half hysterically, half scornfully. "Oh! if you have come to preach to me, you had better go down stairs again."

"I am no preacher, mother."

They were very mournful words which rang out now, but they seemed to vibrate in the listener's heart. She regarded her wistfully again.

"I don't see what you want me to say."

"That you are sorry; only say that to me."

"You don't know what I had to put up with," she replied; "how every wish of mine was thwarted, and every wish of your father's held up to me as law. You don't know how proud he was, how exacting, and how he looked down upon me and every friend I had, suspecting, hating, jeering at them all. When I married him, I told him I could not give up the stage; that it was my life, the very breath I drew; he understood that when he married me. But he made my life a curse by his suspicions, until I flung myself away from him. But I'm not sorry; it served him right. Everybody said so, everybody thought so, and I am not sorry."

She was excited now, but it was scarcely Clara Darrell's fault. She reached out her trembling hand again for the glass, the contents of which she emptied on this occasion, her daughter watching her attentively.

"There! you see what you have done," said the invalid. "I told you that you would upset me; but it's as well you should know the truth, now you have asked for it. His fault, every bit of it, although he has not dined that into your ears day after day all this long time, I'll swear."

"He spoke of you to me for the first time a week or two ago," was the reply.

"Oh!" said the mother, tossing her head contemptuously, "that was it! And you had no curiosity to ask what had become of me?"

"They said you were dead," answered Clara; "I had not dreamed you were living."

"That's a pretty way to serve anybody—putting me into my grave before my time!" she cried, with warmth. "Did your father always say I was dead?"

"My father went to India when I was too young to know the truth, and my aunts never said a word."

"The aunts. Ah, I remember the cats! Dreadful women!"

Clara Darrell thought herself that the aunts had objectionable traits of character, but she did not allude to them on that occasion. A new thought struck her suddenly.

"They never said a word against you all the time I was left with them; they let me grow up thinking you were like other mothers I had seen and known and loved," said Clara.

"Oh, my God! you must go away! I can't bear you," she exclaimed. "You talk of not distressing me, and yet sit there and try to drive me mad! I'll not stand it; I will have no more of it. Come some other day—some time to-morrow—but go now."

She was reaching out her hand for the spirit decanter again, when Clara Darrell touched her.

"Don't take any more of that," she said.

"Oh, I'm not in the habit of taking it," she answered, quickly; but the hand was withdrawn from the decanter at her daughter's bidding. "Don't think I drink; don't credit me with all the vices because I was led away when I was young. I haven't been, if you knew all, so very bad a woman. Fate was against me, and I was a vain fool, and—"

She met her daughter's eager glance, stopped, then added:

"But I'm not sorry I left your father. He need not think that. I don't want him to fancy that!"

"I am not going to tell my father I have seen you."

"That's well. But why not?" she asked, curiously.

"I think it would unsettle him."

"Not that. And if it did, what of it? You don't mind unsettling me," she added, peevishly, even with jealousy already.

"I hope I have not said a word to distress you. I have been trying not to do so," said Clara.

"You could hardly expect me to sit as calm and stony as a statue," she replied, "and it would have been as well if you had kept this secret altogether."

"I only learned it a week or two ago, and it struck me down at once."

"Did it?"

She looked hard at her daughter again, shivered, and drew the Cashmere shawl more closely round her. After a moment's pause she said, in a slow tone,

"Your father is in London again?"

"Yes."

"Married again?"

"Why—how—"

"We were divorced years ago. Has he not told you that?"

"No."

"Ah, he does not tell you much, I see," was the reply. "And perhaps it's as well. Where is he living?"

"In London—at present."

"I don't want to know where," she cried, quickly. "I don't want to hear about him. He is rich, I suppose?"

"Yes, I believe he is."

"I did not leave him because he was poor. It would have been all the better for me, in a worldly sense, if I had staid with him. Wouldn't it?"

"In every sense—yes."

"Is he— But I don't want to talk about him," she cried; "tell me of yourself. What made you take to the stage?"

"A love for it—an impulse which I could not restrain."

"I know! I know!" she cried, clapping her hands together loudly; "and what a life it is! What is any other life compared to it, when the people talk of you, and your name is on every boarding, in every newspaper! And you have got so famous—my own child, too! What would I give to see you act once in my life! What would I give!"

"I am getting afraid of it all; I am longing for peace and home," Clara Darrell confessed.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed the mother.

"Why should you give up fame and fortune, endowed as you are?"

"I shall only act once more."

"Once more? when?"

"When I am stronger, and just to keep my word with poor Splatterdash."

"Oh—h! his benefit. That is in March, I think?"

"Yes."

"Tell me what part you are going to take—tell me all about it. I shall be so very glad to know everything, and to advise you," she said, with brightening eyes.

"I will come again. I am weary now—I am not very strong," said Clara, faintly.

"Yes, yes. Come soon, please," she adjured.

"I have a claim upon you now. Have I not?"

"I will come soon."

Clara rose and said, "You are not sorry I have told you I am your daughter?"

"No; glad," she answered. "Kiss me before you go, if you don't mind."

Clara leaned over this strange mother, kissed the wasted face, and said, "Good-by." As she went out of the door the eyes followed her curiously, yearningly, and remained closed, with one thin hand before them, for some minutes, till it was lowered and stretched slowly toward the brandy.

Clara was in her own room then, talking to Mrs. MacAlister.

"You did not tell me you were going up stairs at once," said the old actress. "Well, are you any the worse?"

"No."

"Any the better?"

"I think so—I hope so."

"What makes you hope that?"

"That I may be of service to her—of comfort to her presently."

"Ah! don't build too much upon that, Clara," answered Mrs. MacAlister; "and don't forget."

"Forget what?"

"The father down stairs."

And, after this warning, Mrs. MacAlister withdrew.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WORD OF A DARRELL.

"Don't forget the father down stairs!" What made Mrs. MacAlister say that? As if it were likely, thought Clara Darrell, as if the proud old soldier were not always in her thoughts, and it was not always on her mind how to reconcile his life with hers and Ernest Archstone's. And here again a third reconciliation, if it were possible, and at least peace and pardon resting between two lives which a grievous sin had separated. If she could see her way to this! If the mother could only own how wrong she had been, and the father say, "I bear no enmity in my heart against you now," it would be well for both. There was another thought ranking in Clara's mind also—the money which had been bequeathed to the mother, and on the proceeds of which she was living. If that could be swept scornfully away she would be happier. Surely no new life for this mother, living complacently on the tempter's bounty to the end. When should she tell her father? It was not politic to surprise him with the fact that his runaway wife was up stairs and in ambush, and that the daughter visited her occasionally; he was hasty, and would not acknowledge the position, or see the benefit to be derived from it. He would only fear there was treason in the camp, and the daughter siding with the bad mother against the good father. He would not guess the end in view, the aim and object of her wishes; and so once more a secret between father and child until the light was stronger on her path in life, and she could see her way more clearly to the end of it. There would presently come the sunshine, wherein no falsities could live, and he would bless her for her thoughtfulness in time.

A week afterward she was not quite certain of the wisdom of her step, or of the eternal sunshine at the end of her journey. The mother had become fretful, exacting, jealous—or rather had discovered an opportunity of displaying her various weak points, of which it was evident she had a great many, and which Mrs. MacAlister had skillfully avoided in a great degree by leaving the room when they began to assert themselves prominently and objectionably.

Clara Darrell was a woman of sentiment, the reader is aware—a poor, weak heroine at the best—and she was possibly the worst woman to cope with "Mrs. Cuthbert." Clara looked forward too sanguinely to results, believed too readily, saw signs of moral improvement and advancement in little spasmodic efforts which ended with her visits, and by degrees became to an extent the victim rather than the companion and guide.

There was no intention on the mother's part to deceive her, and there was a fitful, wild affection, which came to the elder woman very rapidly, born of Clara's growing love for her, and of that terrible isolation which she had endured for years. She would fret now if Clara was not always at her beck and call, and give way to angry fits of weeping if Clara alluded to the father as one whom it was still her duty to study first.

Here, sad fact to record as it may be, was no Traviata borne down by remorse—a poor, panic-stricken, middle-aged female, who, having lost all her lovers, finds that time is left for weeping and wailing. There was no real penitence at the heart's core of Clara Darrell's mother; she was the "Little Cuthbert" of the London stage still, only time had gone by, and left her powerless for harm. She might sigh and shake her head to please her daughter, but the real regrets were for the sudden termination of her stage career, the disappearance of that stage admirer, the solitary confinement to her up-stairs room, shut away from the glare and glitter of a world which she had loved with all her soul.

"If I could only get about!" she said one day; "if I only had my strength and health, I should still be famous. Why, I am only forty-four now; what's that on the stage, where I should not look more than thirty? It's youth still—comparative youth—and I am like a convict in her cell here. The best actresses are about my age; they're not chits like you. I can act as well as ever, too—and people would run after me as much. That Mrs. MacAlister was the rage at sixty; think of that! And I have been struck out of it so young. Oh! it is hard—it is hard!"

Clara would endeavor to reason with her, but it was a vain effort, generally ending in hysterics, and the expression of a belief that her child—her only child—was trying to kill her by sheer aggravation. Sometimes she would appear to be impressed by Clara's manner, and now and then, not very often, she was impressed in earnest, and sat shuddering and covering away from her. But it was the same woman the next morning, and the up-hill battle had to be fought again, and with the same heart-weary termination.

Had it not been for Ernest Archstone's visits, the young actress might not have gathered strength so rapidly; but he, still penitent and humble and on his very best behavior, added that brightness to her life which was absolutely necessary. Colonel Darrell had simply, as he told Mrs. MacAlister, to "grin and bear it." The course of true love was too strong for him after all, and had carried away all his former resolutions.

He was a vacillating old stupid, nothing more—but, Heaven be thanked, his daughter Clara was getting well and strong, and would soon be out of the doctor's hands for good. Till then only he and Ernest Archstone should see her. Those sisters of his who would not go back to Derbyshire, and who "were very comfortable, dear Leonard, thank you, and don't trouble about us," might wait. They were born to wait, perhaps, and, poor women, they had passed their lives in waiting. Waiting for a proper appreciation of their sterling characters and of the goodness of their motives, waiting even for husbands, who were scarce in Derbyshire, and not to be captured even by middle-aged spinsters with a fair amount of capital of their own in the three-percents.

Colonel Darrell attended all the meetings between Ernest Archstone and his daughter now. He sat there, the grim third person who was "no company." He would not allow too much "tomfoolery" out of his presence; he had not made up his mind about anything; he told them both regularly and during every interview that was accorded they must not rely too much upon his generosity. Once he somewhat disturbed the equanimity of Ernest Archstone, who certainly was extremely irritable at times, by telling him that if Clara could only make up her mind to marry an old friend of his—a Major Elphicks, of good family and position, and only a few years older than she was, he could not tell precisely how many, for Elphicks made up so confoundedly well—it would be a wise act, and he was sure Elphicks would make her one of the best of husbands.

"My dear dad, he's only a betting man," cried Clara. "His life is passed in laying wagers on anything and everything."

"Well, now you mention it," said the father, "he did lay me twenty pounds that you would be acting before a month was over—the idiot."

"A complete idiot, sir; you are quite right," exclaimed Ernest Archstone, suddenly beginning to walk about the room in a wild-beast fashion that was a little trying to the nerves. "It is through him that my happiness has been put off in this indefinite way; he has been always a shadow on me."

"But I don't like him a bit, Ernest," said Clara.

"That's nothing to do with it, Clara; if he likes you, he becomes grossly objectionable to me," cried the actor. "I shall slay him yet."

"He's a gentleman by birth—I knew his father—and what the deuce do I know about you, sir?" cried the Colonel.

"Father, you are forgetting I am not to be agitated by anything," said Clara, plaintively.

"Yes, yes, my dear, so I am. I have finished," he said; "it is not likely I would say a word to distract you now. But it was silly of this Major to talk of your acting within a month, and insisting upon betting twenty pounds with me, was it not?"

"You forget Mr. Splatterdash's benefit, father," said Clara, with great demureness.

"Splatterdash's benefit! What—what on earth has the benefit of that confounded cad to do with you?"

"I promised to do one little scene from *Romeo and Juliet*. I promised long before your return from India, and if I am well enough, I should like to keep my word."

"Gracious heavens!" ejaculated the father.

"There goes twenty pounds, Colonel," said the actor.

"Hang the twenty pounds! I don't mind the money; and—can't you sit down for a minute, sir, instead of walking about like a polar bear?" Ernest Archstone took a seat by Clara's side.

"Splatterdash was in great trouble—out of his wits, and the brokers in, poor fellow," the daughter explained, "and I gave him my word I would act. The word of a Darrell!"

"Humph," said the Colonel.

"You would not like me to break that?" Clara added.

"I should like to break Splatterdash's neck," was the reply; "but you may not be well enough to think of it."

"Then I will not act. And even if you ask me to break my word—"

"I don't ask you to do that; I haven't said so," the Colonel called out.

"And it's only a small scene," said Ernest—"the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, where—"

"I know, sir; I don't want to be told what the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet* is like. Good God! I knew it by heart before you were born," cried the father, indignantly.

"Then I may act, papa, this once?" inquired Clara.

"This once!" he said, with a low groan.

"Yes, this once," she repeated, "and for the last time."

"You say that—of your own free-will?" he cried; "on the word of a Darrell, too?"

"On the word of a Darrell, it shall be the last appearance of Clara Galveston on any stage," she answered, earnestly.

"Very good," cried the father. "That's right, Clara, and I'll take a stall to see you act. There—and by Jove, I'll take your aunts!"

Clara put her arms round his neck and kissed him. Ernest Archstone took the liberty of shaking him by the hand most vigorously.

"You have nothing to do with it, sir; don't pull me about like this," cried Colonel Darrell. "Leave go."

"I see the kindness of your heart, Colonel," said Ernest, "and, besides—I play *Romeo*."

"The devil you do!" said the Colonel, astonished for an instant, and then he added, shortly, "Oh, the devil doubt you, I should have said."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Parasols, Figs. 1-4.

See illustrations on page 340.

THE cover of the parasol Fig. 1 is of white brocade, with a border woven in the material; it is lined with red Surah. The handle, which is of light polished wood, is ornamented with a bow of red and cream white satin ribbon.

The parasol Fig. 2 is covered with red satin de Lyon, and trimmed at the top and bottom with an applied border of black Spanish lace. The lining is white lustring. The stick is of polished yellow wood. A red satin ribbon bow is tied about the handle.

The dark brown Surah cover of the parasol Fig. 3 is bordered with plaid Surah satin; it is lined with cream-colored figured foulard. The handle is dark brown wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and is furnished with a ribbon loop and bow.

The parasol Fig. 4 is covered with steel blue satin trimmed with a border in Spanish embroidery, and lined with light blue lustring. The hooked handle is of light polished wood, and is ornamented with a bow of light and dark blue satin ribbon.

Edgings for Lingerie, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 340.

THE edging Fig. 1 is worked with narrow serpentine braid and medium fine cotton in the following manner: 1st round.—2 dc. (double crochet) separated by 5 ch. (chain stitch) on the next point of the braid, 4 ch., 1 dc. on the braid half way between the point and the hollow, as shown in the illustration; 1 sc. (single crochet) on the next point, not yet working it off; 1 dc. on the braid half way between the hollow and the next point, working off the upper vein of it and the preceding sc. together; 4 ch.; repeat from *. 2d round.—At the other side of the braid, * 1 sc. on the next and 1 sc. on the following point, working off both together; 5 ch., 1 dc. half way between the point and the hollow, and 1 dc. half way between the hollow and the next point, working them off together; 5 ch.; repeat from *. 3d round.—Alternately 1 dc. on the following 3d st. in the preceding round, and 2 ch.

The edging Fig. 2 is worked with mignardise braid in the following manner: 1st round.—Alternately catch together the next 3 loops with 1 sc., and work 6 ch. 2d round.—1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 5 in the preceding round, * 1 dc. on the middle ch. of the following 5, 1 sc. and 5 dc. around the upright veins of the preceding dc., 1 sc. on the same st. on which the single dc. was worked; repeat from *. 3d round.—Alternately catch together the next 3 loops on the other side of the mignardise with 1 sc., and work 4 ch.

Insertion for Dresses, etc.—Knot-Work.

See illustration on page 340.

THIS insertion can be worked with linen twine, cotton, coarse silk, or tapestry wool, according to the purpose for which it is designed. To make it, cut knotting threads twenty inches long; take up two at a time, fold them through the middle, and tie them once; then pin the knots at intervals, as shown in the illustration, on the long cushion which is required for knot-work, and work for the 1st round as follows: Guide a double thread along over the ends, working 2 b. st. l. (button-hole stitch loop) around it with each end in turn. 2d round (4 ends are required for each pattern figure).—* With the 4th of the next 4 ends work 2 b. st. l. around the middle 2 ends, then with the 1st end work 2 b. st. l. around the middle 2; repeat from *. 3d round.—Work as in the 1st round. 4th round (24 ends are required for each pattern figure).—* Twice alternately guide the 1st of the next 24 ends diagonally over the 2d-12th ends, and work 2 b. st. l. with each of the latter in turn around the former; then work a similar figure in the opposite direction with the 13th-24th ends, working around the 24th end as previously around the 1st; repeat from *. 5th round.—* With the 23d and 24th ends of one and the 1st and 2d ends of the following pattern figure work 4½ double knots; then slip the 1st of these 4 ends between the 23d and 24th ends, and the 4th of them between the 1st and 2d ends from which the 4½ double knots preceded; draw the ends closely, and work ½ double knot; slip the 9th-12th of the next 24 ends, in the manner shown in the illustration, over the 13th-16th ends, and under the 17th-20th ends, and the 5th-8th ends under the 13th-16th and over the 17th-20th ends; repeat from *. 6th round.—Work as in the 4th round, working the figures in opposite directions, as shown in the illustration. 7th-9th rounds.—Work as in the 1st-3d, 10th round.—With the 3d and 4th of each 4 ends work 1 b. st. l. around the 1st 3 ends, turn the surplus thread of the 4 ends to the wrong side, secure them with the needle, and clip them.

Crochet-Work for Carriage or Cradle Afghans.

See illustration on page 340.

THIS pretty crochet pattern for afghans is worked with double zephyr wool, either in two shades of a single color or in contrasting colors, using the darker one for the ground. Begin with a foundation of the requisite width, and work back and forth as follows: 1st round.—1 sc. (single crochet) on every st. (stitch) of the foundation. 2d round.—1 ch. (chain stitch), then 1 sc. around the upper veins of every st. in the preceding round. 3d round.—Crochet on the right side of the work. Take up the lighter shade, work with the darker 2 sc. on the next 2 st. in the preceding round, at the same time working around the light wool, * keeping the dark st. on the needle, and using the light wool, 3 times alternately put the wool over the needle, and take up a st. from the next of the 3 st. directly below in the round before the last (see illustration), work off with 1 st. all the light veins on the needle, put the light wool to the back of the work, and with the dark wool take up 1 st. from around both upper veins of the next st. in the preceding round, work off the 3 veins on the needle together, then work 3 sc. on the following 3 st., working around the light wool which is thus carried forward; repeat from *. After completing the 3d round, work alternately as in the 2d and 3d rounds, working around the light wool in the 2d round, and transposing the pattern, so as to bring the light blocks in each row above the dark blocks in the preceding row of pattern figures, as shown in the illustration.

PRAGUE.

THE first thing that every one does upon arriving at Prague (says the artist of these graphic sketches of the Bohemian capital) is to hurry off at once to the grand old bridge, the most perfect mediæval structure of the kind in Europe, with its graceful gateway towers and strange groups of statuary over each pier. We, of course, did as all the world does, and found ourselves upon the bridge at Prague one calm and beautiful evening, just as the harvest-moon was rising over the buildings of the Hradschin. The spires of the cathedral and the Benedictine abbey, and the long line of roof of the vast palace, formed a *silhouette* against the clear sky. The churches and buildings of the Kleinseite lay at the foot of the great Bohemian Acropolis in deep shadow, the gloom here and there heightened, rather than illuminated, by the gleam from some house window or lamp reflected in a long train of light on the rippled surface of the Moldau. Looking in the opposite direction, the countless towers, spires, and domes of the Altstadt seemed to rise as if by magic, brilliantly lit up by the moonbeams. A more tranquil and beautiful scene could not be imagined. And a feeling came over the mind that this must indeed be the perpetual abode of peace, and an earthly Utopia. Just opposite to where we stood gazing upon this enchanting scene was a tall bronzed statue, and as the moon rose higher, its gleams fell upon the face of the figure, and revealed a sad but noble countenance, whose downcast eyes were fixed intently upon a crucifix. In a moment all ideas of peace and Utopia were banished, for upon the very spot where we stood a most atrocious crime had been perpetrated five centuries back, for it was here that John Nepomucine was assassinated by order of the cowardly and jealous Wenceslaus for refusing to reveal the confession of the Queen. This seems to have been the prelude to acts of even greater violence, for within a few years Prague gained the unenviable notoriety of being the first city in Europe which had made religion the excuse for wholesale carnage and devastation. For more than two centuries, with few intermissions, its streets were the scene of insurrection and every kind of violence, until in the year 1618 a flame was here kindled which set the whole of Europe in a blaze, and for thirty years deluged Germany in blood. Nor did its troubles end here; for Prague may be regarded as the chief theatre of the Seven Years' War; and even so late as 1848 its streets again flowed with human blood.

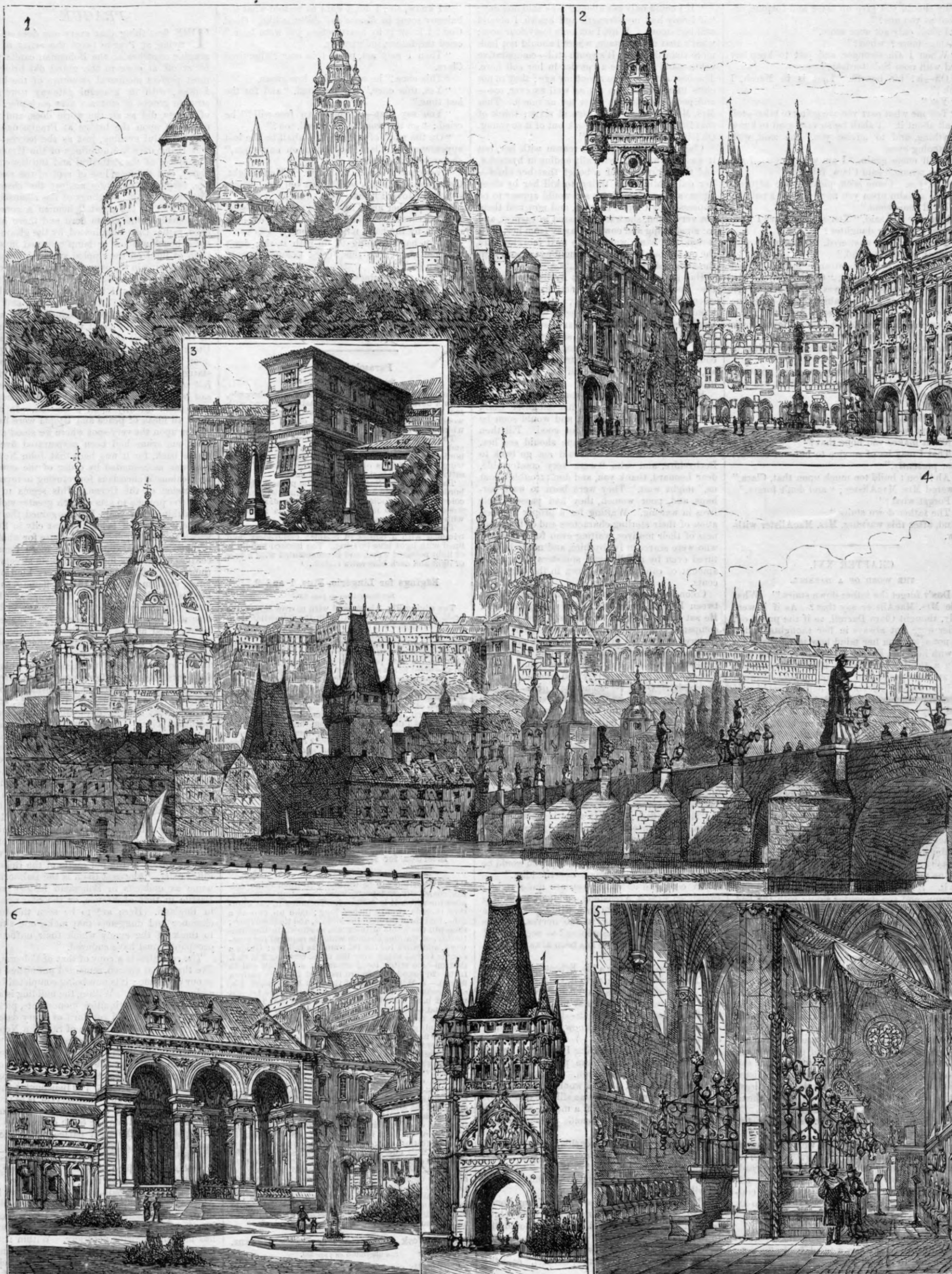
The great palace of the Hradschin, which has for centuries looked down upon these turbulent scenes, is now to become the residence of the Crown Prince of Austria and his bride, and let us hope that happier days are in store for this beautiful city. The palace of the Hradschin, though by no means one of the most magnificent royal residences in Europe, is probably one of the largest. Its size may be judged by the fact that it incloses within its court-yards a cathedral, a Benedictine abbey, a royal convent, and possesses nearly five hundred apartments, the most interesting of which are the Coronation Hall and the noble Hall of King Ladislaus, a building of very nearly the same dimensions as Westminster Hall, London. The most ancient portion of this immense palace is its eastern extremity, where several towers of the old castle of the Bohemian kings exist. Amongst them is the Daliborka—a name as ominous in Bohemian history as the Bastille in that of France, or the Star-Chamber in England. Here are to be seen the torture chamber and dungeons that make one shudder to think of the agony which their unfortunate occupants must have endured.

The cathedral is a copy of that of Cologne, and, like that great church, remained unfinished down to our own time; it is now being completed by the addition of a nave. Within, the building is a perfect museum of antiquities, monuments, pictures, bronzes, mosaics, and carvings of every date and age. The vast silver shrine of St. John Nepomucine, with its costly but tasteless ornaments in the style of the eighteenth century, occupies a part of the south aisle, and the beautiful Chapel of St. Wensel, with its ancient frescoes and mosaics, forms the south transept. The Benedictine church, with its twin spires and ancient crypt, is to the east of the cathedral, and contains monuments of the Bohemian kings from the tenth century.

A portion of the great palace called the Damenstift forms a singular kind of convent for noble ladies. The nuns, or rather "canonesses," are allowed to attend balls, operas, concerts, etc., and may, after leaving the "Stift," marry. The present Queen of Spain was for some years Lady Abbess. The chapel of the Damenstift is shown in our view, immediately below the cathedral. Nearly adjoining is a portion of the palace, which has indeed a sinister notoriety. Within it were held the meetings of the Bohemian Diet, and on the 23d of May, 1618, the Imperial Councillors Slavata and Martinitz were thrown out of window by the other members of the Diet. The places where they fell are marked by two obelisks. This piece of lawless brutality was the commencement of the Thirty Years' War.

The Palace of Wallenstein, whose name is so mixed up with that terrible time, is in the Kleinseite, immediately below the imperial palace. It still belongs to the Wallenstein family, and its graceful buildings and pretty gardens are well kept. Crossing the bridge, the first object which attracts our attention is the noble old bridge tower erected by that great benefactor to Prague, the Emperor Carl IV. This tower is said to have resisted the whole forces of Gustavus Adolphus for fourteen weeks, and to have saved the Altstadt from falling into the hands of the Swedes.

The Rathhaus, in the Altstadt, has been the scene of almost countless horrors. From the great window shown in our sketch, the Hussites, in 1419, flung out the German members of the Town



1. Hradshin. 2. Cathedral. 3. Damenstift. 4. Wallenstein Palace. 5. Rathhaus. 6. Theinkirche. 7. Jews' Burial Ground.

SKETCHES IN PRAGUE.

Council upon the pikes of the armed mob beneath. The same horrible cruelty was again perpetrated in 1483, and in 1621 and 1633 wholesale executions took place here, and German vengeance disgraced itself by cruelty almost as horrible as the atrocities perpetrated by the so-called "National Party" of the Bohemians. The Theinkirche, with its graceful spires and lofty nave, is to churches what the celebrated Vicar of Bray is to vicars. Erected in 1407, it was first a Catholic church, then given over to the Hussites, then to the Utraquists, then to the Calvinists, then to the Lutherans, and in 1622 was returned to its first possessors. Tycho Brahe, the celebrated astronomer, is buried here. We must not

omit to mention two of the very interesting sights of Prague—the old thirteenth-century synagogue and the Jews' burial-ground, both in the Judenschloß. In the synagogue is to be seen the great banner given by Rudolph II. to the Jews for assisting him in his wars.

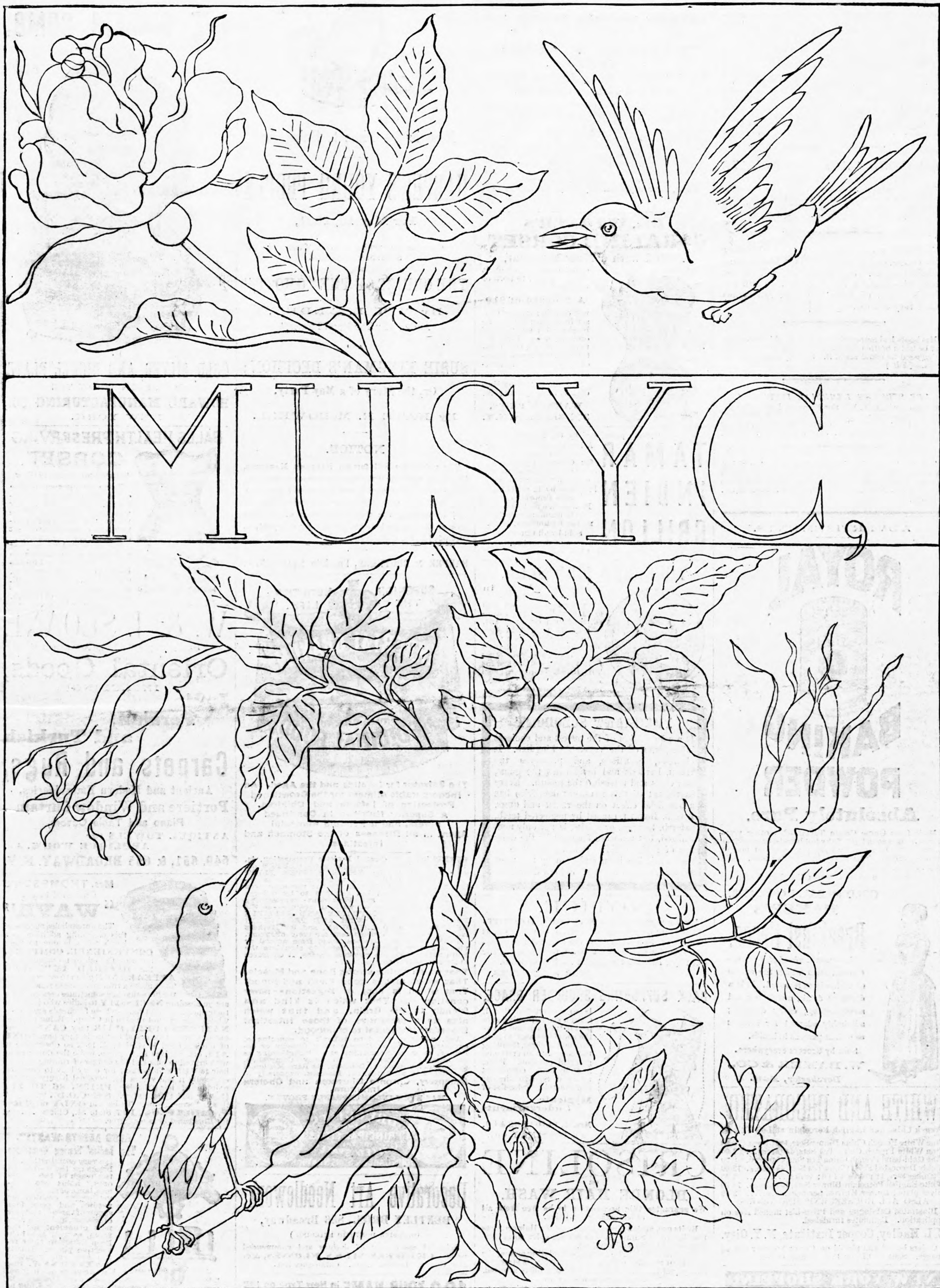
Tourists visiting Prague for the first time should be prepared for one or two Bohemian peculiarities. That of kissing the hand is rather startling to ladies. This practice is now being given up in the larger shops in the more frequented parts of the town, and the polite shop-keeper simply says at parting, "I kiss your hand, gracious lady." In the older and more national part of the town ladies must not be astonished if

the polite shop-keeper does really give effect to his words. It is, however, always done in the most respectful manner, and should never be resisted.

Prague is certainly the head-quarters of organ-grinders. Those who wish to accustom their ears to noises of every description can not do better than spend a few weeks in the Bohemian capital.

The Bohemian *cuisine* is peculiar, and those who object to garlic should not leave their hotel to dine at a restaurant. Those, however, who are adventurous enough to try the national style of feeding will find it solid, though greasy; but let them carefully avoid an abominable dish called "Blau gesottene Karpfen." This horror consists of a fat, flabby carp, served up cold in oil, stuffed

with raisins, and covered with grated sugar. Good guides are to be obtained at the hotels, but visitors should carefully avoid the "touts" that abound in the streets. Prague is by no means a cheap place to live in, and those who wish to economize will do well to avoid it, as, although less expensive than Vienna or Berlin, living is far dearer than in the great majority of German towns. Life, however, is very pleasant at Prague, but strangers should be very careful not to mix themselves up with any political party. Our advice to those visiting or staying at Prague is, Hear everything that the Bohemians say of the Germans, and everything that the Germans have to say about the Bohemians, but believe neither!



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THE South Kensington Royal School of Art Needle-Work design above is very popular for portfolios, blotting-book covers, and albums, the style of work and coloring depending of course upon the use to which it is to be applied. Following precisely the design given, with the inscription "Musyc" and a blank below for holding

name or date, it is of course only suitable for a music portfolio, and is ordinarily worked on dark écu linen of coarse texture with brown crewels. The work is then only in outline in stem stitch, directions for which have already been given in the *Bazar*. In this case, however, the letters are worked solid in continuous lines of stem stitch, and the bee or wasp in the right-hand lower corner is also solid, thus giving the needful empha-

sis to the design. For blotting-books the two scrolls are of course omitted, and the design is usually worked in crewels in the coloring appropriate—greens and pinks, birds in browns and creams, leaves worked in stem stitch, flowers in feather stitch and stem stitch, birds in feather stitch. By varying the color and stitch, new effects can be produced, so that the design is scarcely recognizable as the same. For albums,

velvet or satin is used as the background, and the design is worked in silks. For this the coloring is either true to nature (and this being a *natural* design, such coloring is most appropriate), or it may be in one or two shades of one color; flowers and leaves in outline, birds and wasp in gold or silver thread; or birds with beak, eyes, and claws in gold, body in silks, in colors to suit the taste.

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The publishers will furnish HARPER'S MAGAZINE, beginning with the June Number (which is the commencement of Volume 63), and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, beginning with Number 80, published May 10, 1881 (containing the first instalments of the new serials), the two periodicals together for one year, on receipt of FIVE DOLLARS.

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FOR JUNE

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The first of SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE'S series of
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Illustrated by WM. H. GIBSON;

An article by JAMES PARTON on the

TRIAL OF JEANNE D'ARC,

With three illustrations, including a reproduction of
BASTIAN LE-PAGE'S celebrated painting;

A sketch of

EDWIN BOOTH,

Contributed by WILLIAM WINTER, with a fine
Portrait;

A Poem by

WILL CARLETON,

Entitled "The First Settler's Story," illustrated by
FROST;

An article on

HUMMING BIRDS,

By Mrs. SARA A. HUBBARD, illustrated by J. C.
BEARD;

An article on

LISBON,

By Mrs. LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY, illustrated by
J. W. CHAMPNEY;

A Love Story by

SAXE HOLM,

Entitled "Mrs. Millington and her Librarian;"

A Full-page Illustration by ABBEY of HERRICK'S
poem, "The Mad Mayde's Song;"

And other interesting matter, including "Ballads and
Ballad Music illustrating Shakespeare," by AMELIA
E. BARR, with two illustrations by ABBEY; "Bene-
dictio Cioletti," the Italian Sculptor, by LUIGI MONTI,
illustrated; "Kentucky Farms," by EDWARD AT-
KINSON;

The Two SERIAL NOVELS—"A Laodicean," by
THOMAS HARDY, and "Anne," by Miss CONSTANCE
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DESKS FOR LADIES, Letters Received, Private
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FACETIÆ.

THOMAS was a carpenter; but, owing to dullness in trade, he engaged as footman at the "big house" in the village. On the day of his engagement, his mistress, having a lady visitor in the drawing-room, rang the bell for the footman.

"You will show this lady to the front door, Thomas," she said.

"Yes, mem," replied Thomas; and, bowing to the lady, he requested her to follow him. On coming to the door, he opened it, and the lady was about to pass out, when Thomas, tapping her on the shoulder remarked, "This is the door, mem; guid pitch-pine in't, framed twa an' a half inches thick, with raised mouldings; wad cost about twa pound ten, mem."

BOSOM FRIENDS—Shirt-studs.

The right kind of a boy, with a pea-shooter, can take a man's mind off his business troubles and politics quicker than anything else in this bleak, cold world.

The Highlander's idea of a preacher was given to a gentleman not long ago, who said to him: "I have heard that your present minister is a superior man to your old cirony, Mr. L.—I am told he is a better scholar, a deeper divine, a more ornate preacher—in fact, a person much superior in every respect but one: he does not roar so loudly."

"Roar, sir! That's a' the difference in the world, sir. It may do weel enough wi' you and ither college-bred folk to hear fine-spun sermons, and listen to polished flights of what ye ca' classic eloquence; but this will not do wi' a real Highlander, sir. Na, na, sir; we maun hae something mair than this, sir; we maun hae a man that can speak out, sir—a man that can fecht in the poopit, sir—a man that can flyte, sir—a man that can shake his neive at ye, sir—a man, sir, that can ca' ye names—in fact, sir, a man that can fricht ye!"

(New servant answers the bell, which has been rung by an elderly gentleman.)

"Is your mistress in?"

"No, sir."

"Ah! Tell her, when she returns, that her father was passing, and called in to say that all were well at home."

"Yes, sir." Then, as the old gentleman is about to withdraw, "Oh, won't you leave your name, sir?"

Mr. Gilbert Stuart once met a lady in Boston, who said to him, "I have just seen your likeness, Mr. Stuart, and kissed it, because it was so much like you."

"And did it kiss you in return?" said he.

"No," replied the lady.

"Then," said the gallant painter, "it was not like me."

A party of vegetarians were strolling through a meadow where a herd of cattle were grazing, when one of the beasts, becoming furious at the sight of a red shawl worn by a young lady, chased her with such speed that she only just managed to escape with her life over a stile at the end of the meadow.

"You horrid, blood-thirsty brute!" cried the girl, trembling in every limb, as she watched the infuriated animal on the other side of the hedge. "This is your gratitude to me for touching nothing but vegetables for the last six months! From to-day I shall begin to eat roast beef again!"

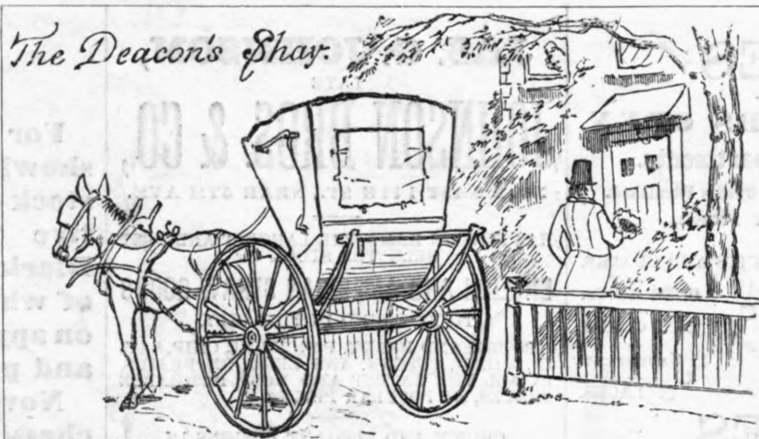
THEATRICAL EVOLUTION—The transformation scene.

AN EXPLANATION.

TAM. "I say, John, why dae ye aye order twa glasses o' whuskey fur yersel'?"

JOHN. "Weel, when I tak' wan glass I am anither man, and the ither man, dae ye see, gets the second yin."

The Deacon's Shay.



This was the shay.



He gave a cry—
He yelled: "Oh, Sis"
(He was so excited he forgot to say Miss),
"Are you hurt?"
She said: "It's only dirt."
Thank Heaven! we've passed the crisis."

And this the grin
With which he helped
the lady in.But it came about
That they both fell out,
And this was shay-grin.

Yes, it's true,
It's really so;
And her ma was delighted to know
That on the return from the ride
She became his promised bride;
And now she is making her true-so.



"WHAT THE EYE DOES NOT SEE," ETC.—A cook once replied to a lady who was always complaining of the dirt in the kitchen: "Well, marm, it's that nasty 'orrid sun as makes all the dirt. In my last place we had a snug kitchen down stairs, and never seed the sun, and it never were dirty."

THE REAL FREEZING-POINT.

SCENE: A Breakfast Table.

PATERFAMILIAS (reading morning paper). "Last night the cold was intense, the thermometer registering four degrees below freezing-point. Now, children, I suppose you are taught all about that at school. Which of you can tell me what the freezing-point is?"
CHARLIE (aged six). "The point of my nose, papa."

"Well," said Blifkins, majestically, "we mustn't be too severe on the young fellows. I suppose I was as big a fool as any of them when I was young."

"Yes," replied Fogg, "and you are not an old man now, Blifkins."

"You have a pleasant home and bright fireside, with happy children sitting around it, haven't you?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir," snivelled the prisoner, who thought he saw a way out of the difficulty.

"Well," resumed the judge, "if the happy children sit around the cheerful fireside until you return, they will stay there just forty-three days, as I shall have to send you up for that time."



A LITTLE LIGHT ON THE GREAT ATTRACTION FOR SUMMER TRAVEL ABROAD.

This is a stylish Maiden of fashionable New York:
Her Father hails from Dublin, and her Mother came from Cork.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. XIV.—No. 23.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1881.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
\$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

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PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

WHAT is most worn this year is indisputably black Spanish lace, not only for trimming everything that can be trimmed, but for making entire skirts. These have a foundation of black summer silk, which is closely covered with black Spanish lace, over which is worn a polonaise of either plain or figured black silk gauze, or else of black China crape, overloaded with embroidery wrought with jet beads. I say polonaise, for want of a better word by which to designate this over-dress, which is cut away in front, and often slashed behind, so as fully to display the richly trimmed skirt with which it is worn. The polonaise (I must continue to call it by this name) is often made with a Watteau pleat beginning at the upper edge of the corsage. For watering-place or country-house toilettes there is the same combination in white; skirt of thin white silk, covered with white Spanish lace (this lace is made both of black and white silk), or else with white cotton lace, and polonaise of white silk gauze, or else of white cotton gauze or canvas grenadine. The whole dress is profusely decked with ribbons, the favorite colors being the various shades of red, copper, and yellow.

We will cite a few eccentricities, if only for the purpose of warning foreigners that certain fashions invented in Paris are never worn by Parisian ladies. For instance, there are the tiny boots with little gilt spurs; the Louis XIII. bottines with revers trimmed with lace; the tall collars, the three-story *béguins*, made of point d'Angleterre, and lined with pink or blue satin; the pink linen chemises, trimmed with black lace, etc.

Among the new fabrics mention should be made of the mousseline de soie, or silk muslin, a mixture of silk and wool, which is deliciously soft and pliable, and well adapted to the most elegant toilettes. Then, the Japanese printed crapes, which exactly copy the designs brought us from Japan. A Japanese crape dress is accompanied with a parasol of the same material. By-the-way, the newest parasols differ somewhat in shape from those with which we are familiar, being much larger, while their high canopied top suggests a balloon cut in two. There is also, besides the plain nuns' veiling—that vaporous woollen fabric that has gained such an ascendancy in fashion—the limousine nuns' veiling, that is, with stripes so fine as to be merely threads of several bright colors. As to the fabrics specially designed for the sultry days of summer, the one most worn this season will be Irish batiste of very pale colors, among others, *vert d'eau*, with tiny flowers, pale pink, sky blue, etc. For country dresses this batiste will be in stripes of all widths, or else in cameo, that is, graduated from the darkest to the lightest shade of a single color. Let us mention in passing, as an important sign of the future, that some of the summer woollen stuffs are in vivid colors, instead of the pale dull tints that have been worn for some years past. This is especially notable in violets and blues. We will also note, in order to neglect nothing, the woollens

with immense bright-colored stripes, resembling furniture covers. These will be little used except for sea-side costumes, and by persons who delight in attracting attention, instead of seeking to avoid it.

White or light straw hats and bonnets are trimmed with a profusion of white lace and enormous bunches of flowers; among others, five or six crush roses. For walking and country hats the lace used for trimming falls in one or two rows around the brim, in the guise of a small veil. Among the unique and pretty bon-

nets—two qualities that do not always go together—may be cited one of very dark green straw, without lace or ribbon, the sole trimming consisting of five huge full-blown Nero roses, and about twenty-five or thirty buds scattered all over the bonnet. A garland of leaves and buds, with a single full-blown rose in the middle, served as a *bride* encircling the throat. The flower trimming is often lengthened so as to fall on the bust, below the shoulder, or else to accompany the strings when it does not take their place. As an exaggerated fashion we will mention a few very coarse, ugly, rough straws, looking like a thatch, or, when finished, precisely like a bee-hive.

A significant feature of fashion is the constantly increasing inflation of the tournures. Already crinolines are talked of, though they are postponed until next winter.

For the moment only the tournure is in question, but hitherto this has been worn inside, under the dress. At present it is worn both under and over the skirt. Quite lately certain modistes have taken the fancy to substitute for puffs and draperies five huge loops and a single end, all made of the same material as the dress, and from twenty to twenty-four inches wide; these are lined with a contrasting color, and arranged in such a manner as entirely to cover the back breadth of the skirt from the belt to the hem, forming a tournure or bustle, and that of the most voluminous kind.

Small light mantles will be worn as soon as the hot weather sets in; these are really nothing more than scarfs, either straight or rounded in the middle of the back. In the first case they are simply edged on each end with deep fringe; when the scarf is rounded, the entire edge is trimmed either with fringe or lace. It is knotted once, without loops, in front, about at the waist line; consequently it dresses the lower part of the back alone, while the bust is wholly uncovered, and is held in place by the elbows. Lace mantles will again be worn, especially those made with a foundation of black tulle, entirely covered with as many rows of black Spanish lace as the size of the mantle will allow. Sometimes the rows are separated by a trelis of jet. They are fastened at the belt by a large cluster of satin ribbon loops. These lace mantles will be of all shapes, even the *visite*, although the latter will be the least pretty of all, besides being the least comfortable.

Among the handsomest dresses in a very elegant trousseau in preparation is one of *raisin de Corinthe* cashmere and ivory Surah, with stripes of pale blue and deep pink. The cashmere skirt is trimmed with a very wide flounce, composed alternately of six pleats, three turning from left to right, and three from right to left; this flounce took up nearly all of the skirt, and the pleats, which were fastened close together at one end, spread out in fan shape. The upper part of the skirt was covered by a Surah scarf, which was mixed behind with puffs of cashmere. The cashmere basque-waist was trimmed in front and around the edge with a wide band of Surah cut on the bias, and had a small turned-down Surah collar, closed at the throat by a large cluster of *raisin de Corinthe* satin ribbon about



FAN POLONAISE AND ROUND SKIRT.—CUT PATTERN, No. 3087; POLONAISE, 25 CENTS; SKIRT, 20 CENTS.
For description see Supplement.

two inches wide, on which was a bouquet of flowers.

Puffings at the upper part of the sleeves, forming a sort of *gigot*, are increasing in favor.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 81 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued May 17, contains the second chapter of the new serial, "The Cruise of the 'Ghost,'" accompanied by a full front-page illustration, and the second chapter of "Susie Kingman's Decision." It also contains "Tom's Carnival," written and illustrated by FRANK D. MILLET; an illustrated and very seasonable article on "How to Sail a Small Boat," contributed by a Lieutenant in the Navy. An article by WILLIAM H. RIDGING on the manufacture of tin toys; "A Chinese Adventure," a humorous poem, with four illustrations by PALMER COX; besides short stories, poems, new games, puzzles, and an interesting Post-office Box.

"SUPERFLUOUS BRANCHES."

TO a pretty young girl SYDNEY SMITH once said: "Do you ever reflect how you pass your life? If you live to be seventy-two, which I hope you may, your life is spent in the following manner: An hour a day is three years; this makes twenty-seven years sleeping, nine years dressing, nine years at table, six years playing with children, nine years walking, drawing, and visiting, six years shopping, and three years quarrelling." The terms of this enumeration would doubtless be changed for most of us, and candor must admit that we are sometimes less well employed. But at the best it is appalling to think how much of life must be spent in merely perfunctory employments, which do not enhance its value or our pleasure in it.

Knowing, then, what an immense subtraction must be made from the apparent sum of existence, it would seem the choice of reasonable mortals, anxious to make the most of the remainder, to cut down all extravagant and superfluous demands upon it on the part of the meaner qualities. Conscience, one would say, should lock the door on Vanity, and forbid easy-going and evil-working Compliance the range of the premises. But that upright though very one-sided monitor gives herself no apparent concern about this offense of grand larceny, being too busy about some petty waste of substance or infraction of the ceremonial law.

From no class of persons, for example, is the sad and heart-felt cry of "no time" more general and more persistent than from the great host of married women—mothers, wives, and housekeepers. They long for leisure, they tell us—for leisure which means rest, culture, companionship with husband, children, and friends. They would fain study nature, art, politics, social science. But their vocation is a drag-net which sweeps up all opportunity, and to struggle against their lot is to breed discontent.

Yet every woman living has all the time there is. It is her use of it which makes her bondage or her freedom. And if these Slaves of the Ring would but measure carefully a single day's expenditure of the golden house, they would almost certainly find that they have paid it away for naught. There is hardly a home in the keeping of well-to-do householders whose machinery might not be so simplified as to lift a heavy burden from the mistress. Suppose some reforming spirit should declare: "I will have a house which shall be my enlargement, not my prison. I am told that travellers in Japan are much struck with the airiness and roominess of moderate-sized apartments, resulting from the absence of cumbersome furniture. Each article, though always exquisitely finished, is light; the lounges are of some elastic woven material; the floors are bare, or covered with matting. The fastidious Japanese call our style of furnishing unclean. I too will have bare floors in my chambers, or, if their shabby nakedness must be hid, it shall be only with matting. I will no longer make to myself idols of pillow-shams, lace pincushion covers, embroidered towels, petticoated dressing-tables, and time-devouring draperies. Neither shall my parlor harbor a tyrannical carpet, but a meek mat, which can be shaken any day, and defies moths; nor furniture so fine that I myself must take care of it; nor tidies, footstools, and sofa pillows, which are very Minotaurs for the destroying of precious minutes.

"In my living-room the books shall abide, and plants shall grow, and 'mother's rock-

ing-chair' shall be the benevolent Court of Appeal for the children, and it shall be that plain, sunny, broad-bosomed room which Bess shall cry for on her first night at Vas-sar, and Tom long to see through all the fun and hard work of his student life.

"The dining-room shall rejoice in plated silver and plain china, that loss and breakage need not worry me. The kitchen shall be pleasant as sunshine, neatness, and fit furnishings can make it. It shall be a storehouse of contrivances for making house-work easy. For I will again save time and nerves by insuring cheerful service from the servants. The food shall be good, abundant, and well chosen. But I will have nothing for show, nor to placate Mrs. Grundy. Nor will I put the freshness of my day into a difficult *entrée*, nor let my ambitions be crushed out beneath the rolling-pin. Nay, if this moderate scheme of existence be found still too exacting, it shall be reduced one-half. It may not be of much consequence that I should live. But surely it is of infinite moment that while I live my days should hold something more than fine upholstery, nursery jingles, pie crust, embroidery, and visiting-cards."

Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow. Courage, weary and baffled sisterhood! It is these useless uses of life which defeat you. The gardener's law is the motto to be hung on your walls, and carried in your hearts:

"Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live."

SUMMER AMUSEMENTS.

THE first warm breath of spring—or rather of summer, for it has been aptly observed that we have no such season as spring—brings out in us that nomad spirit which leads all the children of a forced civilization back to the woods. The Indian is coming out of the ground; we are the red man for the moment, and take to the river, the mountain, and the prairie.

The garden party is the first hybrid which unites nature and fashion. Some lady who has a villa near the city, and who either lives there all the year round, or who goes out early, invites her city friends to a garden party, specifying train, boat, and carriage (or the route by the latter), and receives her guests from four to seven or eight, as the case may be. Ladies drive out in pretty costumes designed for the occasion, generally in short dresses, with gay bonnets, or the round hat and feathers now so fashionable, and with the most dressy of parasols, a fan hung on the arm, and a generally Amazonian or Watteauish appearance. If Amazonian, one may be sure that the fair athlete intends to play lawn tennis or croquet, to row on the adjacent river, or to try the bow and arrow on the archery ground. If Watteauish, her game is still deeper: she intends to sit under a tree, or to pose gracefully on a bank, the cynosure of neighboring eyes, or else to retreat to the grove with one attendant cavalier for a tête-à-tête. Some givers of garden parties have a band in attendance, and suggest dancing. The effect of music is charming, but the dancing on the dry, uneven grass of an American lawn is not always agreeable to the dancer. If a board platform is laid (as at the once famous picnic ground at Newport), the effect is very good. Lawn tennis is the favorite out-of-door amusement at the modern garden party, and the players, if well acquainted, and sufficiently near to each other to form a club, are sure to have dresses, aprons, and badges of "rival broderie," which mark their different sides. *Harper's Bazar* has been explicit in its explanations (Vol. XIII., No. 44) of this beautiful, lively game, and the dresses which are appropriate to it. Let them be short, and loose about the waist and arms, by all means. Every lawn should boast a lawn-tennis net, and a well-sodded turf to play on. It is a much more healthful game than croquet, and exercises the whole figure more beneficially.

But a garden party is for the elderly as well as for the young. The papas and mammas, elder sisters, quiet girls, and the lazy of all ages, like to sit on the broad piazza and survey the animated scene. For some who are ultra-lazy hammocks are hung under the trees.

Refreshments are spread either in the house or in tents under the trees. They are generally eaten, however, out-of-doors, whether they hail from a sideboard or not. Lobster and chicken salad, croquets, potato-salad, cold chicken, sandwiches, ice-cream, and strawberries are the favorite refectations. Champagne, iced tea, punch, and sherry are offered, and occasionally frozen coffee—a very agreeable refreshment. Lemonade is on tap somewhere in the grounds. The lady of the house generally receives in a dressy bonnet or round hat, as she is expected to be on the lawn nearly all the time. It is better, in our changeable climate, to have the buffet spread in the house, as a shower of rain is sure to drive people in-doors and to ruin the tables spread outside. It is an anchor to windward.

Asparagus parties are fashionable about New York, as Long Island is famous for that delicate vegetable, and as soon as it is grown, young people are apt to form parties, driving down to some well-known inns on the South Side to eat asparagus and early shad, and home by moonlight.

This leads naturally to the "coaching mania," which fits in well with the asparagus party. The coaches now about New York are manifold, and the establishment of the "Tantivy" recalls that freak of the noble lords who drive in London from Whitechapel to Brighton. These heirs of

"a long pedigree" assume the dress and style of an English coachman—Mr. Weller, perhaps—wear a huge bouquet, and accept a tip with all the nonchalance imaginable. The New York coachmen imitate them, and pocket a twenty-five-cent fee without scowling. They might have a nobler model, but then, again, they might have a worse amusement, for it requires nerve to drive well. Ladies wear tight-fitting dresses or pelisses on the top of a coach, and are careful as to their floating veils and parasols, so that the whole turn-out shall have a jaunty appearance. The annual turn-out of the Coaching Club is a gay and pretty sight.

Yachting is another very favorite amusement, and the luxury of the modern-fitting up leaves almost nothing to be desired. There are very few more beautiful *salons* in New York than those on the modern yachts. A gentleman asks a lady to matronize, and then selects the young ladies and gentlemen who are to form his party. A sail of twelve hours is not considered too long. Lunch is served on board. Those who are liable to sea-sickness should never accept these invitations, as they spoil the pleasure of others.

Young ladies have a variety of yachting costumes, but they are almost always made of flannel, belted down in blouse form, and a round hat is worn carefully fastened. Sailing parties on fresh-water form another branch of maritime pleasure-seeking, and fishing is added to the other excitements of this delightful way of killing time. Fishing fortunately is a universal recreation, and can be pursued anywhere, on lake, stream, or ocean. All that it requires is a fish-hook and line, and philosophy. On some people's worms and flies fish will never fasten. The luck of the thing is its especial attraction.

Picnics, from the basket of bread and cheese taken up on the hill-side, to the three weeks' sojourn in the Adirondacks, are of course among the best of all summer amusements, and in a country so wild as ours they are especially enchanting, as the botanist, the fern-lover, the ornithologist, and the entomologist can each pursue his favorite pleasure as he wanders through the woods. Few people but are benefited by a day in the open air. Nature never fails in her programme; she always gives us more sights and sounds than she promises. It is a cheery spectacle at a watering-place to see a group of young girls in stout shoes and strong plain dresses, with tin boxes in their hands, and good serviceable hats on their heads, going off for a ramble in the woods. Of the monster picnic we have not so agreeable a remembrance, but to those who like them they are certainly to be commended.

Horseback-riding is now a very fashionable summer recreation, and we have already alluded to the hunting mania in a previous number of the *Bazar*. A young lady should learn to sit square upon the saddle, and to ride with a light hand on the rein; she should also learn to be independent of the stirrup—never to be dependent upon her foot. Her light touch on the mouth of a thorough-bred controls him better than any force. The modern habit is made very short, just to cover the foot. As all young ladies now wear a neat boot and pantaloons under the habit, there is no fear of any exposure, and the terrible danger of the long habit is avoided. The catching of the habit in a passing wheel has led to dreadful accidents. No young lady without excellent nerve should try to ride, as nervousness, a scream, or a loss of self-possession is almost sure to frighten the horse, and to lead to accidents. The curb bit, the pommels, the stirrup, are but adjuncts to safety; the principal reliance must be on the rider's own self.

Archery, that graceful remnant of the fable of Diana, is so far on the high-road toward being fashionable that a meeting of the Grand National Archery Association of the United States was held lately in Brooklyn, and a national tournament arranged for the 14th of July next. There are clubs in twenty-one States, including California. The Archery Club meet at the Prospect Park Grounds. Gentlemen shoot at double ends, ladies at single ends, thirty-six arrows at sixty yards. The club has a foundation of \$1000, to be raised to \$3000, and five hundred members. The bows and arrows can be bought at the places where lawn tennis outfits are purchased, so we may definitely hope that the game of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, the prettiest of all outdoor sports, may become one of our familiar belongings.

The going to the races has been since the days of Horace a very familiar and favorite pastime. "Some love to gather the Olympian dust," says the elegant Roman in one of his odes. The New York races at our beautiful Jerome Park are in every sense fashionable, gay, and delightful. The equipages, the well-dressed women, the fresh green and the perfume of lilacs, the orderly crowd, and the splendid horses, all make this a summer pastime of the best. The great admirers of horses follow the races about from one watering place to another, and are sure to find a crowd and a very agreeable excitement wherever the races are. About New York the lovers of racing have the privilege also of driving through the beautiful Brooklyn park to the race-course at Coney Island, breathing that fine sea air, dining afterward at the Brighton or the Manhattan, and then returning to the city by moonlight—a day of perfect enjoyment. As the races are now conducted, betting being forbidden by law at Jerome Park, and the horses having no great work to do, but allowed short heats, it is thought by the humane to be shorn of almost all the hurtful practices which once made racing so obnoxious to the thoughtful. It is merely an excuse for a picnic to most of those who attend the ladies' meetings.

Rustic dinners at way-side inns have become very fashionable at Saratoga and Richfield, Sharon, Long Branch, and New London. People get tired of the stereotyped bill of fare, and like to go to the farm-houses about for the familiar country kitchen diet. In the expeditions thus made on

the south side of Long Island many bits of old china, furniture, and bric-à-brac have been picked up which had escaped the collector.

Walking parties are now amongst the summer diversions practiced at the White and Green Mountains, and at the smaller sea-side resorts. There is no more healthful thing for young ladies, if not carried too far, but there is a danger in excess in everything; too much bathing, swimming, horseback-riding, walking, or skating is worse than too little.

Bathing and swimming of course come in at the sea-side places as amongst the summer privileges. Every woman should learn to swim. It is a very easy thing to save one's life after having learned to swim—an almost impossible feat in the water before having learned that simple accomplishment. At Newport last summer a young married pair went out into deep water in their own yacht every day, took "a header" into the Atlantic amongst the porpoises, and came up, after a half-hour's swim, much refreshed with this tumble into old Ocean. It is suggestive of all the beautiful myths with which the water-loving Greeks surrounded the wave and "Aphrodite rising from the sea"—this familiarity with which our modern Venuses lay their delicate hands on the mane of the sea-monster, and tame him to their will.

We can not follow all the gay groups who are to ride on buckboards at the White Mountains, or who are boating at Mount Desert. We can not invade that charming cottage life at a watering-place, where music, charades, private theatricals, and dancing help the gay groups to chase the flying hours. It is our American way of getting acquainted with each other. It is to us—this watering-place life—what the court is to Europe, the meeting-place where each shall know who the other is. In England, the Queen holds a Drawing-room, and her subjects come up to be presented. It is Queen Mab who holds her court amongst us, and who summons us to forest, to sea, to mountain glen. One must be very weary of existence who can not be amused at almost any well-known summer resort.

Of course there are drawbacks. There is too much dress, glare, and glitter at Saratoga and at Newport. Fashion rages at the latter place, and the polo ground holds the carriages of millionaires, and some young men are tempted to spend too much money. Dress, that great appetite of American women, is superb at both places, which is a trial in the summer-time. But again, the farm-houses are stupid, and the lesser watering-places hot and badly drained.

But is there perfection anywhere? No, not to those who are determined not to be pleased. With, however, croquet, lawn tennis, yachting, horseback-riding, driving, fishing, garden parties, races, rustic dinners, picnics and moonlight walks, Adirondack rambles, private *musicales* in the parlor, and archery on the lawn, it does seem as if a person of contented mind could get through one summer.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

NEW TOILETTES.

DRESSING for the street in New York is more attractive in the spring than at any other season of the year. The spring bonnets are so fresh and at present so gay by reason of the gorgeous plumage upon them, and the pretty costumes are not concealed by wraps, as the merest shoulder cape is now considered a sufficient addition for the street. Red shaded ostrich feathers are particularly noticeable on the spring bonnets, at the musical festivals, the matinees, and for driving in the Park, while for day receptions and church weddings the white bonnet of straw with white plumes is one of the most conspicuous features, being worn by ladies of all ages—by the bride's mother as well as by the bridemaids; indeed, the only guests who appear at church weddings without bonnets are those who have been specially requested to do so by the bride. The natural ostrich feathers of mixed black and white, producing a gray effect, and many black plumes, are used on plainer hats that are to be worn in the morning, for travelling, at church, etc. Very large flat-brimmed straw or Manila hats, faced with dark velvet, and the large crown surrounded with plumes, are liked by young ladies. The pokes of light straw are variously shaped in front to suit the face of the wearer, and these, trimmed with white plumes, are seen at full-dress weddings with toilettes of white Surah so dressily made that the sleeves are of Spanish lace. They are also worn with the white dotted muslin dresses that young ladies now have, with old-fashioned short waists, full skirts gathered to a belt and finished by two or three narrow ruffles, worn with a sash tied behind in a great bow, and to complete this a cape of the dotted muslin edged with lace. More elaborate white toilettes, with white bonnets, have for a mantle a long and wide scarf of white Spanish lace, or else one of thinnest muslin with deep vermicelli or d'Aurillac lace all around it. The surplice neck, open in a very low point, is liked for such quaint costumes, and to this is sometimes added a shoulder cape of white embroidery edged with lace, and this cape is also turned down the front in an open surplice point; this is very handsome on the pink or blue Bengaline silk suits worn by young ladies for full-dress toilettes. Dresses that are made high now sometimes omit the standing collar, so that the wearer may turn it back in surplice style, and wear a fichu of lace or muslin with it. If the fichu is white, it is sufficient finish, though a standing lace ruff is added if more becoming. A novelty of the season is the marine fichu of embroidered mull muslin, cut square in the back like a sailor collar, either in vandyke points or round scallops, and crossed or else tied in front. Very fine vandyke collars and cuffs of crochet or Irish lace are also worn, especially by misses. There is again a fancy for hav-

ing all black about the neck, and black Spanish lace fichus, or else shoulder capes of three or four rows of gathered lace, are worn in this way, without a relief of white, in a surplice point fastened by flowers, or a small scarf pin such as gentlemen wear. These black lace capes are sometimes heavily jetted lace, or may be entirely of jet, but are not confined to black dresses, though certainly most effective with them; they are considered particularly stylish with olive, écaru, and porcelain blue dresses, many dresses of these colors having been imported with black trimmings.

With morning costumes the smallest linen collar in English shapes is worn, fastened by the long scarf pins of silver or with stone beads. The tailor-made cloth suits worn during the winter mornings are duplicated for the spring in lighter cloths and in Cheviots. The styles remain quite severe, but are varied slightly by the introduction of nuns' sleeves with loose drooping cuffs, and many narrow tucks instead of stitching in the skirts. Clusters of these tucks are also down the front and the middle forms of the back of the basque. Olive is the single shade most used in such dresses, while the dark brown and gray shades, brightened by red threads, have loops of blue or olive satin ribbons for trimming. Long loose-wristed gloves without white cuffs are worn with such suits.

Simple black dresses for morning costumes have a basque and over-skirt of camel's-hair bunting with steel buttons, and crescents of steel for the only trimming. The lower skirt of silk or of the wool has a single deep fine pleating from the knees down in front, while behind are two narrow knife-pleatings, and the back drapery extends down to meet these. For gayer black costumes for the afternoon and for the carriage, Bengaline (soft repped silk) or else satin Surah is used; with gay pleatings of stripes of red, olive, old gold, and light blue, in the merest lines, on a black ground. Still gayer than this are black Surah and grenadine dresses that have the entire front breadth of red satin Surah beneath black Spanish lace. For more elderly ladies this front breadth is now of silver gray satin in blocks with black, or else it and the basque and small cape are of jet stripes on net, or perhaps a floral pattern in steel beads wrought on Florentine grenadine.

For under-skirts to use as Balmorals there are inexpensive plain skirts of farmers' satin at \$1 25, while for \$2 there are flounces across the back its entire length for supporting the skirts and making them look sufficiently bouffant. For cambric and muslin lingerie a new trimming called the Valdenia is introduced; this is a combination of embroidery and lace, the lace being woven in suitable designs, and sewed by hand to the edges of scallops in open-work wheel and star patterns.

CARPETS.

The intricate designs and softly blended colors of Oriental rugs are now copied in carpets of all grades, from Axminsters down to ingrain. The huge bouquets, straggling vines, or wreaths of flowers, and the large medallion patterns, have happily disappeared, and in their stead are small and graceful figures too involved to weary the eye with monotony, on a ground of some soft low tone that will relieve effectively the rich colors that are thrown upon it. Ecru, olive, India red, old blue, maroon, and black are preferred for backgrounds, and in some carpets these plain colors are used without figures, or else in two or three tones, shade upon shade, for the greater part of the room, while the border is in tapestry designs. The use of rugs on hard-wood floors has brought about the cleanly custom of leaving a margin of uncovered floor around the room outside the border of the carpet; the most inexpensive carpets are now supplied with borders, and are made up in rug fashion. This is especially liked for dining-rooms and libraries, where the furniture can be arranged around the room on the bare strips of floor. It does not, however, hold good in handsome drawing-rooms, where, on the other extreme, carpet designers now make a sketch of the room, showing all its recesses, bay-windows, alcoves, etc., and the design is sent to the manufacturers, who return a carpet in a single piece that will fit into every nook and angle of the room. Axminster carpets, with their luxurious pile, are preferred for the long saloon parlor which is found in most New York houses, while the smaller room back of it is covered with a rug—Indian, Persian, or Turkish—of a pattern that is similar, or else in marked contrast, to the carpet of the large room. Light yet subdued hues, such as écru or pale olive, are chosen for the dominant tone of the carpet of the large drawing-room, while the darkest maroon, or India red, or blue, prevails in the rug on the small boudoir at the back, or an alcove room for music, or any room that is connected with the large saloon. The English Axminster carpets in a single piece cost from \$9 to \$25 a square yard, while that sold in breadths is \$3 to \$4 the yard. The American Axminsters are in very soft colors and beautiful Eastern designs at less expense, beginning at \$2 50 a yard. Wilton carpets are commended by experienced housewives as an excellent outlay of money for handsome rooms—parlors, sitting-rooms, halls, and dining-rooms. The Morris designs for Wiltons are most satisfying, as they are carried out in low tones of colors on dark warm grounds. For libraries and dining-rooms the first choice is, of course, an Indian or Persian rug, or a Turkey carpet, but those who can not afford these Oriental luxuries select either a Wilton carpet or the still less expensive moquette carpeting of deep pile, soft and luxurious to tread upon. The American moquettes are found to be excellent for service, and may be had in the Eastern designs on olive, maroon, or dark peacock blue or old gold grounds for \$1 75 a yard, while the imported moquette carpets are \$2 or \$3. The light tapestry designs and colors are remarkably

good in the domestic moquettes, and are completed by a very dark border that adds but a trifle to the expense. For halls, rugs are preferred on inlaid floors; but when these are too costly, the Wilton carpets are made up with borders, and the staircase is carpeted to match. The bare stairways have proved to be so cold and noisy that they are in a great measure abandoned for all but country houses for summer use, while the thickest lining of wadding stitched between layers of paper is placed beneath the stair carpet; this lining costs from 7 to 10 cents a yard. The English Brussels carpets remain the favorite for best rooms with people of limited means. They have écru, cream, pearl, rose, pale olive, or pale blue grounds for small parlors and for guest-chambers, while the dark olive and maroon grounds, well covered with designs of Indian or Persian rugs, and also Japanese or Chinese fancies, are for the dining-room or library; these are \$1 25 to \$2 a yard for what is called body Brussels, where the colors are woven through to the wrong side. The tapestry Brussels carpets are in similar designs, but are less serviceable, as the pattern is merely printed on the carpet, and when hardly used, wears off, leaving a bare gray surface; consequently this covering will only serve for rooms that are seldom used; it costs from 65 cents to \$1 10 a yard. A far more satisfactory choice would be an American ingrain carpet, less showy and pretentious, but genuine, and in the South Kensington designs in soft dull reds of two or three shades, or in dark blue picked out with orange, or green with red; \$1 a yard is the average price for these, the lowest price being 65 cents. The Morris designs, however, bring the imported ingrain up to \$3 a yard, and show artistically blended shades of pale blue on bronze green, or a ground of porcelain blue strewn with strawberry reds or with rose pink, or a conventional pattern of flowers in dark red or white on deep blue ground. The olive upon olive shades in very small figures, with a striped border of olive, old gold, maroon, and indigo, finishing with a line of black nearest the wall, is excellent for dining-room ingrain. There are also others, perfectly plain, of India red, or maroon, or quaint blue, with the striped border. For dining-rooms in country houses, for nurseries, and other rooms that have hard usage, the Dutch wool carpets in stripes or solid colors are found to be most serviceable. They are \$1 15 a yard. Chinese matings for the floors and dados of country houses are now illuminated by dashes of color—red, green, and blue—on the straw ground, or else they are woven in checks of rich color alternating with those of the natural straw. The solid-colored matting in India red shades is also beautiful for summer rooms, and forms a pretty background when strewn with rugs; this is 50 or 60 cents a yard, while that with several colors costs from 40 to 85 cents, according to the fineness of the weaving.

RUGS.

When rugs are chosen for rooms, a "filling" of plain color, not heavier than an ingrain carpet, is now used when the rug does not cover the entire floor. This filling is not sewed to the rug, as was formerly done, but consists of a separate breadth of carpet, from two to four feet wide, which is fastened to the floor around the room, and the rug is then laid upon the centre of the floor without being fastened down, and its edges lap over those of the filling. This is not so expensive as a heavy filling or as a marquetry floor would be. The darkest maroon, red, blue, gold, and olive tints are chosen for these plain fillings, and must be in harmony with the prevailing tone of the rug. The Persian rugs are handsome enough for the most elegant drawing-rooms, and the light-tinted Agra rugs make most satisfactory carpets. The Khorassan rugs are in the faded colors and designs of Cashmere shawls. For halls are long narrow rugs from Daghestan, with the colors mellowed by age. Among the Turkish rugs are the heavy Oushak carpets for libraries and dining-rooms; these are warm and thickly tufted in old blue and red shades, with wide borders. The light colors of the Ghiordes rugs make them popular for chambers and small boudoirs, where they are sometimes laid upon an ingrain carpet of a single color. The Silesia or Berlin rugs in Turkish designs are made by Germans who learned the art in Turkey. These are very richly colored, and are made to order, in two months after the order is received, at a cost of \$9 or \$10 for the square yard. The Agra rugs may also be duplicated, for, though made in India, the work is done under the supervision of Europeans.

TABLE CHINA AND GLASS.

English china, decorated in rich colors and bold designs, is chosen for dinner sets, while for teas, for dessert, and for luncheons light decorations in delicate colors on thinnest French wares are preferred. The gay coloring done by Minton, and the rich lustrous Crown Derby sets, are objects of desire to housewives, rivaling the superb old blue and white Nankin and India sets that have been handed down as heirlooms. Some round and some oval dishes are now made in each set, and octagonal plates are shown, but are not so popular as round ones. Soup plates are made much deeper than formerly for ordinary use, and there are very deep cups for bouillon. A separate dozen of plates, each differently decorated, with birds for game, with fish for fish, or with flowers or fruits for dessert, is now furnished in the finest wares, and is considered a choice gift to a bride. Low large cups are for coffee at breakfast, deep but smaller cups are for tea and for bouillon, while smaller cups than those usually seen are now selected for after-dinner coffee. All ornamental pieces for the table, such as épergnes of Dresden, Capo di Monte, or glass, are now made low and broad, and all decorations in the way of flowers are similarly low; thus, instead of being placed in branching épergnes,

flowers are now banked down the centre of the table, and berries or other fruits are massed in the same way, strawberries being daintily served in tiny baskets of straw or of glass, piled in clusters, and afterward a basket is set in each plate. A great ball like a globe made of rich cut glass is mounted on a flat mirror and used for holding a large bouquet in the centre of the table. Nearly flat dishes of cut glass, square-cornered, and twelve inches long, are shown for ice-cream, for berries, and also for celery. Sauce plates, and those for cream or berries, are of English crystal with handles. Instead of a silver caster, a mirror, round, like a platter, is used, with three or four pieces set upon it, all of cut glass, for vinegar, oil, salt, and pepper. Cut-glass goblets are more used at present than the tumblers that were lately revived. A small tumbler or else a tall vase-like glass is preferred for Champagne. Quaintly shaped small glass pitchers are for cream, and there are independent pitchers for oil. The richly colored Sevres glass is chosen in separate pieces for giving color to the table. Venetian glass is the expensive choice for finger-bowls, in low shallow shapes, but there are also prettily colored French and American bowls at far less cost. Ladies who are fond of color, yet who wish to use white china that has been bequeathed them, introduce a colored cloth on the table—deep red or blue—and cover this with a white cloth that has open patterns of drawn-work down each side, and embroidery in brighter red or blue representing tiles, or quaint little old English figures wrought in outline stitch; a bank of Jacqueminot roses, carnations, buttercups, or other flowers down the centre supplies additional color.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; G. SIDENBERG & Co.; W. & J. SLOANE; and GILMAN COLLAMORE & Co.

PERSONAL.

A LARGE conservatory is to inclose the new mansion which is being built for Mr. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD, and the expense of keeping it filled with flowers will not be more than fifty thousand dollars a year—enough to keep imitators at a distance.

A school in Cairo for girls of the higher classes is to be established by the Khedive at his own cost.

The son of General ORD, a young man of twenty, whose sister married General TREVINO, has been offered a colonelcy in the Mexican army.

Mr. HOLMAN HUNT, with his sinewy frame, his thick hair, and auburn beard, has the appearance of a young man worn with work and weather-beaten; he is an excellent talker, touching on fate, free-will, physiology, or stock-broking, enlivening his discourse with anecdote or criticism.

B. P. SHILLABER writes to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, that his rheumatism holds on, and he can not ride the bicycle or play "hop scotch."

For thirty-four years OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES has been a professor at Harvard.

It is reported that Signor ROSSI, the Italian tragedian, has already smothered two Desdemonas as effectually as the original Moor, and is coming to this country to try his luck.

The most magnificent head of hair in Russia belonged to the Princess DOLGOROUKI, but she cut it all off, and placed it in the coffin of the Czar, her dead husband.

A massive granite fountain, in the form of a cross, is to be presented to the people of Newburyport, Massachusetts, by General B. F. BUTLER.

Sir WALTER SCOTT's castle has been rented by Baron ALBERT GRANT.

Mr. JOHN BURROUGHS is sometimes mentioned as a second THOREAU.

MILLAIS painted his portrait of Mr. GLADSTONE in five hours.

J. Q. A. WARD is to be the sculptor of the monument to the memory of "LEIF, the Norseman, son of ERIC," which is to be erected in Boston, at an expense of twenty thousand dollars.

The Princess CAROLATH, who eloped with Count HERBERT DE BISMARCK, has proved that the way of the transgressor is hard; as she is sick in an Italian town, and would have suffered for the necessities of life but for royal generosity, Count HERBERT having returned to Berlin.

Mr. NICHOLLS, of Sharon Springs, New York, writes that he has seen fuchsia-trees in the Isle of Jersey thirty feet in height.

Queen VICTORIA wrote a letter of four pages to Mrs. ABRAHAM LINCOLN on the death of her husband, which has never been published.

Porte Crayon is filling his portfolio with sketches in the city of Mexico, where he is American Consul-General.

O. F. PARKER, of Hartford, owns the manuscript of the valedictory address of JONATHAN EDWARDS, written in Latin, for the class of 1720 at Yale, when he was but sixteen.

Miss BETTIE GREEN, of Forsyth County, Georgia, has two silk dresses of which she may reasonably be proud, she having raised the silkworms, spun the silk, and woven and colored it with her own skillful hands.

Lady WARWICK was awarded the first prize at the exhibition of painted tapestry in London lately, her work being mounted as a screen, which many positively declared to be a piece of woven tapestry.

A London publisher has tried to negotiate with LANGALIBALELE and CETEWAYO with the hope of publishing the Zulu war poetry. Could Yankee ingenuity go farther and fare worse?

HIRAM POWERS, the sculptor, when a young man in Washington wrestling with fortune, with a fair chance of getting thrown, was found by the late General JOHN S. PRESTON, of South Carolina, who sent him to Europe, and supported him through his studies.

CARLYLE had entertained the idea of coming to live in America. Perhaps it is fortunate for our great men that it was only a castle in the air.

SOPHIE PISOFFSKY was once intended for the wife of CONSTANTINE MOURAVIEFF, who prepared the indictment at her late trial, but her Polish governess set her against him. She started on her Socialist mission at the age of sixteen, and for twelve years exposed herself to poverty

in that cause, in which she lost her beauty. For eighteen months at one time she was a washer-woman, and so faithful that her patrician descent was never suspected.

A gown of blue satin, with panels and trimmings worked in silver bullion and seed-pearls, has been imported into New York for the confusion of shoppers.

The portrait painter Mr. HEALY has been in Roumania, painting the new King and Queen, and will return to America this month.

The manuscript of "Holy Willie's Prayer," by ROBERT BURNS, three pages of fool's-cap, brought nearly one hundred and fifty dollars in Edinburgh in April, and a letter of Sir WALTER SCOTT's over ten dollars.

Professor GUYOT has surveyed and measured more than a thousand mountains, from Maine to Georgia.

At a recent horticultural exhibition in London, the new orchid from India, with snow-white flowers, sent by Mr. TITLEY, was bought for a thousand dollars by Mr. WILLIAM BULL.

Three thousand dollars in gold was ploughed up by a negro the other day on the MATHEWS farm, Anderson County, Texas, which was probably buried there twenty years ago by an old slave.

Princess AMELIA CAROLINE GASPARINE LEOPOLDINE HENRIETTA LOUISE ELIZABETH FRANÇOISE MAXIMILIENNE, daughter of CHARLES EGRU, Prince of Fürstenberg, is the lady whom rumor says Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT delights to honor. There ought to be some equalization of names in the marriage settlements.

JOHN FLATTERS, who executed the best bust of BYRON ever made, was the father of Colonel FLATTERS, the victim of the Kroumirs.

Mrs. SALLIE D. CROWLEY, who lately married the English astronomer, Professor RICHARD A. PROCTOR, is a niece of General JEFF THOMPSON, of Confederate fame.

A relative of GEORGE WASHINGTON contends that the spot selected by Mr. EVARTS for the monument to mark his birth-place is some distance from the site of the house where he first drew breath.

The three daughters of the Princess of Wales differ greatly from each other. LOUISE, the eldest, is the Parisienne, gay and affable, with her mother's grace and features. VICTORIA resembles her father; she is proud and reserved, with a cultivated intellect and a generous heart. The youngest, MAUD, looks like her grandmother, the Queen, and is good-hearted and serious.

The architect of Cardiff Castle and Cork Cathedral, who has lately died, Mr. WILLIAM BRUGES, A.R.A., was the owner of drinking-cups of pure crystal inlaid with rubies, which must have been too exquisite for anything less fine than nectar or ambrosia.

The door curtain designed by SAMUEL COLMAN and executed by the New York Society of Decorative Art has a series of branching leaves and blossoms embroidered in gold thread and crewels on a ground of old gold satin, with a border of old gold plush.

An old donkey belonging to a descendant of the Chevalier BAYARD, the Comtesse de St.-Cricq, lately dead, had grown so weak that he could no longer bear laden baskets to market, as his habit had been for thirty years, and in order to save him the mortification of remaining at home on market-days, the good countess dispatched him regularly with empty panniers.

It is asserted that by aid of the telephone the Czar, at his palace of Anichkin, could follow the entire course of the recent state trial.

During a discussion with NAPOLEON III., on one occasion, Plon-Plon's father angrily said, "There is nothing of the First Emperor about you." "I have at least his family," was the response.

TAZE-AN-TUAN-YU K'ANG was the doubtless euphonious name of the Chinese Empress who recently died.

GAMBETTA's portrait by MEISSONIER is to be shown at the Salon of 1882.

Mr. F. MARION CRAWFORD, who has just returned from studying the literature of the Brahmins in India, is a nephew of Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE, and son of the sculptor.

At the marriage in England lately of a leading New York lawyer, Mr. CHARLES PIERRE SHAW, to Miss LIZZIE FISHER, the brother of the bridegroom cabled his congratulations and a wedding gift of fifty thousand dollars. Among the presents were bracelets, rings, and a flask, each piece covered with groups of fine diamonds, uniquely set upon a background of iron pyrites.

The youngest member of her Majesty's Privy Council is H. R. H. Prince LEOPOLD, aged twenty-seven; the oldest, the Right Hon. Sir JOHN MACPHERSON MACLEOD, K.C.S.I., aged eighty-eight.

ROBERT E. LEE was a direct descendant of four of the five heroes of Bannockburn: of the High Steward of Scotland; of Sir ROBERT DE KEITH, the great Marshal of Scotland; of THOMAS RANDOLPH, Earl of Moray; and of King ROBERT BRUCE, from whom he was the seventeenth in line.

There is a certain poetry of history in the circumstance that at a late meeting of the Veterans of Texas to celebrate the anniversary of San Jacinto, the old Alcalde of Texas, who received his appointment from the government of Mexico, was present.

The brigands who captured Mr. and Mrs. SUTER and child behaved like ideal brigands of romance during their tramp up the mountain, rolling cigarettes for Mr. SUTER, and going back to look for a doll the little girl had dropped.

When at home at Hawarden on Sunday Mr. GLADSTONE always reads the lessons for the day, in the parish church, with modesty and nervous hesitation. His voice is mellow, and his expression poetic, and people go miles to hear the Premier perform this duty.

With genuine Irish humor, Miss PARNELL says that the first gun fired in Ireland was a kettle of hot water.

Mr. CARLYLE's bust is to be placed in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

At the first *matinée* of Miss MAUD MORGAN, in Boston, an observer remarked the correspondence of the harmonies of the cream-colored Greek gown with gold fringe, in the pseudo-classic fashion of the Consulate and Empire, worn by the young harpist, and the cream-colored-and-gold decorations of the new Tremont Temple and its organ, and suggests to Mr. WARNER that he could hardly do better than to make a complete figure of the young musician as she reached over the golden arch of her harp with her perfect arm to repair a broken string.

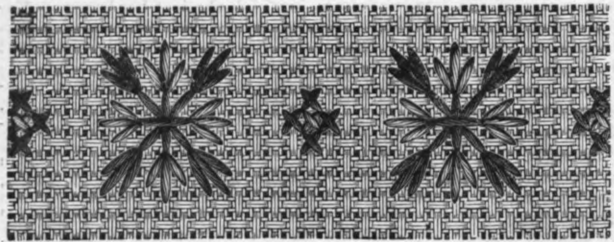


Fig. 2.—FOUNDATION OF SHAWL CASE, FIG. 1. POINT RUSSE AND CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.

broidered. Fig. 3 gives the design for the upper end, and Fig. 29, Supplement, that for the lower one. After the outlines have been transferred to the material, they are defined in stem stitch with light réséda cotton; the flowers are ornamented in the manner shown in Fig. 3 with parallel rows in stem stitch of light and dark réséda cotton, and in point Russe with pink cotton; the threads which are stretched over the calyx are fastened down at the intersecting points with cross stitches of dark réséda cotton. In the large leaves the large squares are outlined with réséda and the smaller ones with pink cotton. The remaining leaves are either filled in with herring-bone stitch, or crossed with threads of réséda cotton, which are fastened down at the intersecting points with back stitches. The ends of the apron are edged with lace, and the top is pleated and furnished with strings in the manner shown in the illustration.

Embroidered Quilt.

This quilt is made of gray flannel, embroidered in the manner shown in the illustration, and is lined with quilted gray silk. The embroidery consists of five rows of the design figure given in full size by Fig. 54, Supplement, which are separated by borders two inches wide. The design for the latter is transferred to the material,

Linen Apron, Figs. 2 and 3.

For this apron a straight piece of linen forty inches long and twenty-one inches wide is required. The top is turned down twelve inches wide on the outside, and both ends are hemmed and em-

rows of chain stitches is filled in with a cross seam in a contrasting color; the point Russe at the centre of the maroon semicircles is worked with blue wool, that in the blue semicircles with maroon wool. Only one-half of the border is used along the sides of the quilt. The large design figures are transferred to the material from

Fig. 54, Supplement, in the order shown in the illustration. The double line outlining the palm is worked in chain stitch with brown crewel wool, and the space between the lines is filled in with a cross seam in either white or maize silk; the inner lower part is worked in satin stitch with pink silk, and edged in chain stitch with olive, red, and blue silk; above these there

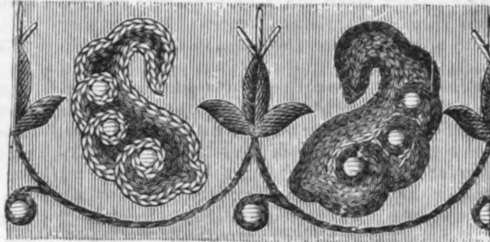


Fig. 2.—BORDER FOR RETICULE, FIG. 1.

are button-hole stitches of maroon crewel wool, among which there are single stitches of old gold silk; the figure above is worked in satin stitch with blue crewel wool, and edged in chain stitch with cream silk. The two leaflets of the bud are outlined in chain stitch with blue silk, and filled in in herring-bone stitch with red silk; the centre is worked with brown crewel wool in button-hole stitch, and ornamented in point Russe with red silk; the two curves are worked in chain stitch with old gold silk, and the space between them is filled in with a cross seam in blue silk. The stems and tendrils are worked in stem stitch, the leaflets in chain stitch with olive and brown filoselle silk, and the dots are in satin stitch of red silk. The quilt is bound with gray silk.

Embroidered Shawl Case, Figs. 1-3.

This case is made of a piece of striped écaré linen Aida canvas thirty-five inches long and twenty-four inches wide. The corners of the end which forms the flap are sloped off, the edge is turned up half an inch all around, and fastened down with red and blue cotton braid an inch and three-quarters wide, which borders the case. A row of similar braid is set along the inner edge of the embroidered



Fig. 1.—CAMBRIC APRON.—CUT PAT. TERN, No. 3091; PRICE 15 CENTS. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. III, Figs. 15-18.



Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED RETICULE. [See Fig. 2.]



Fig. 2.—LINEN APRON.—[See Fig. 3.] For design see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 29.



EMBROIDERED QUILT. For design see Supplement, No. XI, Fig. 54.



Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED SHAWL CASE.—[See Figs. 2 and 3.]

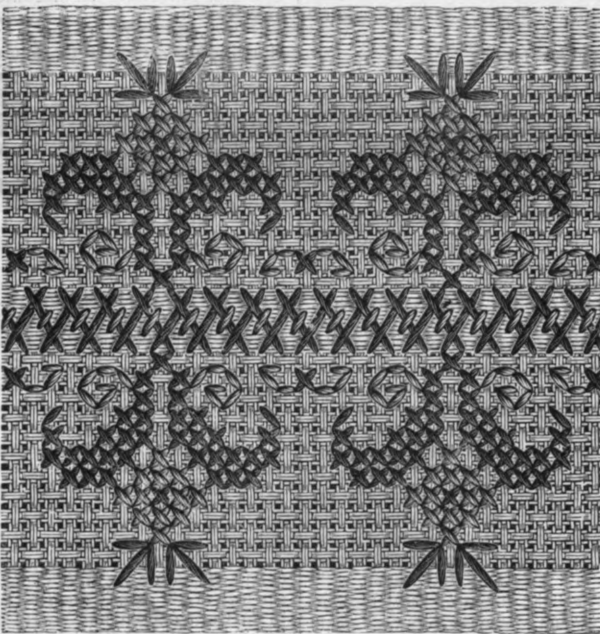
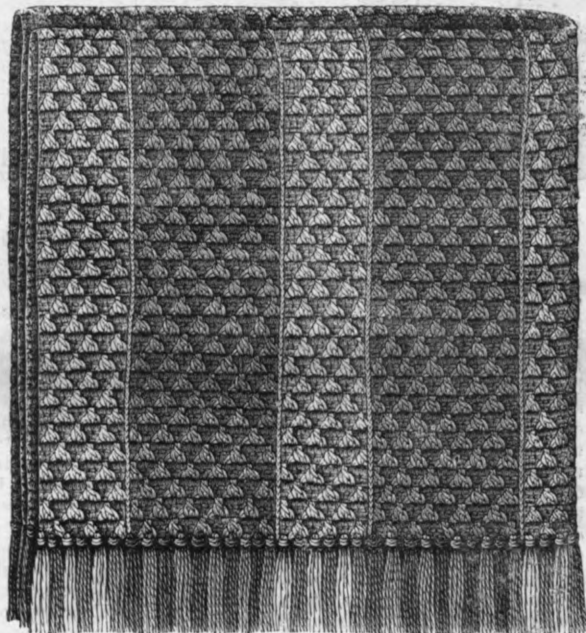


Fig. 3.—BORDER OF SHAWL CASE, FIG. 1.—CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY AND HOLBEIN-WORK.



CROCHET AFGHAN.

after which the straight line on each side, which consists of a four-fold thread of dark brown crewel wool caught down with maize silk, is worked. The slanting stitches outside of these lines are worked with brown wool in three shades, and caught down at the points with point Russe of similar wool. The waving line along the middle is worked in stem stitch with dark olive wool, and the single chain stitches branching off on each side of it with light olive and brown filoselle silk. The semicircles are outlined with two rows in chain stitch in maroon crewel wool along one side of the border, and in blue along the other; the space between the two

border, as shown in the illustration. The case is embroidered in the manner shown in Fig. 1, with the ground figures given in Fig. 2, which are worked in rows, so that the larger figures of each row come opposite to the smaller figures of the preceding row; the work is executed in cross stitch and in point Russe with red and blue crewel wool. Along the sides the case is embroidered with the border given in Fig. 3, in cross stitch and Holbein-work, with red and blue crewel wool; the cross seam over the close stripe of the canvas along the middle of the border is worked with dark blue wool, the point Russe on it in red. Small black metal rings

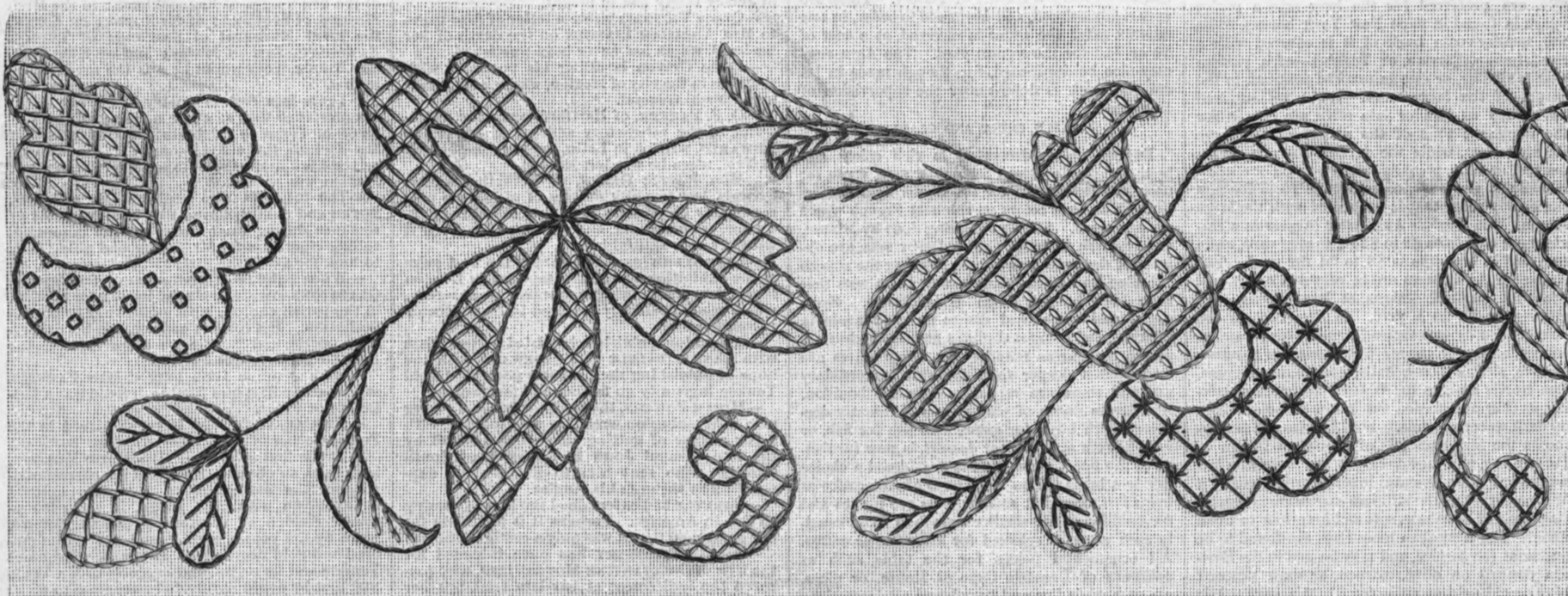


Fig. 3.—DESIGN FOR APRON, FIG. 2.—STEM STITCH AND POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.



BATISTE POLONAISE AND ROUND SKIRT.—CUT PATTERN, No. 3092; POLONAISE, 25 CENTS; SKIRT, 20 CENTS. For description see Supplement.

opposite direction with the 7th-12th ends, working around the 12th end as previously around the 1st; cut pieces of gold cord about 4 inches long, and insert them between the foundation thread and the double thread in the 1st round, between the 6th and 7th ends of each pattern figure, and between the 12th end of one and the 1st end of the following pattern figure, as shown in the illustration, so that the ends will hang to an even length. 3d round.—* With the 5th and 6th, and the 7th and 8th ends of the next 12, taken together, work 1 dk. (double knot) around the next 2 ends of gold cord, then with the 9th-12th ends of this and the 1st-4th ends of the next pattern figure taken together work 1 dk. around the following 2 ends of gold cord. Repeat the 2d and 3d rounds 3 times, transposing the pattern in the manner shown in the illustration. Cut strands of black silk each consisting of 10 threads 6 inches long, encircle one at the middle point with the knotting ends of each double knot in the last round, knot the ends, and also those of the gold cord, fold the strand, and tie it with black silk after an interval of one-quarter of an inch, then cut the fringe of even length.

For the fringe Fig. 2 cut the knotting ends 24 inches long, and proceed according to the directions for Fig. 1 to the end of the 1st round. 2d round (12 ends are required for each pattern fig-



PLUSH RETICULE.



MEDICIS SUIT.—CUT PATTERN, No. 3093; SHIRRED WAIST, OVER-SKIRT, AND ROUND SKIRT, 20 CENTS EACH. For description see Supplement.

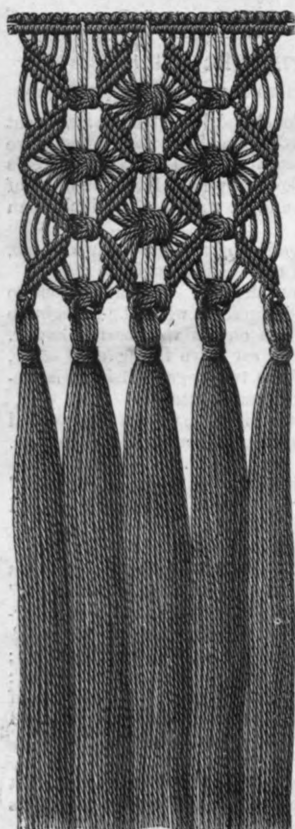


Fig. 1.—KNOTTED FRINGE FOR DRESSES, WRAPPINGS, ETC.

are set at regular intervals along the side edges, through which is run blue woollen braid, the ends of which are finished with tassels. When the shawl is rolled up in the case, the ends of the blue braid are drawn together and tied in loops, and the whole is bound with a shawl strap.

Plush Reticule.

This reticule is made of a piece of light blue plush nine inches and a half deep and twenty-two inches wide. The side edges are joined together, the top is turned down an inch and three-quarters, and the bottom is closely gathered. The top is furnished with a shirr an inch and three-quarters from the upper edge, and is trimmed on the inside with white lace two inches and a half wide, which projects beyond the edge. The bottom

Knotted Fringes for Dresses, Wrappings, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

These fringes are worked with coarse black saddle's silk and fine gold cord. To make the fringe Fig. 1, cut knotting threads 16 inches long, fold them through the middle, slip them in the usual manner over a double foundation thread, and work as follows for the 1st round.—Guide a double thread along over the ends, working 2 b. st. 1. (button-hole stitch loop) around it with each end in turn. 2d round (12 ends are required for each pattern figure).—* 3 times alternately put the 1st end diagonally over the 2d-6th ends, and with each of the latter in turn work 2 b. st. 1. around the former, work a similar bar slanting in the



SATIN SCRAH AND CHENILLE CLOTH MANTILLA.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII, Figs. 40-43.

ure).—* With the 4th-6th ends taken together work 1 b. st. 1. around the 1st-3d ends, with the latter 3 ends work 1 b. st. 1. around the former 3, then again with the 4th-6th ends work 1 b. st. 1. around the 1st-3d; work 3 similar knots with the 7th-12th ends of the pattern figure; repeat from *. 3d round.—With the 1st-3d ends and the 10th-12th ends of each pattern figure, taken together, work 1 dk. around the middle 6 ends. Repeat the 2d and 3d rounds 8 times, transposing the double knots in the manner shown in the illustration. Gather up the knotting ends under each double knot, add a strand of silk to make the tassel heavy enough, and tie the tassel one-quarter of an inch below the knot. Finally, run gold thread through the knots of the heading in the manner shown in the illustration.

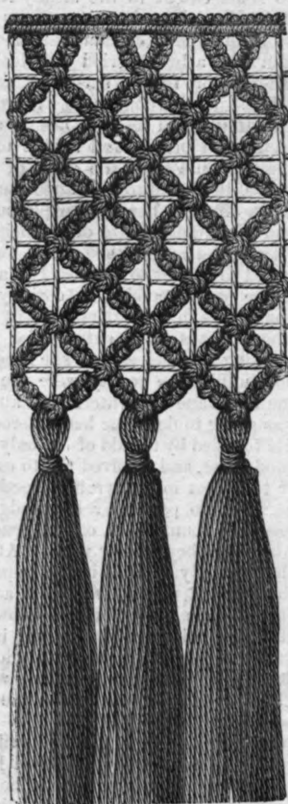


Fig. 2.—KNOTTED FRINGE FOR DRESSES, WRAPPINGS, ETC.

Crochet Afghan.

See illustration on page 356.

This pretty carriage or cradle afghan consists of nine strips, which are worked apart, and afterward set together. The strips are worked with double zephyr wool, the four wider ones with dark red in two shades, and the five narrower with two shades of olive. The separate strips are connected by means of a round worked in single crochet with olive filoselle silk. An illustration of the crochet pattern and directions for working it were given in the last number of the *Bazar*. The wider strips are worked on a foundation of 23 stitches, and contain five pattern figures in each row, the narrower strips on a foundation of 15 stitches in three pattern figures. The ends of the afghan are trimmed with fringe, which consists of strands of similar wool to that used in each strip knotted over the edge.

(Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 16, Vol. XIV.)
THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

By MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDLETON'S MONKEY," "VICTOR AND VANQUISHED," "THE SQUIRE'S LEGACY," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

WITHOUT THE CINDERS.

Among the "Old Friends" of whom the merciless pedantry of a self-asserting scientific school has done its best to deprive us, and whom one gifted and gentle-hearted writer has nobly restored and rendered doubly dear, clothed in the graceful garments of her own poetic and pathetic fancy, Cinderella is the "Old Friend" who interprets girlhood most faithfully. The others are delightful, each in its several way—the Giants and their Jack, and their Jack and his Bean Stalk, with all their associations of ambition and enterprise, difficulty, danger, doughtiness, and victory; but they are, after all, men's stories, and so is Beauty and the Beast, for it is the outcome of a sense of property laws and the enormity of trespass quite foreign to women. But Cinderella is a woman's story, with its little miseries and its big prize, its daily worry, and its puissant help from without. The small contends against the great, the weak against the strong, but not after the manner of the Jacks and the Giants, only vicariously, and by the indirect aid of compassion and love. It is a pitiful story, too, full of malice and meanness, and when we think of Cinderella, up to that blissful moment at which the fairy godmother brought herself of her obligations, and also of her spite, it is with positive pain. And yet Cinderella's plight might have been a worse one had there been no cinders. Life with the wicked, niggardly step-mother, and those ugly sisters with the big feet, would have been far more intolerable in genteel idleness in the parlor, with unlimited opportunities of nagging and oppression, than it was in the kitchen, with pots and pans to be scoured, and the cinders to be riddled. Cinderella was not crushed out of the power of enjoying the ball, and, we may be very sure, instantaneously detected the admiration of the Prince, just because she had no time for sentimental grievances, and if she was more naturally miserable, she was in less danger than a Cinderella without the cinders.

There were none for Helen Rhodes to riddle; there were no actual physical hardships in her life; and nevertheless it was a hard one, and full of the smoldering elements of harm. She was in a position which no one with any knowledge of human nature in general, and girl nature in particular, could fail to recognize, regarding it from all sides, as dangerous.

Helen had begun her new life with Mr. and Mrs. Townley Gore with mixed feelings; her first instinctive repugnance and misgiving had yielded to some extent to the steady remonstrances of Jane Merrick, and to the equally steady ignoring of them by Miss Jerdane. That new life had begun with a brief period of delusion. The mere exterior of things surprised and dazzled the school-girl, to whom the big drawing-room at the Hill House had hitherto been a standard of elegance and luxury, and a visit to a museum or the Crystal Palace the event of a season. The house, its furniture, its appointments, the ways of it, afforded her a keen pleasure for a while; and the strange sense of emancipation from one set of rules, even although she was perfectly prepared to submit to another, had a charm for her. There was something so entirely outside of her imaginings in the orderly activity of a household whose heads lived entirely for the purpose of pleasing themselves, and she speedily recognized how unlike the reality were the notions which she and Jane had entertained about what Helen was going to do. She had entered upon her new life fortified by the aid of her only friend's steady good sense, and resolved not to expect too much, or to expect in the wrong direction. Jane had, however, no particular knowledge on which to base her counsel, but only a general philosophy, which was beyond her years. At the same time she privately thought it was impossible but that these grand rich people must admire and love Helen when they came to know her, and that Helen would soon find herself in the easy and little onerous position of an adopted daughter. But the help and strengthening which her friend afforded her were useless in the utterly unforeseen circumstances of the case. The period of pleasant surprise, of almost bewildering strangeness, was a brief one, and then Helen's life settled down into a long ache of hopeless unhappiness—the unhappiness of an entirely unloved existence. There were times when she used to think she could not be more unhappy; but she was wrong in that. She would have been more unhappy had she known what were Mrs. Townley Gore's real feelings toward her. The girl took them by their outward symbols for indifference and disdain; and when she realized this, she suffered from it as only sensitive and dependent natures can suffer, and all the more that at first she had been dazzled and fascinated by Mrs. Townley Gore. The handsome face, the rich dress, the luxurious surroundings, the suavity of manner, even the smooth low tones of the woman of the world, made so strong an impression upon Helen, that if she had chosen to win the girl's heart, she could easily have done so, through her fancy. But there was no such stuff in the thoughts of the woman who had disliked the object of her husband's bounty before she ever saw her, and hated her afterward with strength and pertinacity commensurate with the injury unconsciously inflicted by her.

That injury was defeat. There was in the narrow heart of Mrs. Townley Gore a love of power Napoleonic in intensity, and which had hitherto

found a fair amount of material to feed upon. She had ruled her father when a child; she had ruled her guardian when she was a girl; and she had, if not completely ruled, at least had her own way with her husband since she had been a wife. His ways, his notions of what made life pleasant, and especially his prevailing principle that life was by all means to be made pleasant, suited her so entirely that she had not hitherto had any inclination to oppose him; but no doubt had ever occurred to her that if she had seen occasion to do so, she would have been successful. The first check to her self-confidence, the first stab to her pride, the first sting of a jealousy which was none the less keen that it had nothing whatever to do with love, had come from the unconscious hand of Helen Rhodes, and Mrs. Townley Gore hated her. She had not failed to perceive the effect that she had produced upon the girl, but it had in no wise softened her, for she had also perceived as clearly that Mr. Townley Gore expected her to be pleased by the frank though timid and wondering admiration of this young person, whose own good looks were not of a kind with which she desired to be placed in permanent comparison. Now her husband had carried the point against her, without vehement opposition, or the vulgarity of dispute, indeed, but by the simple and quiet assertion of his will, and she recovered the first bit of her lost ground by disappointing that expectation. She dismissed his remarks with quiet contempt, and as she knew him too well to believe that he would carry his zeal in Helen's cause to the extent of compromising his own comfort, she reasonably regarded her defeat as far from final.

Mrs. Townley Gore was perfectly aware that her husband's first intention in the matter of the payment of that old debt, of which his creditor had reminded him so inconveniently, was of a large and liberal kind. He would have had Helen taken home by himself and his wife in as comprehensive a sense of that sacred word as he, in whose life there were no sanctities, could use it; and he would have fulfilled his own share in such an arrangement, being that smaller and comparatively easy share that falls to a man's lot in domestic matters, readily enough. To be kind and courteous to a pretty girl, who would, of course, always be good-humored and well dressed, and who never could be in the way of his perfectly well ordered course of life, would not only be no trouble to Mr. Townley Gore, but a pleasant novelty.

From the first his wife had resolved that no such interpretation of his obligations should take effect, and on that point she knew that she could not be beaten. The proverbial cobbler is not more thoroughly "maître chez lui" than was the handsome and agreeable lady who had not an intimate friend in the world, and whose dependents hated her. Had her husband suspected her tactics, he would have been unable to defeat them; for they were worked by small daily tyranny, neglect, and repression, the quiet malice of contempt, and enforcement of the bitter sense of dependence and inferiority. And of all this machinery he had no knowledge. She was plausible, and, he was bound to acknowledge, very sensible in her remarks upon the dangers of a false position, and the duty to one's self, and all others concerned, of preventing mistakes. He had not the courage to say that the position against which she was protesting need not necessarily be false; that they could easily make it true, being childless people, with nobody to consult in the present or for the future; that the best way to avoid any misconception would be to render Helen's footing in their house secure. He really was actuated in the matter by a surprisingly near approach to a noble sentiment, and he thought he would say this by-and-by, not just yet.

The art of "whittling," as applied to good impulses, has seldom been more effectively illustrated than in the case of Mr. Townley Gore's acceptance of the trust reposed in him by the dead friend to whom he owed his own life. Miss Austen's inimitable Mrs. John Dashwood did not act more skillfully, and surely "whittle down" the noble impulse with which Mr. John Dashwood was inspired when his father's death commended his step-mother and step-sisters to his generosity, from a comfortable provision for life to three months' board and lodging, and the carriage of their furniture free to their future home at a safe distance from the country-seat, than did Mrs. Townley Gore correct her husband's estimate of what was due to his "ward." In the first place, she would not have that term applied to Helen Rhodes. Mrs. Townley Gore, as Miss Lorton, had been a "ward," and she knew what was understood, and very properly, by the word.

"A young person with five hundred pounds as her sole provision is placed in a false position by being called the ward of a man of fortune," she pronounced, decisively; "people are led to believe that she has money, and much unpleasantness might result to us, besides injury to the poor girl herself. Suppose a man were to want to marry her, for instance?"

Her hearer could not help thinking that a less extravagant supposition had rarely been advanced in argument.

"How painful it would be for you to have to explain! No; both for your sake and my own, I must protest against that."

When her husband had surrendered upon the main point, she felt that the others were comparatively easy to carry. Helen, as his ward, must have been somebody in the household; Helen, as a nondescript person, slightly introduced, when introduced at all, and always referred to, when it was safe to adopt that tone, and of course in his absence, as a young person in whom Mr. Townley Gore was interested, was nobody.

Firmly determined that the unconscious agent of the defeat which had been inflicted on her should expiate her unintentional triumph as com-

pletely as was compatible with retaining even for a while the gratuitous benefit of food and shelter, and nothing to do for them, as she expressed it to herself, with that frank vulgarity to which very elegant persons not incommenced by heart are prone, Mrs. Townley Gore skillfully applied herself to reducing the proportions of that defeat. This was due to her self-love, and suggested by the stealthy vindictiveness that formed an element in her character, which, while counterbalancing caution would prevent it from injuring herself, was calculated to be dangerous to its object.

Mr. Townley Gore could not have explained exactly how it was, or why, but he was undoubtedly disappointed with Helen. It was not because his wife bored him about the girl, for this she never did, having judiciously dropped the subject after she had carried her first point; and it was not that the girl herself beset him, for he saw very little of her, and was never importuned by or on account of her.

But there was no life in her; her gentleness was timid, almost awkward, despite her air of distinction; she was unreasonably sad. True, she had lost her father, but was not the lecture delivered to Hamlet on that common grief very pat, to the purpose, and of universal application? She really ought not to mope over it, as if nobody else had ever lost a father.

She was very pretty, but her dullness, her want of spirits, her yea-nay acquiescence, detracted from her charm.

He said something to that effect to Mrs. Townley Gore one day; shortly after they arrived in Paris, and she answered, with a well-regulated smile,

"I entirely agree with you, my dear; Miss Rhodes is profoundly uninteresting."

From putting words into the mouth of an indolently minded man, to persuading him that he entertains the sentiment they convey, is no great distance for tact to traverse; in Mr. Townley Gore's case that feat was soon accomplished. In his eyes Helen did indeed continue to be pretty, but she became uninteresting; and this was not altogether to the credit of her enemy, or to the blame of her would-be friend. She had a hand in it herself; for she was hopelessly reserved and embarrassed with him on the few occasions when they were alone together.

These *tête-à-têtes* most often occurred at breakfast, for Mrs. Townley Gore was seldom present at that meal, and Helen dreaded them very much. She knew that her life would have been very different had her father's friend had the ordering of it; and while it was beyond her powers of discernment and out of her experience to read the character of Mr. Townley Gore, with its mixture of intense selfishness and kindly impulse, its superficial honor and its moral cowardice, she was conscious that to appeal to what was good in that character would be ineffectual.

As time went on, he had a pretty strong conviction that the experiment he had tried was not succeeding; but he thought very little about it, and when it intruded itself upon his attention, as it sometimes did, and generally in small ways, he would dismiss it with an impatient reflection on the unmanageableness of women and the superfluity of girls.

Helen's helplessness against her enemy had been brought to a test by an incident which occurred very soon after the arrival of the party in Paris. She had received sudden orders to prepare for the journey with pleasure that so transfigured her as to make Mrs. Townley Gore regret that she could not leave her behind. She was to see Jane once more; the friend on whose advice she had tried hard to act would learn the whole truth from her; she would learn how every effort had been met with cold disdain, and how the fine house had been no better than a prison, in which the girl lived under a cruel woman's secret despotism. Jane would tell her whether there was, indeed, any way of escape, and if there was, would find it for her; or, if Jane still held that Helen must abide by her fetters, she would help her to bear those conditions on which her father had never calculated, and the mere sight of her would be like home once more. She would not write to Jane; she would secure to them both the additional delight of a surprise.

For the first day or two after their arrival Helen was so completely overlooked that she might have believed her very existence to have been forgotten; but she was not surprised at that: there is confusion at such times in the most smoothly rolling households. On the third day she asked Mrs. Townley Gore, just as she was going out for the afternoon, whether she might visit her friend and former school-fellow, Miss Merrick. She had come into the salon, where Mrs. Townley Gore, superbly dressed in black velvet and rich furs, was waiting for her husband, who, as Helen put her question, entered the room from the opposite side. His glance rested with approval upon the striking picture which his wife presented: she might have borne comparison with Miss Lorton at twenty very well indeed that day. She was in her best looks, her dress was thoroughly Parisian, and she was going to visit a very great lady, an exclusive of the Faubourg, of the oldest nobility—even of Crusading date—of the *entrée* to whose house she was not unjustly proud.

"I was wondering what you were going to do with yourself this fine afternoon," said Mr. Townley Gore, addressing Helen good-humoredly, "were you arranging something?"

"I was asking whether I might go to the Rue de Rivoli to visit Miss Merrick, my old school-fellow."

"By yourself? Would that be quite the thing? Had you not better wait until Mrs. Townley Gore has a disengaged day, and can go with you?"

Helen's heart sank suddenly, and Mrs. Townley Gore's straight dark eyebrows met ominously in the frown that Helen knew so well.

"I thought," said Helen, timidly but desperately, "that I might go alone in a carriage, for Jane will be very glad to see me, and she is the only friend I have."

Mr. Townley Gore looked irresolutely at his wife. She said, with cold politeness: "I was not aware that Miss Rhodes had acquaintances in Paris. Pray who is Miss Merrick?"

"She has just told us, Caroline; an old school-fellow at Miss Jerdane's."

"I heard that, but it is hardly sufficient information. Who is Miss Merrick?"

"She is not—not quite a lady, I suppose," stammered poor Helen. "Her aunt is Madame Morrison, a milliner, and her uncle is Monsieur Morrison. He sells silks and velvets, I believe."

"I believe he does," said Mrs. Townley Gore, slowly. "I think it is very likely he sold the velvet my gown is made of; his wife is my milliner. And Madame Morrison's niece is your friend. It is an unfortunate coincidence, Miss Rhodes, and I regret it. There must have been an ill-judged mixture of classes at that Highgate school. Now"—to her husband—"if you are ready. The carriage has been waiting some time."

She took up her muff, and moved toward the door; but Helen followed her.

"What do you mean?" she said. "Am I to go?"

"To go! Are you to go, from my house, to visit a shop-girl at my dressmaker's! Of course not. I must say, Miss Rhodes, I am astonished that you should have thought such a thing possible."

She turned the handle of the door while she was speaking, and threw it open as she uttered the last words. Her footman was on the landing, with her carriage wraps on his arm.

If Mr. Townley Gore had wanted to say anything to Helen, he could not have said it.

Helen stood for a few moments where they had left her, and then burst into an agony of tears. The passion wore itself out after a while, and left her exhausted. Then she rose, went to her own room, and lay down on her bed to think. There was only one consoling point in her meditations—she had not led Jane to expect to see her; Jane would not be disappointed. Not a notion of defiance, not a project of disobedience, occurred to her; and if this seems incredible, let it be borne in mind that Helen Rhodes had been almost all her life at school. But she took a resolution, and made up her mind to act upon it no later than the following morning. And then our Cinderella, without the cinders, fell asleep, like a child, after her tempest of tears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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WOMEN ARE STRANGE.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "GRANDMOTHER'S MONKEY," "POOR HUMANITY," "COWARD CONSCIENCE," ETC.

"Les femmes sont si étranges."—PAILLERON.

CHAPTER XXII.

VISITORS TO TAYSTOCK STREET.

WHEN the Colonel and Ernest Archstone went down stairs together that day, they might have been taken almost for friends. Clara Darrell's promise had removed a weight from the mind of the old soldier, and he was more amiable than his wont.

"You can come in and smoke a cigar with me, if you like," said the Colonel, gruffly.

Ernest Archstone did like. He was anxious to deepen the good impression which he thought he had made. He was on his very best behavior. The two gentlemen sat down facing each other, and the elder of the two began business immediately their cigars were lighted.

"You told me the first time we met that you had no intention of giving up your stage career, Mr. Archstone," said the Colonel.

"I have no intention of doing so, Colonel," was the reply; "it is the one pursuit in which I could possibly take interest."

"So stage-struck as that?"

"I feel I can be of service to the drama—that I can improve and raise its tone in good time," said Ernest; "and presently I hope, Colonel Darrell, you will be able to judge that for yourself."

"You are young and naturally enthusiastic; but the stage—" He paused, and then added: "I will not say anything more. I was fond of the drama myself when I was a young man. I was never happy out of a play-house."

"Well, sir, it did you no harm."

"It did me no good," he answered, quickly; "it gave me false views of life; it brought false idols to me; and here I am, a lonely old man."

"Your daughter," suggested Ernest Archstone. "Does not trust me much," he replied, with a sad shake of the head; "does not understand me."

"I am sure you are wrong," said Ernest. "She is the most gentle lady in the world; and a daughter who loves her father very much."

"She is not wise."

"She is a great genius."

"She is not strong-minded," said the Colonel.

"She is truly amiable," responded the lover.

"She is easily deceived. She sums up character hastily, and judges incorrectly very often. She is too impulsive."

"I know," answered Ernest Archstone, "for she has misjudged me, and there has been more than one purposeless difference between us."

"Your life will be all differences, should you marry," prophesied the Colonel. "The stage life is as full of traps as the stage floor."

"Clara will only act once more."

"Ah!—she has promised that," said the Colonel, moodily; "yes, she said that."

"And she will keep her word," replied Ernest

Archstone. "Surely you are not beginning to doubt it?"

"I doubt everything, when you are at her elbow," said the Colonel, frankly and uncivilly. "You are her oracle—and you will tempt her to act again."

"On my honor—no!" answered Ernest.

"Is that true?" asked Colonel Darrell.

"You must not be too suspicious of everything and everybody, Colonel Darrell," cried the younger man. "I am afraid that has helped to shadow your life, as it has mine. I am ashamed to confess that I do not wish to see Clara on the stage after her marriage. I am too jealous and irritable a man. I shall be glad that it all ends with her single life, great actress though she is, and great loss to the profession as she will be assuredly."

"Hers will be the gain," replied the Colonel, "for she will gain that happiness in life which the stage would have never been able to secure for her. In her married home—not that she is going to marry you, all in a hurry," he added, suddenly.

"Oh, sir!"

"I don't know that I like you any better than I did," remarked the Colonel, "and it strikes me you are confoundingly conceited; but you are in a state of probation—that's all, please to understand."

"Very well. Thank you, sir," answered the actor, beaming with smiles. "I am sure you'll like me presently."

"You are aware that your father has threatened to cut you off with a shilling if you marry an actress?" said the Colonel.

"She will not be an actress after Splatterdash's benefit," replied Ernest; "and, besides—and I am not sorry to confess it in this instance—my father seldom means what he says."

"Perhaps he did not mean to be as ferocious as he was at the Royal Hotel some weeks ago?" said the Colonel.

"I am sure he did not."

"How do you know?" asked the elder man.

"He has told me so himself," was the reply.

"Your father has?"

"Oh yes. We are the best of friends now, and he is extremely anxious to see you again," said Ernest. "He told me only yesterday that he had never met in his life so genial and hearty and outspoken a gentleman as yourself."

"Then your father is trying to humbug the two of us," replied the Colonel; "and you may tell him from me that I have never met such a hot-headed, pompous old—but, there! he's your father. I have nothing to say to a son against his parent. I told you so before."

"My father, I must own, was not at his best on the last occasion he had the honor to meet you," confessed Ernest Archstone; "but he never is when the gout has a tight hold of him. And that reminds me—"

"Well?"

"—that if the match could be arranged before the next attack, which keeps the most regular time—once every four months—it might save many grave misunderstandings."

"When your father calls upon me in one of those amiable moods to which you are constantly referring, sir, I shall be able to make up my mind upon many things."

Ernest Archstone looked at his watch.

"He will be here in five minutes," he said.

"What! your father?"

"Yes; he assured me he should call upon you at half past eleven this morning; in fact, I said I would wait for him here," said Ernest.

"Upon my word you appear to arrange matters very nicely, I must say," the Colonel remarked.

"I am anxious to see you both friends," said the actor, meekly. "You will like my father very much."

"I am not quite so sure."

"And here he comes round Wellington Street, and a lady with him too. That's odd," said Ernest Archstone, with his face very close to the window-glass. "I don't know the lady. What an old-fashioned guy, to be sure! Who can it be?"

The Colonel looked over Ernest's shoulder.

"Confound your impertinence!" he roared out; "that's my sister Martha."

"Your sister! Oh, I beg ten thousand pardons, Colonel," cried the confused tragedian; "I had not the slightest idea."

"I don't suppose you had," said the Colonel, sternly, "or I should have a little more to say about it. And she does look old-fashioned in that bonnet," he muttered; "I wonder where she got the thing from?"

A minute or two later and Alderman Archstone and the Colonel were face to face once more—the former gentleman suave and bland, and with a broad smile upon his face verging on the imbecile.

"Colonel Darrell, I am very proud to have the honor of a re-introduction to you," he said, "for we met the first time under adverse circumstances. You were hasty, and I was an invalid, and—how do you do, sir?"

"I am very well, thank you, Alderman," said the Colonel, shaking hands, and looking from his sister Martha to the civic dignitary; "but I was not aware you knew my sister."

"I have called once or twice at the hotel in the hope of seeing you," the Alderman explained. "I was anxious to give you every opportunity to apologize for that harsh manner toward me—"

"Sir!"

"—and to apologize myself for an irritability of demeanor which was not natural to me in any way," added the Alderman; "and I have had the pleasure of meeting your sisters whilst waiting at the hotel yesterday and the day before."

"Why did you wait there?"

"You wrote to us that you were coming on both those days, Leonard," explained the sister,

"and I told Alderman Archstone that we expected you every minute. And you never came near the place."

"I said I would try and look round."

"I am afraid you did not try, Leonard," said Martha Darrell; "and, as we were getting anxious about Clara, I came on here; and Mr. Archstone has been kind enough to take the trouble to escort me."

"It is no trouble, my dear madam, I assure you," replied the Alderman, with a low bow; "it has been a very great pleasure to me also to have had the honor of listening to much instructive and earnest conversation from your lips."

"Oh! Alderman, you flatter me," said Martha Darrell, actually simpering, to her brother's surprise; but the Alderman protested against the charge, and once more began bowing most elaborately.

"This old man's next door to an idiot," muttered the Colonel to himself. "I'm sure of it."

"What a charming gentleman!" said Martha to her brother, when there was an opportunity to say a word, and this was when Ernest Archstone had drawn his father aside to whisper to him confidentially.

"That is your opinion, is it?" said the Colonel.

"So frank—so—so chivalrous—so intelligent, Leonard," she whispered; "you will be surprised."

"Yes; I shall be presently, I have no doubt."

"He is anxious to talk to you about the engagement between his son and our Clara—to settle matters satisfactorily at last. He is," she added, in a lower tone, "very rich. I have made every inquiry. I have—"

"Made yourself overbusy, as usual, Martha," interrupted the Colonel; "and that's like you."

"Leonard!"

"There, go up stairs and talk to your niece—and let her understand that you and your sister were not quite the Gorgons she thought when she ran away from home, poor child. She will see you now."

"Will her health permit?"

"Everything," he said, dryly, and with a glance at Ernest Archstone; "she receives plenty of company."

"I shall be glad to see Clara," said Martha, rising. "Up stairs, did you say?"

"Yes, up stairs," he answered, absently.

He did not say which floor or which room, and Martha Darrell having been aware from her last visit that the next floor was in the occupation of Mrs. MacAlister, and dreaming not of other rooms on the same level, went innocently and incautiously up stairs to the second-floor apartments, where in Mrs. Cuthbert drew the faint breath of life that was left to her.

It was Mrs. Cuthbert's voice that said, "Come in," as she knocked, and it was so like Clara Darrell's in its tones that the maiden sister-in-law turned the handle without a suspicion of the secret on the other side of the door.

CHAPTER XXIII.

APPROACHING A CRISIS.

AN hour afterward Martha Darrell entered her brother's sitting-room again, and startled him by her ghastly appearance. He was alone then, the interview between the Alderman and himself was over, and "Harvey Grange" had taken his father away.

Colonel Darrell was sitting curled up in an easy-chair by the fireside, with his arms folded across his chest, and his countenance grim and furrowed again. "Thinking it over" had not conduced to any great satisfaction of mind, judging by his peculiar scowl. He looked up as Martha Darrell appeared.

"Oh! I had forgotten you," he said, ungraciously. "What a time you have been! And—what's the matter?" he added, with a start, as the peculiar pallor of his sister's countenance struck him for the first time. "You haven't been going it again, after all my warnings, have you?"

"No, Leonard. Clara and I are very good friends, and understand each other at last," was the reply.

"That's all right. There's nothing like a fair explanation; but—don't you feel well?" he asked.

"Yes, I am very well, thank you," she said.

"Please give me time."

"Those stairs are a little trying to people of your age," the brother remarked, "and you are not so young as you used to be."

"I don't find stairs inconvenience me in the least," said Martha, quickly, "and after all, Leonard, I'm only four years older than you. You need not taunt me with my age."

"You are out of breath with something or other, at any rate," he said, "and you're as white as a sheet, and look a hundred and four at least."

"Do I indeed?" said Martha, ironically now.

"I suppose you have not seen a ghost?" asked the Colonel.

"Yes, I have—perhaps I have," cried Martha, with sudden excitement, and evidently disposed to burst into tears; "but you will wait till Clara comes down stairs, and—if you will refrain from asking me any more questions, Leonard, I shall be very much obliged to you."

"Clara is coming down this morning, then?"

"Yes, almost immediately."

"That's well. How rapidly she is recovering, thank Heaven!" he said. "How did you think she was looking? She was a mere girl when she left the three of you in Derbyshire. She has grown a fine young woman, has she not?"

Martha Darrell nodded twice, but declined to answer any more questions by word of mouth. She sat down in a chair by the door, and folded her hands in her lap. After a while she said, with a heavy sigh:

"I wish Rebecca had come with me. I am always lost without Rebecca. We have been so many years together."

"And Selina too; don't you want Selina?" her brother said, a little acrimoniously.

This last question the sister condescended to respond to. It helped to change the conversation also.

"I don't miss Selina very much," was the reply. "She is a poor sufferer, and has not been my companion as Rebecca has. And she differs from me in so many ways that she often reminds me of your own hasty, overbearing self, Leonard."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Has the Alderman gone?" she asked.

"Yes."

"What do you think of him now, Leonard?"

Martha Darrell was anxious to keep talking, after all, so that it was not about herself or niece. "I think he is an inconsistent old fool," said the Colonel, twisting himself uneasily in his chair. "I don't like the man at all. He's either a raving lunatic or a self-satisfied sillikin, according to circumstances."

"Sillikin! what a vulgar expression!" exclaimed his sister.

"He has talked to me of nothing but his infernal City business, and City influence, and City dinners and dignities, and the money he has made in the City, till I am positively sick," growled Colonel Darrell.

"But he is a pleasant, good-tempered gentleman, is he not?" said Martha.

"The more the pity—yes," replied the Colonel. "I tried to put him out by sneering at City trading, and by boasting of the Norman blood of the Darrells, and what a heap of money we have got too, but it did not succeed. His son kept interfering, or I might—"

He looked askance for a minute at his sister, who, with hands crossed together, had fallen into the deepest thought; and then he broke short the thread of his discourse, and shouted, "Martha!" in such stentorian tones that that lady, taken off her guard, leaped from her chair in dismay.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed his sister, relapsing in a half-prostrate condition into her seat again. "What do you mean by roaring at one like that? What is it?"

"What is it?" said the Colonel, springing up, and beginning to stride along the room. "That is just what I want to know. What is the use of my talking if you will not listen to a word I am saying? What the deuce has happened up stairs? You know something has happened, and that you have distressed my daughter by some of your waspish remarks, and you want her to take time to recover. That's it, I suppose; and if you have disturbed her, mind, back you go to Derbyshire to-morrow; you sha'n't stop in London to worry her and deceive me. Everybody tries to deceive me, and I will not stand it any longer. I swear I won't."

"I have not deceived you, Leonard; it is no fault of mine," Martha cried.

"What is no fault of yours?"

But Martha Darrell had broken down, and was now weeping and wringing her hands.

"Oh, wait till Clara comes!—pray wait till Clara comes!" she entreated.

"I sha'n't wait," the Colonel shouted; "I am sure that—Oh, here she is."

But it was not Clara Darrell who had entered the room, but Mrs. MacAlister, looking very grave. She bowed to the brother, and the sister said at once:

"Has she sent you?"

"Yes," Mrs. MacAlister replied.

The Colonel looked in a wild way from one to the other; the facts were confused and beyond his comprehension. Clara, his daughter Clara, over whose rapid convalescence he had rejoiced only that morning, was ill, then; she had been struck down again, after all. There had been a relapse, and this was the end of it!

He stood with his hand upon the mantel-piece for support.

"You bring me bad news, madam," he said, in a trembling voice. "Break it to me as gently as you can; I am not as strong to-day as I could wish."

"I am not quite certain that I bring you bad news, Colonel Darrell," replied Mrs. MacAlister, thoughtfully.

"Not quite certain?" he repeated, interrogatively. "My daughter Clara—she—"

"She will be here presently."

"Yes, but why presently?" he answered, tetchily; "that is what I can not understand. Why does she keep from me unless she is ill?"

"She is taking leave of a friend."

"Taking leave of—whom?"

"She purposes returning at once with you to the hotel, even to Derbyshire, if you think she is strong enough for the journey," replied the old actress.

"Has she quarrelled with young Archstone again?"

"She has not quarrelled with anybody," said Mrs. MacAlister. "She and your sister have made up their minds that it will be better for the daughter to get away from this close, dark house of mine—from an enervating, artificial sentiment which has sprung up in it against our wills, and very strangely too. But then we are women, and—'women are strange.'"

"The plain truth, Mrs. MacAlister, if you are not afraid of it," said the Colonel, curtly; "I object to enigmas."

"It is you who seemed afraid of it just now," was the reply.

"Yes, yes, that's true," he answered. "But you are beating about the bush for some reason or other, which aggravates me. Why is it?"

"To gain time."

"And—"

"To prepare you, Colonel Darrell."

"What preparation do I require? Where is Clara?" he asked again. "I insist upon knowing. What friend is she taking leave of?"

"Her mother," answered Mrs. MacAlister.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IRENE.—Read answer given in *Bazar* No. 22, Vol. XIV., to "R. R." for hints about a summer silk. Use steel trimmings for black satin de Lyon, and make like the black Surahs and cashmere described in late numbers of the *Bazar*.

A. L.—You should get plain very dark blue cashmere to make up with your sample. If you prefer black, get Surah satin, and trim it with Spanish lace; but fewer black dresses are imported than at any previous season, a preference being shown for green above all other colors. Make your blue dress by the pattern of the first dress on the first page of *Bazar* No. 19, Vol. XIV. Some of the most tasteful dresses imported by exclusive modistes are after this model. Striped fabrics are handsome for the pleatings on the front of the skirt, and for facing the retourné sides.

DILEMMA.—A full round skirt and belted basque, with embroidered collar and cuffs, will be prettiest for your buff piqué dress.

22 YEARS.—Use your striped silk for the pleated front and sides of a skirt made by the pattern of the first dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 12, Vol. XIV. Then get very dark plum-colored Surah, or foulard, or else cashmere, for the remainder of the dress, and you will have something very handsome.

BROWN EYES.—Very dark blue, seal brown of the darkest shades, and black are best for you for general wear. For light colors, use white, cream-color, and pale blue.

J. H. W.—*Social Etiquette and Home Culture* and *The Bazar Book of Decorum*, published by Harper & Brothers, give detailed information concerning society usages. In *Bazar* No. 9, Vol. XIV., you will find a paper on Washington etiquette.

A. B. C.—Mrs. Henderson's *Practical Cooking and Dinner Giving*, published by Harper & Brothers, will furnish the desired information concerning all points of dinner etiquette.

INQUIRER.—*Social Etiquette and Home Culture*, published by Harper & Brothers, will be sent you on receipt of the price, 20 cents.

VICTOR.—The new edition of Carlyle's *Reminiscences*, published by Harper & Brothers, is completed by a valuable index.

FINETTE.—Make your "white wash dress" with a shooting jacket, and full round skirt that has straight back breadths, with a gored front and sides. Trim it with Hamburg open-work or with lace.

BERTIE.—Do not put an adjustable train on a white muslin dress. They are worn short for most occasions, even for full dress. Your ideas about the black dress are good. *Sans souci* means *Free from care*.

D. G.—A cheese-cloth dress ought not to be lined in any part. A high-necked corset cover should be worn beneath the waist.

YANKEE GIRL.—Get some brown Cheviot, and make a long box-pleated belted sacque for your boy's travelling dress, and get a soft brown straw round hat with wide flaring brim to wear with it.

A. C. M.—Make a round skirt of the olive silk, with panels of the mixed goods on the sides, and have a basque with leaf points made of the mixed material. A shoulder cape would not be as becoming as a larger mantle to a stout lady.

MRS. E. B. S.—Boys' knee pantaloons may be straight or else slightly shaped to button at the knee. There is nothing new in the way of making shirt waists.

HAWORTH.—A dress of grenadine, of white muslin, or of black silk, will be suitable for you at a concert in June.

A VERY OLD SUBSCRIBER.—A velvet basque with side panels of velvet for the skirt, steel buttons on the basque, steel fringe at the end of the panels, and black satin Surah for the short skirt, will be your best design. The *Bazar* issued patterns of the full round skirt long ago. It has straight back breadths, a side gore, and a front gore. It may be gathered, side-pleated, or box-pleated at the top. The shirred (gauged or gathered) dress waists have also been illustrated in the *Bazar*, and cut patterns have been issued of them.

MOLLIE.—The black silk may have jet trimmings, or else some satin-striped silk may be combined with it. It must be short if for the street; a trained dress is never seen here in the streets, except as ladies pass from a carriage into a house; to walk in a trained dress on the street shows that a lady does not know how to dress herself. Olive and myrtle green, also drab shades, are most used by blondes. Amethyst is used, but it must be very dark. A Mother Hubbard travelling cloak of light drab wool, or else an Ulster with square sleeves, will be most used for travelling and for the country.

S. M. G.—Some striped silk and wool in gay colors, or else in darker brown shades, will be better than brocade with your cashmere. Make it with bordered flounces, like the Greek Polonaise Suit of which the *Bazar* has published a cut pattern. Get a shirred mantle of light cloth for the street, for church, and for driving.

M. M. A.—A plain black bunting should have a basque with some shirred satin Surah upon it, and a full round skirt with a draped apron in front.

L. B. R.—A princess polonaise with a Mother Hubbard cape, such as Worth now makes, would be handsome for your black embroidered camel-hair. For a spring walking suit get olive or black satin Surah, with striped satin for combining; if you get black, use Spanish lace and steel bead trimming. For a spring travelling suit have a Cheviot costume with a hunting jacket, plain round over-skirt, and a plain or kilted lower skirt.

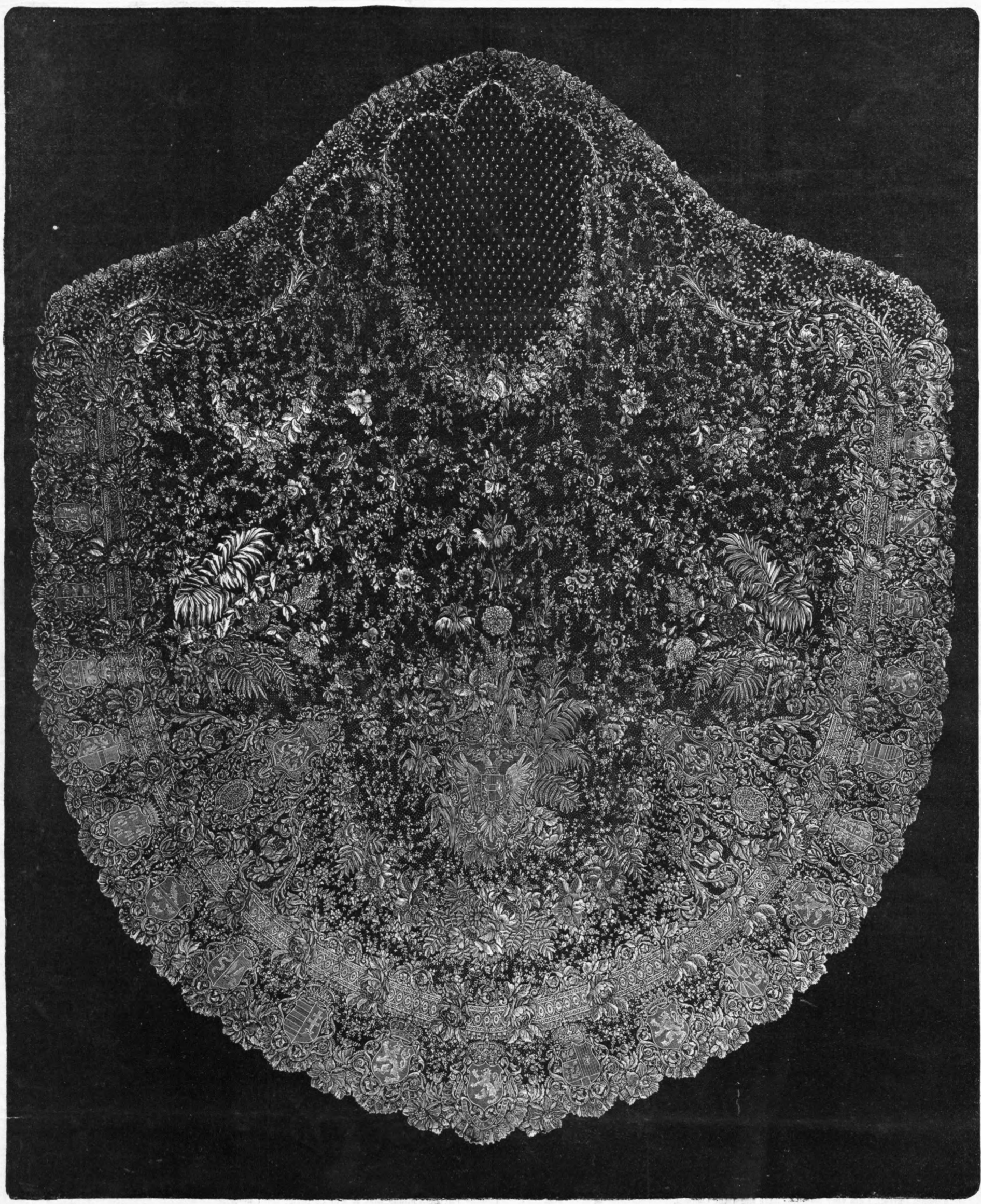
IGNORANCE.—Read the article called "Wedding Bells," in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. XIV. Write your thanks for a wedding present immediately. If it comes from "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," then thank them both in your note.

SYDNEY.—The lace caps worn last season by little girls are no longer in vogue.—Chloride of lime is correct.

BIRDIE.—Your clergyman can probably give you the desired information. It is not incumbent on you to return a trifling present because you have quarrelled with the giver.

DR. A. L.—The engraving represents a typical peer—the Duke of Buckingham, perhaps—of the time of Charles the First, in the favorite Vandyck costume of the period.

KATYDID.—Announcement cards should be sent out the next day after a private marriage. This announcement may be either on a note sheet or a card, and should have first the bridegroom's name, below that the bride's name, and below that the word "Married," with the date of the marriage, and the name of the city in which the marriage occurred. If receptions are to follow an "At Home," a card stating days of reception is inclosed. Another style is a single card with the names of the newly married pair, as, "Mr. and Mrs. John Smith," and below this the bride's maiden name.



THE BRIDAL VEIL OF THE PRINCESS STÉPHANIE, OF BELGIUM.

THE IMPERIAL MARRIAGE AT VIENNA.

ON the 10th of May, Rudolph, heir to the Empire of Austria, eight kingdoms, and countless duchies, principalities, and marquises, was married to Stéphanie, daughter of the King of the Belgians. The bridegroom is in the twenty-third year of his age, the bride in her sixteenth year.

The old pile of buildings which is at once fortress and palace, museum and treasure-house, the Hofburg of Vienna, has often been the scene of magnificent festivals. The Austrian court has, especially in its ecclesiastical ceremonies, always displayed a pomp and a splendor rivalling that of papal Rome. The wedding of Rudolph and

Stéphanie perhaps surpasses in brilliant display, and in the exalted rank of most of the witnesses, any one of the famous ceremonies of which the Church of the Augustinians has been the theatre. The church is small, and connected with the imperial apartments of the Burg by a long corridor hung with Gobelin tapestries. As the clock struck eleven, the procession commenced to advance to the church. Between motionless lines of the gorgeous Hungarian Guard there slowly moved equeuries in scarlet slashed with gold; lackeys in knee-breeches, red livery, and powdered wigs; pages with the imperial arms embroidered on their breasts; chamberlains with their golden keys of office; the knights of the old chivalric Teutonic Order, in mantles worthy of kings; Knights of the Golden Fleece, in the collar and star of that

great order, which confers on its members the title of "Cousin of the Kaiser"; court officials in uniforms befitting their various functions and ranks; Hungarian magnates in the picturesque dress of their country, with curving sabres, flowing pelisses, and caps flashing with diamond agrafes—all that Austria can boast of most gallant and gay. Then came the twenty archdukes of the imperial house, the King of Saxony, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Aosta, Prince William of Prussia, two princes of the house of Orleans, the Count of Flanders, Prince Alexander of the Netherlands, and the bridegroom's relatives the Dukes of Bavaria. Then appeared, in the dress of a general of infantry, and with the Belgian Order of Leopold on his breast, the Archduke Rudolph, the hero of the day. He is strik-

ingly like his father, tall and well built, with the Hapsburg lip, but with his mother's eyes. He looked bronzed by his late trip to the East. Next came the fathers of the young couple, Francis Joseph, wearing the star of the Belgian Order, and Leopold II., in Austrian uniform, attended by aides-de-camp and high officials of both courts.

Then, after a pause, the procession of the bride appeared. Supported on one side by the Empress, and on the other by her mother, the Princess Stéphanie entered the sacred building. The bride is tall, with golden hair and blue eyes. She was dressed in silver brocade, trimmed with silver embroidery of flowers, looped up with orange blossoms, and having a white velvet train five yards in length, trimmed with silver lace. On her head was the bridal veil, the present of



VISIONS OF THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN.

the city of Brussels. The Empress Elizabeth wore a light gray satin, trimmed with silver, and a crown of diamonds. Queen Marie Henriette wore a blue velvet. All the three dresses were alike in form, a tablier in front, and a train four yards long. The Empress had her train borne by her pages. The Princess, on entering the church, had hers borne by her ladies-in-waiting; the pages, in their gay scarlet dresses, who had hitherto discharged that office, remained at the church door. Then came a crowd of archduchesses, in light gray satin with dark gray trains, in pale blue satin with sapphire blue trains, in pink satin with crimson trains; ladies in sky blue and silver, in white and gold, in cloth of gold embroidered with flowers, in cloth of silver embroidered with flowers—everywhere the sheen of satin, the flashing of diamonds, the splendor of bright eyes and fair faces. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Prague, a prince of the house of Schwarzenberg, met the bride and groom at the door, and conducted them to the altar. Their parents sat apart in stalls to the left. The Prince and Princess, after sprinkling themselves with holy water, knelt while the archbishop blessed

the two wedding rings. These rings were the two used at the marriage of Maria Theresa, the last of the Hapsburgs, with Francis of Lorraine, the ancestor of the present house. The cardinal, whose gold-embroidered mantle gleamed like the robe of a Byzantine emperor, handed the rings on a golden salver. The rings were interchanged. As the Prince took the Princess by the hand, and the nuptial benediction was spoken, the bride's Belgian ladies of honor quitted their places near her, for Stéphanie no longer belonged to Belgium. The Empire of Austria claimed her, and the Grand Marshal, Count Palffy, and the Lady of the Household, Countess Nostitz, stepped up to their future sovereign. This formal separation from all the friends and associations of her youth was too much for the poor girl; in the language of Scripture, "she lifted up her voice and wept." Nor was her emotion unshared by many of the spectators, while the cannon was roaring, and the bells clashing in every steeple of Vienna, telling to a glad crowd that the binding ceremony had been performed. The whole assembly knelt during the prayers that followed. The salutes of artillery

were again heard, the bells again began to clash, as the *Te Deum* was sung by the imperial musicians, in their Louis Quinze black costumes, and the choristers of the chapel. The solemn benediction closed the ceremony; the cardinal descended from the altar; the procession left the church in the same order as it entered it, except that the bride walked with her husband, the Queen with the Emperor, and the Empress with the King. Then again the old church flashed as the light fell on the Austrian Guard in crimson and gold, on the leopard-skin pelisses and glittering clasps of the Hungarian Guard, on heralds-at-arms with their silver trumpets, on black and red helmets of the gens-d'armes, on the pikes of the halberdiers. This imperial and royal splendor, these robes of white and azure and crimson, these dalmatics and chasubles sparkling and flashing, these uniforms with golden aiguillettes, these theatrical liveries, this mass of lace, satin, and metallic embroidery, passed away before the eyes of the dazzled spectator like a celestial vision.

The presents to the affianced pair were numerous and of inestimable value. The nobles of Austria gave the Archduke an album costing

150,000 florins, containing water-color drawings of scenes in the Carpathians, executed by the first German artists. The city of Pesth gave the bride a fac-simile of the girdle of Queen Isabella Zapolyi, a necklace and ear-rings consisting altogether of four large rubies, three hundred opals, and thousands of diamonds. But most noteworthy of all was the gift offered by the city of Brussels, the priceless bridal veil, an exquisite illustration of which is given on page 360. It is a work of art which will make an epoch in lace. Hitherto the flowers, although artistically wrought, looked as if they had been cut out and pasted on the ground. But this veil which M. Sacré has produced has the flowers raised and small, the leaves are folded, the stems are sharp, light and shadow mark the outlines of the form, and give an impression of color. The veil is the largest piece of lace ever made in Brussels; it is three meters and a quarter in length and three meters broad (say 128 inches by 118), and occupied the labor of upward of a hundred highly skilled work-women for four months. In the centre of the design is a medallion surmounted by flowers and garlands, and bearing the double-

headed eagle of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. On either side wreaths are twined around two smaller medallions bearing the arms of Brussels.

The leaves in the design seem to move. The centre is connected by a light garland of roses, admirably executed, with the border. On the border the centre is occupied by a shield bearing the lion of Belgium, with its motto, *L'union fait la force*. To the left are the arms of nine Austrian crown lands, the two-tailed lion of Bohemia, the cross of St. Stephen of Hungary, the snakes of Milan, and others; on the right, the arms of Brabant, Flanders, Hainault, and the other old provinces now united with Belgium.

MEMORY'S SONG.

The earth cast off her snowy shrouds,
And overheard the skies
Looked down between the soft white clouds,
As blue as children's eyes:
The breath of spring was all too sweet, she said,
Too like the spring that came ere he was dead.

The grass began to grow that day,
The flowers awoke from sleep,
And round her did the sunbeams play
Till she was fain to weep.
The light will surely blind my eyes, she said,
It shines so brightly still, yet he is dead.

The buds grew glossy in the sun
On many a leafless tree,
The little brooks did laugh and run
With most melodious glee.
O God! they make a jocund noise, she said;
All things forget him now that he is dead.

The wind had from the almond flung
Red blossoms round her feet,
On hazel boughs the catkins hung,
The willow blooms grew sweet.
Palm willows, fragrant with the spring, she said;
He always found the first; but he is dead.

Right golden was the crocus flame,
And, touched with purest green,
The small white flower of stainless name
Above the ground was seen.
He used to love the white and gold, she said;
The snow-drops come again, and he is dead.

I would not wish him back, she cried,
In this dark world of pain;
For him the joys of life abide,
For me its griefs remain.
I would not wish him back again, she said,
But spring is hard to bear now he is dead.

EXHIBITION OF ANCIENT EMBROIDERY AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

By MRS. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

WE lately attended the private view, at the Royal School of Art, of the exhibition of old needle-work. This is the second which has been held in the rooms of the Royal School, and the third which has been inaugurated by the Princess Christian and the ladies who have taken so much interest—and to so good purpose—in the revival of an art which had almost died out in England at the beginning of the present century. Since 1873, the date of the first of these exhibitions, great strides have been made in the knowledge of the old work and the practice of the new. This present exhibition is chronologically arranged, and is interesting to the archaeologist as well as to the decorator and needle-woman, for one can trace the history of English embroidery step by step from the twelfth to the eighteenth century, and follow the introduction of various foreign stitches and styles, generally traceable to the influence of foreign princesses, who brought their native fashions of needle-work into their new country on their marriage. Thus the work executed by Catherine of Aragon and her ladies is little less than a copy of Spanish stitches and patterns, and that of Mary Tudor is more or less of the same description; while Mary Stuart, lover of France as she was, introduced into her work, which set the fashion of the day, the characteristics of the needle-work of the country she loved so well. There is in the exhibition one piece of embroidery partly executed by this unfortunate lady when a prisoner in Sheffield Castle. There are also some interesting relics of needle-work ascribed to Queen Elizabeth—a *vide poche* and small cushion, both Italian in character, which, with some other small matters, were left behind her at Ashridge when she left it so suddenly for Hatfield House. These things were lent to the exhibition by Earl Brownlow, the present possessor of Ashridge.

To begin our description properly, we shall start with the earliest authentic English work in the exhibition. These are fragments of the vestments of Stephen, Bishop of Blois, and of Walter de Cantilupe, who died respectively in 1236 and 1266. These crisp brown fragments of embroidery, in which the design is still easily traced, and the gold in places almost brilliant, are portions of their burial robes, and look not unlike the relics of Pompeii preserved in the Naples Museum. These are loaned by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. The fragments taken from the coffin of the Bishop de Blois are red (?) silk, embroidered in gold thread with effigies of crowned and sceptred kings in convoluted scroll. Those from the tomb of De Cantilupe, who lived 1236 to 1266, are of woven material embroidered in gold thread. In the same case there are two small but beautiful specimens of the *opus Anglicanum*, the style which we have already alluded to in "Needle-work Stitches," and which was invented by Englishwomen in the thirteenth century, and carried to such perfection as to render their embroideries of enormous value, and cause them to be sought for from all quarters of Western Europe. There is also a chasuble of blue silk (originally green), with branched pattern in gold thread, and compartments containing various Scriptural figures in gold and silver thread. The silk is Sicilian, early thirteenth century; the orphreys English, about 1290. This is said to have belonged to Margaret de Clare, wife of Edmund Plantagenet, Earl of Cornwall, nephew of Henry III., and is lent by the South Kensington Museum. Of the fourteenth century there is a piece of French work, yellow fleurs-de-lis in silk on dark blue linen ground; a piece,

thought to be English, of violet and yellow silk and gold on linen, the pattern of interlacing squares called "strap-work"; in the spaces are the armorial bearings of England and other blazons rudely worked. These are both from the South Kensington Museum. The back and front of a chasuble with orphrey, containing six panels, of six figures worked in *opus plumarium* and *opus Anglicanum*, with a background of gold couching, dates from the latter half of the fourteenth century, and is lent by Cyril Flower, Esq., M.P.

Of the fifteenth century there are sixteen specimens, chiefly chasubles, dalmatics, copes, altar cloths, and palls. A pall of red velvet and cloth of gold, in pomegranate pattern, has a border of dark purple velvet with applications of shields, and groups of figures whose costumes are worked chiefly in gold threads, whipped with colored silks. This is the property of the rector of Dunstable. A cope of red velvet and gold tissue of pomegranate pattern has the hood embroidered with the raising of Lazarus, and on the orphreys are depicted events from the New Testament. Stitches, *opus plumarium*, gold thread couchings, and laid embroidery. Lent by the Principal of Stoneyhurst College. Another pall of cloth of gold and purple velvet, with pomegranate design, was lent by the Most Worshipful the Vintners' Company. The border of purple velvet has applications of embroidery in various stitches, the designs representing heraldic shields, bunches of grapes and leaves, groups of Virgin with dead Christ, and of Death digging; at one end of the pall is a representation of St. Martin sharing his coat with a beggar, and at the other the same subject with St. Martin represented in full canonicals as Bishop of Tours. On both the above palls the gold work is as fresh as if only worked a few years ago. One chasuble of the same date (fifteenth century), with ground of crimson velvet, powdered with angels in gold thread, and having orphreys embroidered with saints under canopies, was found behind the wainscot of a house near Bath. All down one side of the room, in low glass cases, is an interesting collection of small specimens of English needle-work—caps, jackets, capes, and hoods—lent by Lord Middleton. Many are of so-called Spanish work in black silk on white linen, of the time of Henry VIII. and Mary Tudor. The only modern work exhibited are two specimens in this case of Spanish work done by the Royal School, and placed here to show in what perfection they are able to revive the old work and stitches. Here are also some curious and amusing samplers with quaint little signatures and age, and the date of completion, the latter now rendering them valuable. By-the-way, we would suggest that a date should always be added to good needle-work, as being of incalculable advantage to future generations, now that needle-work is no longer a mere pastime, but is raised once more to the dignity of an art, and as such will not be discarded at the call of fashion. In these cases are also some beautiful examples of quilted patterns on linen, with embroidery in colored silks added. One coverlet and pillows, lent by the Countess of Caledon, of quilted work with yellow silk embroideries, is specially worthy of notice for beauty of design and delicacy of execution.

There are in one case a Bible and Prayer-book in red velvet covers, richly embroidered with gold and silver thread in relief, with the royal arms, rose and thistle and C. R., dated 1633 and 1634, and an exquisitely worked likeness of Charles I., dated 1630, all three of which were presented by the unfortunate monarch to the Berkeley family; they are lent by Lady Catherine Berkeley. Beneath this case hangs an altar cloth of Sicilian embroidery, in which scroll-work of coral beads has been introduced with good effect.

There are many good specimens of the coarse crewel-work on twilled linen which was executed in such enormous quantities during the reigns of James I. and James II., and there are many specimens of tent-stitch silk-work on canvas, chiefly portraying groups of figures and domestic subjects, more curious than beautiful.

Three hangings, one of straw-colored silk on blue linen, one of blue silk worked with pale yellow silk in scroll-work, and one of red silk embroidered with white, blue, and green silk in scrolls, are most beautiful specimens; they are of hand chain stitch (not tambour), and are Italian in sentiment and design, though the committee who have had the classifying of the specimens, and the members of which have made a special study of ancient needle-work and its styles, have decided them to have been worked in England, though undoubtedly under Italian influence, the true Italian embroidery of the seventeenth century being generally worked in "laid" stitch or couching.

A very fine bed-hanging, belonging to the Marquis of Northampton, closely worked in colored silks and silver thread, is noticeable from the beauty of coloring—the lovely old soft purples, greens, blues, reds, and yellows. It is also interesting from the fact that a portion of it has been restored by the Royal School with so much success that it is impossible to distinguish the new stitches from the old, except that the silver thread is a little fresher. An old Chinese quilt of singular beauty has been altogether restored and transferred to a new white satin ground, having been sent in no less than twenty-seven ragged fragments. This kind of work not only shows the skill of the modern embroiderers, but also the everlasting nature of really good work, which, after two or three centuries, is still perfect, and in some cases more beautiful than when new. Of such a description are some fine crewel curtains lent by the Countess of Dartmouth.

There are several embroidered silk and satin dresses, one of which of grayish-white silk, embroidered with large flowers, houses, and trees in colored floss silks and gold thread, with gold-lace trimmings and chenille tassels, might have been worn by Beatrix Esmond, and some exquisitely

worked silk and satin waistcoats and coats; some are embroidered with silk and spangles, and even with small pieces of colored glass; others with chenille and silks, with silk and insertions of net, and with feathers and silks. Some are of white linen elaborately quilted in floral designs; others are of piqué, with white thread embroidery in lace stitches. One of cream satin, richly embroidered in gold and silver thread, and jewelled with amethysts and crystals, and another suit of white and silver on black cut velvet, cause one to long for a revival of the old dresses as well as the old work.

There is a great deal of rare old Italian, Spanish, French, and German work exhibited for purposes of comparison. Among these a piece of diapered woven cloth, with plain woven blue bands, and embroidered bands of inscriptions and lions, done in a darning stitch with a long needle (*opus pectineum*)—Italian of the fifteenth century—is a work which is now being revived by the Royal School.

There is also a special exhibit in rooms belonging to the school of ancient Japanese and Chinese embroideries. These are loaned by various persons of rank, and are shown in connection with a veritable Japanese house exhibited by Lazenby Liberty & Co., of Regent Street, the great English Oriental warehouse. The house is, in truth, only a section of a complete house, being one room, the guest chamber, called the "chambersuki."

In ordinary Japanese houses there are five other rooms, viz., the reception and family living-room, the anteroom, the passageway or hall (generally decorated with armor and weapons), the official waiting-room, and the office for transaction of all business matters. The whole structure is raised some few feet on a platform ascended by a few steps, and is inclosed by *amado*—literally "rain doors"—being strong outer sliding shutters, which are pushed aside during the day. Within these are the *shoji*, or sliding screens, with panels of semi-transparent paper, which take the place of windows in Japan. The floor is covered with *tatami*, or house mats, which are made the same size in every house in Japan—five feet nine inches by three feet. In fact, one orders a house built for so many mats, instead of giving length and breadth in feet. These mats are wonderfully elastic, being in reality two mats, with a quantity of straw laid between, and pressed as tightly as possible. In the middle of the room stood the *tobako box*, or tray, with charcoal pot and ash pot, used by tobacco-smokers, and the *hibachi*, or charcoal brazier; also an *audon*, or lantern hanging inside a tripod of bamboo three feet high; this is the only light ever used. The walls were *fusuma*, or sliding screens of paper, covered with rich decorations; and we thought of Miss Bird's trials, and how the people in the next room to her used to make holes with their fingers in such screens, and peep through. Between the ceiling, which is of beautifully fitting panels of wood, and these screens is a frieze of open-work carved wood, not only pretty, but useful as a ventilator; and at the back, the top of one so-called window opening on a garden is also of this rare wood-carving. The alcove for holding the one long *kakemono*, or painted scroll, which is admitted into the room, and changed every now and then; the shinto shrine shelf for holding the household gods, always placed in an eastern direction; and the tree trunk, about six inches in diameter, with the bark left on, which passes through every house, being intended, the young Japanese in attendance told us, to act as a lightning-rod (!)—were all in their legitimate places. The roof is of interlaced strips of wood, perfectly rain-proof, and sloping down over the broad platform outside the door. Altogether we can imagine nothing more picturesque and comfortable, as well as novel, than this wooden house, and Liberty proposes to import them for summer-houses. As they are no dearer than those of European manufacture, they are doubtless destined to be great favorites at watering-places and country-seats.

THE CASE OF MISS PALMYRA.

NOT long since there came a time in the domestic economy of No. 79 High Street, when, as Mrs. Ross expressed it, "a growing want had finally forced itself to be called an imperative necessity." Mrs. Bridget O'Toole had complained and was complaining continually, and as that model cook had rarely given voice to causeless murmur, Mrs. Ross's decision that the desired help should be secured was not apparently taken too soon.

So, by a then seeming most fortunate chance, Palmyra was directly after heard of, and welcomed into our service. Her appearance at No. 79 was simultaneous with that of Buttons across the way at Mrs. Shaw's, but it was not with intent. The most illiberal person in the neighborhood, Buttons himself, never openly asserted (though what he might have thought is quite another matter) that having in some surreptitious way learned of his, Buttons's, expected appearance as an attachment to Mrs. Shaw's bell-pull, we had obtained comely Palmyra in rivalry. "She is really very handsome," had said that dashing young matron who stood in relation to us as that "most fortunate chance." But if her comeliness soothed envious swellings of the brass-garnished bosom of Buttons and sealed his lips, it was not a power that could have so affected Mrs. Shaw; and she—mark this!—was among the earliest to congratulate us on our possession.

Though it will be admitted in due time that Palmyra, being "a thing of beauty," was not "a joy forever," yet she was to us a necessity and not a vain ostentation. Let none, therefore, be disposed hastily to infer otherwise, and declare that as but an appendage to base pride she became a most righteous judgment.

Palmyra was so highly warranted and warmly praised by our intimate friend the young matron

before mentioned, that we said in our minds, "This is a paragon," though we had never hoped to see one. We were, in fact, so charmed by the picture drawn of Palmyra that prudence was not allowed to inquire for such a possible thing as a fault. "Of a good family, thoroughly trained in her duties, active in the discharge of them, and really very handsome," said our temptress, gayly, as she sketched the general outlines before proceeding to dwell at length on the details. However, as the representative of a much ridiculed minority of one, it is claimed as a privilege to say that Palmyra's sins of omission were few. To the very last she performed every service expected of her with a celerity and efficiency that went far to mitigate the enormity of her commissions with the proud majority of No. 79, namely, Mrs. Ross, Miss Lilith our sister, Annie Luck-scheiter, called Annie Lu for brevity, Mrs. B. O'Toole, and Mrs. O'Toole's successor.

So Palmyra came; and our immediate impression was that our great gratitude to her sponsor ought to take the shape of something elegant and substantial. Annie Lu's heart was captured at once. Mrs. O'Toole, whose judgment could be slow when she willed it, took twenty-four hours to form the opinion that, "She'll do very well, mum, when she's a bit more used to the place."

At the end of the third day Mrs. O'Toole acknowledged that she too had yielded to the charm when she admitted that Palmyra was "almost as good as our Pattie."

"Pattie?"

"It's not loikely, sur" (a sigh), "that ye remember Pattie."

I knew that Mrs. O'Toole had suffered many bereavements, having trodden a rather thorny domestic path through life, but never before had she spoken of Pattie.

"Pattie?" said Miss Lilith, when the incident was repeated by me. "Yes, I remember Pattie. She was a beauty too, and I believe some scamp ran off with her."

"Well," said Mrs. Ross, with considerable energy, "no scamp shall run off with Palmyra if I can prevent it."

Our friends and acquaintances seemed to feel in duty bound to repeatedly congratulate us on our new possession. "Has Palmyra any relatives who can be got for money, or for money and love combined?" became an often formulated question. They were not rash enough, of course, to expect that two families could at the same time be so fortunately blessed. They did not uselessly aspire to possess second Palmyras, but humbly confessed that a fraction of a Palmyra, so to speak, would be a treasure. Mrs. Shaw, though having Buttons, went down to as small a fraction as a fourth, which, to be frank, was a great deal for Mrs. Shaw to say. But Palmyra had no near living relatives who were young. Three sisters and a brother at one fell stroke had perished in a watery grave in the Hudson River, and the poor orphan stood without a possible rival in her own family at least.

A week or more passed while Palmyra's light steps went about the house with as much regularity and attentiveness to duty as a young house-keeper could wish, and her name was never mentioned save with praise. To be sure, there were heard at times rather livelier sounds in the immediate regions of the kitchen than had formerly been the case; but as they never exceeded the bounds of decent moderation, we were glad to learn that it was possible for Annie Lu and O'Toole both to laugh at the same time.

But a martyr in the shape of a milkman soon brought out Palmyra's latent propensities. He is now freely admitted to have been a martyr, yet at the time he was regarded as the evil being who had brought discord into our paradise. A report of the moving incident did not come to us at once, though we had begun to strongly suspect that O'Toole was becoming less amiable to Palmyra.

Mrs. Ross was looking over the just rendered milk bill one night, when this item claimed her attention for some reason: "May 26. To three quarts of cream."

"Did we use three quarts of cream on the 26th of last month?"

Annie Lu, to whom the question was addressed, promptly denied any such liberal purchase of fresh cream on that particular morning. "He wants to charge you, ma'am, for the cream he upset that morning in the outer kitchen." Then it appeared that Annie Lu had been waiting the time when she would be needed to stand forth as Palmyra's advocate. And right here let me say that, after myself, Annie Lu was Palmyra's last and most constant friend. "It was just this way, ma'am," explained Annie Lu: "he stood his cream can down in the outer kitchen, and when he went to go away, the cream was all spilled on the floor. Then he charged that Palmyra had been helping herself to his cream, and upset the can on the floor to cover her stealings. Just as if Palmyra would do such a thing! But it's between us, ma'am, that if Mrs. O'Toole wasn't a widow, somebody wouldn't have been trying to be so gallant, and backed away from a broom against his cream can."

The simple fact that Palmyra was fond of fresh cream, but not of the milkman, and had been seen in the kitchen but a few moments before the accident (?), was all the evidence the charge rested upon. Mrs. O'Toole took the milkman's side of the question, as was to be expected after the little incident of the broom had been hinted at, but she failed to do more than damage his cause, and Palmyra was honorably acquitted. Mrs. Ross drew a firm pencil line through that item of the milk bill. Palmyra had looked and acted innocently itself when the charge was being discussed, but we had not then learned how deceitful was the manner of Palmyra. I could not, however, afford to lose such a cook as O'Toole for the price of three quarts of cream, and quickly decided on a little diplomatic move for peace.

sake. The nature of that sacrifice may be inferred from the fact that when on the next day but one Mrs. Ross sent Annie Lu with the money, the amorous milkman made but a mild objection to his diminished bill.

Mrs. Ross, believing that the cause of right had triumphed, then worked, but vainly, to remove O'Toole's growing objections to Palmyra. The latter never complained, seeming well convinced of an ability to take care of herself without boasting; and how the feud grew could only be learned in part from Annie Lu. But grow it must and did. While Palmyra continued to hold her high place in our regard, O'Toole's coffee began to be frequently thick, her steaks burned, her bread was heavy, and so forth.

Rather late one evening, some time after O'Toole had been heard to go up to her room, we were startled by a descending howl of anguish and fear, immediately followed by a bumping, creaking sound, as though some animated weight was coming down the different front staircases, at from five to seven steps at a leap. In another instant a white-armed figure, with streaming hair, stood in our midst in the hallway, and though the eyes rolled wildly, and the face was blanched with abject terror, the voice of Mrs. O'Toole, hysterical as it was, could not be mistaken.

"Mercy! Bridget, what is it?"

"Ouch! it's all but murdered I am. Oowa! oowa! But I know, mum, it's not your own sweet self 't'll be askin' a pore crachure to be kilt intirely by that Palmyra. And I'll never slape another wink under the roof where she is, so help me! Oowa! oowa!"

"Palmyra? What—?"

"I was jist a-tur'nin' out me loight, mum, when she jumps out from behind the dure, lookin' for all the wurld loike a witch, wid her eyes a-glarin', her mouth spittin' fire, and hissin' loike snakes."

"Could Palmyra possibly have done such a thing?" we silently questioned each other with our eyes.

By this time Annie Lu had come from the kitchen. Having heard of Palmyra's alleged enormity, she cast a look of withering contempt at the terrified O'Toole, and then quickly and silently returned kitchenward, evidently bent on some purpose. In a few seconds she re-appeared, but bringing with her Palmyra, whose usually bright eyes looked dull and sleepy.

"I was almost sure, ma'am," said Annie Lu, triumphant, "that Palmyra was still in the outer kitchen. And there, sure enough, she was, sound asleep in a chair, as innocent of frightening any one as yourself."

"I'd swear to it, mum, in open court," protested O'Toole.

A few moments later, "the head of the house" found himself called upon to interpose, and repeat a peremptory command that there should be a truce for that night, lest the neighbors should imagine that his usual decorous help were rehearsing "Donnybrook Fair." Annie Lu, in her zealous defense of Palmyra, had dropped a broad hint that somebody's witch was not unconnected with "bitters."

"If yez rather kape that nasty, deceitful thing, and that other lyin', tow-headed, foreigner thing, it's not the loikes of me 't'll be stoppin' wid yez—there!" was the parting shot from O'Toole that was sent down stairs as she re-ascended.

In face of the seemingly unquestionable alibi, this new charge against Palmyra appeared more baseless than the former one, and we could see no reason to believe her to be even an amateur witch. And although O'Toole was known to be under a self-regulated course of treatment by "bitters," we had never been given reason to believe that the dose was ever increased above that recommended "for an adult."

The next morning O'Toole rose not so much in apparent anger as with an inexorable determination to part from us. We had broken her heart. She could not be appeased nor reconciled in the least. It is doubtful if an offer to have Palmyra immediately burned in the yard as a witch, and Annie Lu as a defaming heretic, would have brought more than a faint ray of comfort to O'Toole's outraged soul. It is but justice to say, however, that she offered to stop until a successor could be secured, but fate must give another stab at her bleeding heart. Annie Lu knew of a country-woman of approved skill who could come at once. Then Mrs. B. O'Toole forever shook the dust of our household from her feet; but my sacrifice in that little matter of the cream had not been quite in vain. While Mrs. Ross and Miss Lilith were granted but a frigid courtesy at parting, "Misther" was pronounced "a rale gentleman sure"—a speech that was merrily repeated to me as sarcastic eulogy. Palmyra's exultation in O'Toole's departure was done in such a deep, quiet way that the most astute person would have been compelled to deny that she entertained any such a feeling.

Mrs. Petrie, another widow, but a younger one, proved a worthy successor of our late witch-seer cook. Doubtless Mrs. Petrie, feeling that she was indirectly under obligations to Palmyra, was disposed to be conciliatory. At all events, they began very friendly, and a complete day of peace again reigned at No. 79.

All this time Mrs. Ross had not been unmindful of "scamps." Buttons, across the way, had not the mien of a formidable "scamp," and his attentions had been openly resented by Palmyra; but after Buttons had been seen hanging about the back alley at about dusk, Mrs. Ross, by a word through Mrs. Shaw, effectually crushed any design from that quarter. It was then the bloody-aproned butcher-boy who was thought to be a possible "scamp," a youth before whom, at his first appearance, dainty Palmyra had fled in dismay; but at the same time Miss Palmyra was thought to be not without a share of coquetry. The next victim to Mrs. Ross's suspicions was a dapper grocer clerk, who baited his open admira-

tion for Palmyra with pea-nuts and raisins, and it was thought, too, at his employer's expense. In this case Mrs. Ross was undoubtedly unjust, for, having made some casual inquiries in regard to the young man, it was learned that he was a hard-working, honorable fellow. To this, Annie Lu added her belief that he had an eye for the buxom Mrs. Petrie. But Mrs. Ross, not to be convinced, began to take the precaution to have Palmyra in another part of the house when the grocer clerk was expected. Palmyra was very fond of the plebeian pea-nut, and to show Mrs. Ross's nice sense of duty, lest in stopping the supply of pea-nuts she had cut off an innocent pleasure, she began to carry home paper bags of roasted pea-nuts. Yet in glaring inconsistency with this example was Mrs. Ross's gentle but firm request one night that she wished I wouldn't bring home any more pea-nuts.

One evening, after supper, Mrs. Ross took a seat on one side of my chair, and Miss Lilith on the other, having previously made sure that all the room doors were closed—a sure sign that some confidence of grave importance was about to be extended to me.

"We have reason to think," began Mrs. Ross, "that Mrs.—"

"Miss," interrupted Miss Lilith, in gentle antagonism.

"Well, then, somebody," continued Mrs. Ross, smiling in spite of her severity of expression—"somebody, a Mrs. or a Miss, in this house, we have reason to think, is not honest."

"I'll vouch it wasn't a Miss—not faithful Annie Lu?"

"No, not Annie Lu, but Palmyra," rejoined Miss Lilith.

"Palmyra? nonsense!"

"Please, less loudly," requested Mrs. Ross. "I don't believe the missing articles could have been taken by Palmyra, though sister insists upon it." "I know she makes free with my bonbons," said Miss Lilith; "and it's not a week since I caught her coming from my room with a pair of my kid gloves. It was by mere chance that I caught sight of one end of them."

"Late your bonbons," retorted Mrs. Ross; "and, as I pointed out at the time, the explanation that Palmyra had just picked the gloves up from off the floor was a highly probable one. But even admitting that she did take many of the missing little articles—though what she does with them would still be a mystery—it doesn't explain how Mrs. Petrie should be wearing an unmistakable lace scarf of mine, which she says was given to her as a present by a young man."

When this confidence was extended to Annie Lu, that faithful friend of Palmyra's vainly pleaded with Miss Lilith, even at the expense of her own compatriot. Palmyra had fallen from Miss Lilith's good opinion, never to be restored, and later she referred to her well-grounded suspicions not without raillery at our unsophisticated trusting natures.

While the lace scarf episode was still unexplained, an "honest lad" brought to Mrs. Ross at the door a trifle of a ribbon, with a gold pin attached to one end, and he explained that he had seen Palmyra drop it in the alley.

"Probably as she was going to the pawnbroker's," suggested Miss Lilith.

But then, with a suspicious coincidence, the grocer clerk soon after appeared, and when Mrs. Petrie had brought him into Mrs. Ross's presence, he explained that he had picked up the lace scarf in the alley, and finding no owner, had presented it to Mrs. Petrie.

Mrs. Ross assured them that she was perfectly satisfied with the statement, and I hope she was; but Annie Lu and myself quietly scoffed at the "honest lad," the grocer clerk, and Mrs. Petrie as three undoubted confederates, who would stop at nothing to utterly ruin gentle Palmyra's character. Mrs. Ross too, it proved, had determined in her mind that Palmyra was a thief, but went on trusting her, keeping at the same time a strict watch.

Even if perfectly guiltless, Palmyra could not have but noticed how differently she was treated by a majority of the household, and it did seem that in consequence she was beginning to make reprisals. So, when Miss Lilith's handsome bonbonnière was found on the floor, broken, Palmyra could not save herself from the charge and penalty. Mrs. Petrie was then treated to a repetition of O'Toole's witch-seeing. But the untried Petrie, without uttering a murmur of alarm, beat Palmyra out of her room, and the next day showed some scratches received in the tussle. In sorrow, Mrs. Ross duly punished this no longer doubtful trick of Palmyra's, though Annie Lu vainly begged for mercy.

"Something must be done with Palmyra; I can't and won't be bothered and plagued with her any longer," was the sweeping confession that Mrs. Ross was goaded to make to me one night.

"Let's send her to the Juvenile Reformatory School," I suggested; "we are solely responsible for her."

Mrs. Ross rose impatiently and left the room, making some remark about leaving me to my levity. As if there was any levity in referring, with my intent, to that institution at such a moment, however much Mrs. Ross disliked to so part with Palmyra. But it afterward proved that Mrs. Ross was suffering from a headache, and a headache will cover a multitude of quick words. And it was a woman's "no" that meant "yes," as will quickly appear.

The next evening on returning home it was to find that Palmyra had lost her last friend, Annie Lu, unless I would still befriend her after hearing of her basest ingratitude. It seemed that Mrs. Ross had placed two ten-dollar notes together with a bill on the library table, and leaving the room but for a moment, returned to find one of the notes missing. Before Palmyra, instantly suspicioned, could be inquired for, Annie Lu, flushed but sobbing, brought the cool culprit

into the room, having caught her in the act of carrying the money into her, Annie Lu's, closet. A worse case of perfidy certainly could not be imagined.

Then Palmyra's days of grace were pronounced numbered. The following early afternoon I returned home musing on the responsibility, and the possible effect of the determination that had been finally taken in regard to Palmyra; and there found that ungrateful orphan made ready to be taken away. Though she was about to leave a pleasant home and well-wishing friends, who had praised and petted her as few persons who had ever crossed our threshold had been praised and petted, she uttered not a murmur of regret or a sigh of remorse. She turned her face from Mrs. Ross's to Miss Lilith's with an undiminished placidity of expression; gazed without as much as a wink at patient Annie Lu, whose eyes were dimmed with tears; while Mrs. Petrie, willing to forget what she might have suffered on account of that lace scarf, was totally ignored. Mrs. Ross and Miss Lilith turned from her in mute sorrow—they were afraid to trust their voices; and the door of No. 79 was closed upon its hinges by myself with an unintentional bang, as though calling all High Street to witness Palmyra's disgrace. If you know how far out of the city proper the buildings of the Juvenile Reformatory School stand, you can easily imagine that it was dark before the street cars landed us in their vicinity. Then—But no matter.

I breathed freer as I turned my solitary steps toward the house of that before-mentioned young matron, where Mrs. Ross and sister had arranged to meet me and take supper. At about half past ten we arrived home, and the first object, standing in the middle of the hallway, that met our astonished view, was Palmyra. And a Palmyra looking as innocent and forgiving as though, being an excellent cat for mousing, we had never wished to be rid of, nor had tried to lose her.

BEAUTY IN DRESS.

THE following chapter on an ever-interesting topic, which will be succeeded by others from the same source, is extracted from a very useful little volume, *Beauty in Dress*, by the artist Miss Oakley, which will shortly be published by Harper & Brothers. Speaking both from an artistic and a practical standpoint, the author gives valuable advice to persons of various types what to wear and what to avoid, and furnishes excellent suggestions in regard to the colors, style, and arrangement of the various articles of dress that compose a lady's wardrobe which are most likely to suit each individual figure and complexion. This advice is designed for all kinds and conditions, for the wearers of cottons as well as of velvets, and can not fail to be of real use to all who seek to dress becomingly.

COLOR.

Types of Color.—Following out one or other Direction in a Compound Color.—Choice of Direction.—Red-haired Type.—Venetian Ladies.—Contrast of Blue to be avoided.—Variations of Red-haired Type.—Its Treatment with Blue Eyes.—Example of Fabric with Different Colored Spots.—Transparent Blue Eye.—Principles that apply to all with Red Hair.—Table of Colors to be Chosen and Avoided.—Pink, with Brown Eyes.—Advice to the Blue-eyed.—To the Gray and Green-eyed.—To the Brown-eyed.—A Woman and her Past.—Each Age its own Beauty.—Changes in Complexion and Color.—Wisdom in suiting the Style of Dress to the Age.—A Fine Throat.—Dressing on a Delusion.—The Sandy-haired.—The Variety afforded by Black and White.

To begin with the matter of color (which, given the sense for it, is easier to attain than perfect form in dress), we may easily divide people into types or classes of color, and define the colors to be avoided or chosen for each.

Of course the variations upon any type are more frequent than the pure type, and in many cases the variations are so subtle that an exact prescription of color is not possible without seeing the patient. Yet such suggestions as we make for the various types may well serve to set intelligent people thinking in the right direction.

Some people have many possibilities of form and color, any of which may be developed by special treatment; but most people have some one possibility, which can not be improved upon, and the dress that most sets this forth shows them to the greatest advantage.

As an example, let us take a color that is a compound, as purple, which is made of blue and red. One may harmonize it with either red or blue, carrying it through the proper gradations, and either choice may be equally good; so certain women may be dressed in colors that emphasize their pallor or their color, or one or another tint in their composition, equally well, while with others there is no choice: that which is best is not open to argument, it is an indisputable fact, if one has the taste to recognize it.

Until very lately, the red-haired class has been, in modern times, only admired by artists; though in the olden days of Venice dark-haired ladies used to dye their hair red to imitate their more fortunate sisters who were born thus decorated. To-day, in Venice, one sees sometimes the red-haired Italian with green or gray eyes; but more often one finds them in still more northern parts of Italy, and they are always admired.

Red hair has been contrasted with blue customarily, and this is the one color that should never approach it.

There are several types of the red-haired, and each requires a different "treatment." Red hair with blue eyes must be differently managed from red hair with gray, or green, or brown eyes. Very often the blue eyes, which are not so fortunate as other colors with red hair, may be neutralized by the color of the gown; but as soon as blue is introduced into the dress, the blue eyes count for twice their value, and form too strong a contrast with the hair.

To assure yourself of this fact in color, take a fabric upon which are red, blue, and green spots

or figures; fasten upon it a blue ribbon, and you will at once see the blue spots more prominently than the red or green; fasten a green ribbon upon it, and your eye at once selects the green spots; with a red ribbon the red spots tell.

Many blue eyes are of a transparent quality, easily reflecting other color. A green dress will immediately impart some of its own tone to the transparent blue eye, and thus it will, to all intents and purposes, cease to be blue. The green must be by no means light, for a pale green is a very unfortunate color with really red hair, while the deep reds and yellows are very harmonious with it. One might set down the possibilities and impossibilities for the red-haired type as follows, these being principles that apply to the entire race of the red-haired, whether of one variation or another:

TO BE CHOSEN FOR RED HAIR.

White, of a creamy tone.	Olive green.	Pale yellow.
Black.	Gray-green.	Gold-color.
Invisible green.	Stone gray.	Pale amber.
Rich bottle green.	Claret-color.	Dark amber.
Rich blue-green.	Maroon.	Reds approaching amber.
Brownish-purple.	Plum-color.	Brown.
	Amethyst.	

TO BE AVOIDED FOR RED HAIR.

Blue of all shades.	Pale green.	Blue-white.
Bright rose pink.	Scarlet, or all bright reds.	Blue-purple.
All violet pinks.		Lavender.

There is a color to be used with red hair that requires almost an artist to use it, when it may be very effective. It should be in small quantities, and contrasted with other tones; it is a pale yellowish-pink. All pinks approaching a violet shade are painful with red hair, but especially where the eyes are brown, and the complexion of that shell-like beauty that often accompanies this type. Such a pink as we have spoken of, used as a lining to a dull, dark amber, almost brown, such as one may find in velvet, or a red that is as dark as a dark red hollyhock, seems to repeat, as with a deeper note in octave, the fair bloom of the complexion.

The blue-eyed women of this type do well to wear chiefly the greens, stone gray, and yellows, the creamy white, and the black. This gives them sufficient range, and they can not improve upon it. For ornaments, amber, gold, pearls, and yellowish lace. The gray and green eyed may venture further still, taking besides the browns and purples; but the fortunate brown-eyed may run the whole gamut here set down from white to black, through all the colors allotted to them in the foregoing list; but they will find nothing better than the dark reds and ambers.

Very often in dress a woman is hampered with her past. She does not realize that as years pass on, the human body changes—by no means always for the worse. Each age has its own beauty, and the wise woman recognizes this, and does not attempt to make of the present age a poor imitation of the past one. We of the nineteenth century might as well go masquerading in the shapes and pointed shoes and long swords of the fifteenth century, as a woman of forty dress as she did twenty years earlier. Each age has its proper use, its proper charm, its own dignity, and we are foolish to regret that it is not another.

But we do not only refer to growing old; in passing from immaturity to maturity, the changes in complexion, color, and form are often very great, and often quite unrecognized. We find a woman of five-and-twenty whose hair was golden at the age of sixteen. The gold has deepened into brown, but she does not perceive it. "Blue is so becoming to my color of hair," she says, meaning not the brown hair she actually has, but the golden hair she has long been accustomed to think of as her own.

Nothing changes more, from age to age, than the complexion, and certain very delicate pink and white complexions are at their most charming bloom only at twenty; yet we see countless women who base the color of their dress at thirty upon the flower that faded ten years before, or grew into a robust bloom; and so they lose all the advantage of that which they have.

Sometimes, with the rounded, soft forms of early girlhood, a babyish style of dress is charming; but let the wearer beware lest she continue too long such a style, till it marks the lapse of years, and shows us rather what she has not than what she has.

Perhaps one of the commonest mistakes is for a woman who has a fine throat to wear it too long uncovered. There comes an age, not easy to fix, as some healthy women remain young very long, when, if they be robustly made, the throat becomes too muscular; and if they be plump and delicate, the throat loses its soft roundness, and becomes wrinkled and less beautiful in color. But the changes in color occur earlier, and are often no loss in beauty, only a development. The young girl's red hair becomes auburn; the golden, brown; the fair skin mellow; the faint pink flush gives way to a clear pallor; the roseate skin takes on a robust color; and all these changes demand changes in the dress. Let a woman try to see herself without prejudice, and not dress upon a delusion; nothing is more dangerous.

The most difficult variation of the red-haired type to dress is the sandy-haired, with light eyelashes. It often represents our most intelligent and quick-witted women. It is hardly ever accompanied by a fine complexion, but often by a delicate form of the bony structure of the face, by fine teeth, and delicate hands and figure.

Nothing is as good as black or white for this style—always a creamy white, and black, either solid or transparent. The ornaments should be amber, or gold, or jet; no color can be as good with this type as black or white. White lace and black lace give all opportunity needed for the effect of dressiness, and the white of a creamy cashmere, or of a cambric, tulle, or muslin, can give sufficient variety of costume with the black of velvet, of transparent grenadine, or of cashmere or silk. There need be no complaint of sameness.



Fig. 1.—Dress for girl from 4 to 6 years old. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. X., Figs. 48-53.

Fig. 2.—Dress for child from 1 to 2 years old. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. IX., Figs. 44-47.

INEXPENSIVE NECKLACES.

THERE are many kinds of inexpensive necklaces, which are prized chiefly for their color and originality. Nothing surely can be more common than common garden peas, and yet I have seen them threaded in a double row, dried in the sun, and then lightly tinted with some green dye, the result being a necklace which puzzled more than one connoisseur. The marrowfat, or large elephant pea, is the best suited to the purpose. Then, too, melon seeds, dried and strung alternately with the very small gold, or rather gilt, beads, bought at any toy-shop, look remarkably pretty and original. Several rows should be worn; and it should

be remembered that three rows of them, worn across the head, look very well for young girls. The Mecca berries, green and red, are more difficult to procure, but they make the prettiest necklaces imaginable. They are oval, hard, and bright, and so perfect in form that it seems almost incredible that they are only seeds. In fact—though I have repeatedly been informed by credible persons that they had bought them from pilgrims journeying from the spot in question—I myself, entirely in secret, hold the belief that they are made of lacquer, and devised for the special purpose of entrapping the unwary. In any case, they are pretty in color, and most becoming and effective. Brahmin beads are rough, rich brown seeds. They look well with crimson or terra-cotta dresses. I have seen them mounted in silver acorn cups, and made up with silver oak leaves. Betel-nut beads are mottled brown and yellow; ebony beads may be fancied, though there is little about them to touch the imagination; and sandal-wood, too, are well known. There is also a black composition, which comes from India, and is said to be made of compressed rose leaves. Other seeds and berries can be used in the same way. I have even seen pieces of various colored Indian reeds strung together, and, what is more, they look well. Shells, too, come in beautifully for necklaces, from the homely cowrie and little "soldier" shell, found in such abundance on every shore, to the exquisite Tasmanian shells, whose color varies at each movement of the wearer, but always looks so splendid. It is not generally known that strong acid will bring off the rough outside which shrouds the beauty of some of our common shells, and prepare them for playing a greater and more beautiful part as ornaments. Venetian shell necklaces have of late become rather common, but it is a long time since I have seen one of those which were once to be had in Venice, composed of small black scallop-shells alternating with silver ones. There was really something artistic about these, and the same may be said of the pretty little gilded or gold cockle-shells sold at Mont St. Michel in remembrance of the Order of St. Michael. Gold lacquer beads, looking like the sealing-wax with little bits of gold imprisoned in it, in fashion about thirty or forty years ago, or like a coarser aventurine, are also very pretty; some shop-keepers call it gold-stone, but it is only lacquer. It is very heavy, and rather expensive.

I often wonder why Tyrolean garnets are not more worn. They are very rich and brilliant in color, and often most artistically set. They are extremely becoming to persons with a fair complexion, and not expensive, especially in Saxony and Bohemia. In the Tyrol, too, very beautiful turquoise ornaments are sold for a trifle. They are made of the stones which are not considered good by jewellers, because not pure in color; but the green shades, which render them comparatively valueless, are the making of them from an artistic point of view.

Imitation pearls can only receive faint commendation from me. Inferior garnets and turquoises may be just as beautiful as the best stones, and are still the work of Nature's own hand; but when men blow glass beads, and fill them with wax mixed with the pearly essence of fishes' scales, in order to impart that mysterious pearly something called water, the intent to deceive must be there, and the knowledge of this detracts from the pleasure we must feel in the undeniable success of the imitation. Blue-books inform us that false pearls are manufactured in France to the value of \$400,000 a year. The Roman pearls are almost prettier than the French. Their color is darker and smoky-looking, and the beads are more irregular in shape, generally having a little dent or compression in them. There are special shops in Rome where false pearls are to be bought, and it is wonderful how cheap a necklace of well-made



Fig. 3.—Sailor suit for boy from 4 to 9 years old.—Cut pattern, No. 3090; price 25 cents. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 19-25.

Fig. 4.—Dress for girl from 5 to 7 years old. For description see Supplement.

Roman pearls, with a heart-shaped pendant, is. Necklaces of very small mother-of-pearl beads are sold in Syria, and have very much the same effect as real pearls. Large beads of the same kind are also worn; in fact, mother-of-pearl is extremely pretty, whether large or small, especially when linked together with silver. One of the strangest necklaces brought from Syria consists of a number of very rude representations of the human hand in blue glass, all strung together. This comes from Hebron, and is worn to avert the evil-eye—indeed, almost all Eastern necklaces have amulets in them. Speaking of ornaments for the neck, one thing is very certain, and that is, that, go where you will, you find people quick to seize on the common objects lying about them, and turn them into



Fig. 1.—Brocade jacket. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Cloth jacket. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VII., Figs. 34-39.



Fig. 3.—Revers polonaise and trimmed skirt.—Cut pattern, No. 3089; polonaise and trimmed skirt, 25 cents each. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-6.

Fig. 4.—Écru pongee dress. For description see Supplement.

articles of decoration or of merchandise. In India the natives twist up a golden-looking grass into chains, composed of the most carefully formed links, which, seen from a little distance, appear like gold itself. In Madeira your guide, while slowly toiling up hill on foot after your horse, plucks a hair from the poor animal's tail, which link by link he fashions into a chain, exactly resembling the golden grass one you may have seen made in India. The African threads together his wonderful pale green beans, and thus gets a pretty and lasting necklace. In fact, those who wish for pretty things of this kind have no need to spend large sums of money, but had much better trust to mother-wit. One necklace I saw



Fig. 2.—BONNET OF ROSES.



Fig. 1.—LEGHORN BONNET.

make them bright almost directly; but do not treat filigree-work or very delicate ornaments in this way. The fine work which is often found on Danish jewelry can be cleaned by pouring spirits of wine over it.

Bonnets, Figs. 1-3.

THE bonnet Fig. 1 has a high crown and a drooping brim, which is three inches and a half wide in front and an inch and a half wide in the back. The brim is faced on the in-

side to an inch from the edge with maroon velvet, and is bordered around the outer edge of the velvet with three rows of narrow straw braid. The crown is wound with a satin merveilleux scarf in ombré bronze and maroon stripes twenty inches wide, the ends of which form loops on the left side. Two shaded maroon and old gold ostrich feathers and a bronze buckle complete the trimming.

The frame of the bonnet Fig. 2 consists of a stiff net brim, pointed at the middle of the front, where it is two inches wide, and sloped to an inch and a quarter at the ends, which is wired, and covered with pale pink satin. The lower corners are connected by a stiff net band,



Fig. 3.—BONNET OF LILIES-OF-THE-VALLEY.

last summer on a great many occasions ought to be mentioned. On a thick olive green ribbon were strung as many gentlemen's rings as the ribbon would hold, and then it was tied round the neck with a bow behind. The rings were very large and valuable, and many of them appeared to be antiques, probably with a history; but still this bit of decoration did not look well, and could not fail to remind the beholder most disagreeably of the lady in the *Arabian Nights* who exacted a ring from each of her lovers. It is a barbarous thing to make necklaces of valuable coins. To wear them much is infallibly to rub them smooth, and things of historic interest which have come down to us from antiquity ought to be handed down by us to our successors in as good a state of preservation as that in which we received them. I have left myself no space to speak of agates and cats'-eyes, or of the superior beauty of uncut to cut stones. I have not named the pretty crystal ornaments set in silver which are made in Normandy, or the tasteful and artistic bijoux Bressants. Berlin iron-work, dark Russian silver, Whitby jet, enamel, filigree-work, tinted and not tinted, Danish and Florentine silver, have perforce been omitted. Beetles' wings and "St. Iona's holy stones" have received never a word; but I must just say that if any one has the patience to thread a great many yards of the very small bright gold-colored glass beads, and wears them in many coils round her throat, they will look just as well as the lovely gold chains which are the specialty of Venice. I will conclude this, my very imperfect sketch, with one friendly hint as to the most satisfactory method of cleaning gold necklaces, bracelets, or gold ornaments of any kind, where the work is not too fine. Buy twenty-five cents worth of box-wood powder from any working jeweller. Put it in a small linen bag, and when your gold ornaments want cleaning, put them in the bag amongst the box-wood powder, and shake them about in it. It will



Fig. 1.—ROMAN POLONAISE AND TRIMMED SKIRT.—CUT PATTERN, No. 3088; POLONAISE AND TRIMMED SKIRT, 25 CENTS EACH. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VI, Figs. 30-33*, 33*.

Fig. 2.—CASHMERE DRESS. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—JERSEY WEBBING WALKING JACKET. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II, Figs. 7-14.

which is also sloped to a point, and covered with pink satin; the band is seven inches long and two inches wide at the middle point; the ends are sloped from the lower toward the upper edge. The brim and the band are each covered with a thick garland of pink roses, and the space between them is filled by a spray of green leaves. A cluster of similar leaves and ribbon loops are set at each lower corner. Two scarfs of pink silk tulle form the strings, which are tied loosely beneath the chin.

The frame of the bonnet Fig. 3 is cut of white stiff net, wired, and bound with white taffeta ribbon. A band an inch wide, covered with cream-colored satin, is set under the front edge. The frame is completely covered in the manner shown in the illustration with lilies-of-the-valley. A spray of green leaves is set at the left side, and the ends of a festoon of lilies-of-the-valley, which takes the place of strings, are fastened at the corners.

Embroidered Reticule, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 356.

To make this reticule a piece of old gold satin is required which is twelve inches long and sixteen inches wide. A band of maroon velvet two inches and a half wide is set across the satin in the manner shown in the illustration, and bordered along the middle with silk and gold brocade ribbon in a palm-leaf design, which is sewed on the velvet with point Russe stitching in blue and réséda silk and gold thread. The velvet is edged on each side with gold-lace half an inch wide, which is set on under a thread of réséda filoselle silk, caught down with stitches of similar silk. Above the velvet band the satin is embroidered in the design given by Fig. 2. The outlines of the design are transferred to the material, and the palm leaves are worked in chain stitch with red and with blue silk alternately, in three shades of each; the three dots on each are worked in satin stitch with gold thread. The leaflets between them are worked in

satin stitch and point Russe with réséda silk, and connected by curves in stem stitch in a darker shade of the same color. After the embroidery is completed, the old gold satin is lined with maroon satin, the sides are joined, and the top is stitched in two rows to form a shirr, through which twisted cord in old gold, red, and blue silk and gold thread is drawn. Similar cord is used to edge the reticule. The bottom is trimmed with fringe, the heading of which is knotted with old gold sadder's silk; four threads of silk are folded through the middle, and knotted to a foundation thread, and then, working around the middle two ends, three double knots alternate with one picot; for the latter the left knot is worked after an interval of half an inch, and then pushed close to the right knot. Tassels of colored silk and gold thread are slipped over the picots, and tied as shown in the illustration.

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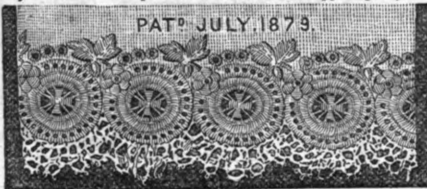
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MONTE CARLO HAT.—[SEE PAGE 370.]

A PICTURE.

My lady has the painting craze—
 She's very young and charming—
 And, just before the holidays,
 Her case grew quite alarming.
 It rages like the chicken-pox,
 The whooping-cough, or measles:
 The symptoms are a color-box,
 With palettes, tubes, and easels.

The maul-stick, in her gentle hand,
 Assumes new airs and graces,
 It aids her inspirations, and
 Displays her rings and laces.
 Her pigment case is better filled
 Than that of ancient master;
 Small wonder, then, that one so skilled
 Completes her work much faster.

She paints on platters, knives, and forks,
 Makes dadoes, screens, and friezes;
 Impressive flowers, authentic storks,
 Her brush with ardor seizes.
 She painted and presented me
 A chair, I must not sit on;
 She copies, in a style most free,
 From Roman, Greek, or Briton.

Her dress denotes the highest art,
 From bonnet down to buskin;
 She knows the critics' terms by heart,
 And quotes for hours from Ruskin.
 It serves her well to thus excel
 In every kind of sketching,
 For she can tell an aquarelle,
 And recognize an etching.

Possessed of all the virtues known,
 With modesty combining,
 'Tis past belief to see her grown
 So artful and designing.
 I half despair of any end
 To cobalt blues, and bisters.
 The malady doth now extend
 To both her elder sisters.

Monte Carlo Hat.

See illustration on front page.

THIS graceful hat is made of rice straw, lined with cream-colored India crape and straw galloon dotted with pearls. The brim falls on the right side and behind, and is fluted on the left. Cream-colored feathers and dark red roses are the trimming.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 82 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued May 24, opens with "Scarlet Spangles," a story of the Roman Colosseum, by MRS. LIZZIE W. CHAMBERLYN, with a spirited front-page illustration by THULSTRUP. The number also contains a story of the Swiss Lake Dwellers, beautifully illustrated by F. S. CHURCH; stories by W. O. STODDARD and DAVID KERR; the first of a series of short stories from the Mythology of Greece and Rome; and numerous other attractions.

Our next Number will contain a Pattern Sheet with numerous full-sized patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Infants' Dresses, Cloaks, Caps, and Linen; Elegant Suits for Boys and Girls of all ages; Ladies' Basques, Polonaises, Pleated Waists, Trimmed Skirts; Travelling and Country Suits, Wrappings, etc.; Hoods, Gloves, Stockings, and Fancy Articles; together with choice literary and artistic attractions.

TRAVELLING.

IT is exceedingly rare to find any one who would rather stay at home than travel; who does not enjoy the panorama of scenes and cities on a journey, or take an interest in the faces and friends met in stage-coach, ocean steamer, or railway; who does not relish the slight flavor of danger, the experience, the novelty. But travellers are not all equally observant and alert. There are a portion who make the most of every minute of a journey; who certainly get their money's worth; whom nothing inconveniences; to whom detentions afford unlooked-for opportunities; who find something to be grateful for in a blocking storm; who do not mind if the inns are poor, if the roads are rough; who welcome every change, from a railway accident to an indigestible dish, as part of the programme. A shipwreck gives them, perhaps, a chance to visit islands not in the ordinary course of travel, or, at least, to know what the dangers of the sea really mean; they lose their baggage without the added misfortune of losing their temper; they are only amused and interested when their new acquaintances turn out to be escaped convicts or lunatics, masquerading in their best clothes and company manners. What others overlook, they make a note of; there is nothing too lofty or too humble for them to take cognizance of, from the snows of the Alps to the Edelweiss in the cleft of a rock, or a Paris bonnet. If they lose their way, it is only to discover sequestered places they would otherwise have missed; if the diligence is crowded—the more angels the more room—so many more studies of hu-

man nature. Nothing happens amiss to them. If the beggars are importunate, they are picturesque. But there are travellers and travellers, and some people learn more, like ALPHONSE KARR, by a tour round their garden, by observing what goes on about them, than others by circumnavigating the globe. There are many who will tell you what wretched fare was served at Chamouni, but omit to mention Mout Blanc; whose only recollections of the voyage up the Nile seem to be the fleas; who see nothing but pink coral at Naples, nothing but lace at Brussels, and camel's-hair shawls in India; who act as if the English government were to blame for the London fogs, the Puritans for the changeable New England climate, and the universe for their own bad French. In the mean time, it would be interesting to know the different motives which send people adrift: this one travels, perhaps, because his neighbor does; another, for the love of variety and excitement; a third, because he has illusions, and longs to verify them; and while travelling in itself is a liberal education, there are those who know how to shirk its advantages, and as they care for neither scenery, works of art, nor the human face divine, it is a riddle "why they go through so much to learn so little."

DINNER-GIVING.

THE dinner of modern society is the great feast, the culmination of all form and ceremony, in our elegant hospitality. It is the best compliment one can pay to a guest; it is the flower of the highest civilization, and the company should be most carefully selected. The English have carried dinner-giving to its perfect development. In their vast houses, with ancestral halls, pictures, silver (which has become an heirloom), with china and porcelain of the finest, with boundless rent-roll, and with servants trained to perfection, the dinner is a not difficult entertainment to the lady of the house. She merely looks at the list of invited guests, often prepared by her secretary, or at most suggests them. In our country the matter of giving a dinner is a very different thing. Even in the most wealthy houses the service is scarcely ever sufficient for a dinner of sixteen or twenty, and Pinard and Delmonico are called in to furnish waiters and viands.

The grandest dinner of the present winter was, perhaps, one given to General Grant at a private house, and numbered twenty-eight guests, the whole served by Pinard, and the dinner furnished by him. The wines, however, were from the private cellars of the house. Flowers extended in one unbroken phalanx down the middle of the table in an embankment two feet high by three broad. Such banquets are not, however, common even in the most luxurious city, and it is better to describe smaller entertainments, which are within the scope of moderate incomes. The etiquette of modern dinner-giving in a city crowded with such innumerable engagements as is New York at the height of the season is one which requires forethought. A lady who intends to entertain through the winter, marks out her days in October, engages her waiters, and speaks to her cook, confectioner, and florist, telling these people that she shall need their services for every Wednesday of the season. She has her cards engraved thus:

"Mr. and Mrs. Morningdale request the pleasure of the company of — on Wednesday, —, at seven o'clock."

"R. S. V. P."

These blanks are left to be filled up with name and date; and when so filled, are sent out, a fortnight in advance, to the chosen guests.

The people who receive so elaborate an invitation to dinner must answer at once, and keep the engagement if possible. Nothing but sickness or death, or a terrible misfortune, can permit of a break in this engagement, because such invitations mean a great deal. They are very costly, these dinners; every invited guest is considered, and a careless interpretation or neglect in such matters is the most inexcusable and ignorant neglect of proper etiquette. If compelled to decline, do so at the earliest possible moment.

Punctuality, too, is a most necessary and most proper attention. Fifteen minutes' grace is the longest time allowed, even to kings, who, by-the-way, are seldom late. Punctuality has been called the courtesy of kings. The people who are late are generally those least worth waiting for. All well-bred people keep their engagements, and try to be punctual.

On arriving at the house of the dinner-giver, the lady is conducted up stairs to take off her cloak, while the gentleman remains in the hall to receive a little note from his hostess, in which he finds a card telling him what lady to take in to dinner. This and a *boutonniere* are given to him in the hall. When the lady descends, they enter—she first—without taking arms, to the parlor, where their hosts await them.

The party assembled and dinner announced, the host starts first, with the lady of the party—that is, the lady to whom the dinner is given—on his arm; he places her on his right hand. The rest follow, the hostess coming last, with the gentleman of most consequence. The hostess must come last, as she should not leave any one behind her in her rooms. This is the perfection of respect, and is a thing to be observed.

The guests find their places marked by cards, and the waiter should be intelligent enough to help them. Once seated, the service begins. Oysters on the half-shell, on majolica plates, are first served. A small spoon-shaped fork lies at the right hand of each plate, which should be used with the oysters. The waiter passes red and

black pepper, and there is a bit of lemon on each plate. This course is followed by soup, which, in its turn, gives way to fish. After the fish comes an *entrée* of some delicate dish, like chicken croquettes, sweetbread, or patties. Then the *pièce de résistance*—beef, mutton, or any heavy meat—and then Roman punch, now served in a thousand pretty fancies, such as roses, slippers, boats, or lily cups of china or glass. This refreshing substance prepares the palate for the *canvas-back* duck, or whatever game may follow. Then the salad, of lettuce, celery, tomato, or chicory, is served, and with it cheese, biscuit, and Philadelphia butter made into little nutmegs. After this comes the dessert of ices, strawberries, and bonbons, and black coffee finishes the dinner; this last, however, is often served in the drawing-room.

Modern hostesses begin their luxurious table-fitting now with, first, a red cloth. This is covered with an open-work laced white mome-cloth, which allows the interstices of red to show through. The napkins are also of this fine open needle-work. The centre of the table is frequently adorned with a red velvet mat, on which stands the silver *épergne*. The bottles of crystal or ruby glass for wine are frequently of most choice and expensive workmanship, and mounted with gold handles. The glass at each plate is of Bohemian or Venetian manufacture, and looks as if mounted with gems. The china is invariably very beautiful, and of different varieties—French, Chinese, Japanese, English, and Dresden. Each plate is flanked by a goblet for water, and glasses for five or six different wines. The dinners are invariably served *à la Russe*, that is, everything is carved off the table, and handed by the waiters, who place a full plate before one, and take away the empty one. No one asks to be helped twice to anything, except it may be iced water or Champagne. The first duty of a hostess is to make herself agreeable to every one. She must see that all are introduced, and must remember to throw in a word if conversation lags. It is perfectly proper for people to speak to each other at a dinner party whether they are introduced or not, but Americans will not think so. After the dinner is over, she leads the way to her drawing-room, where the ladies follow her, the gentlemen remaining to smoke, and to take a final glass of wine, or brandy, or cordial.

Dinner cards bearing mottoes or conundrums are a great help to a hostess at a large dinner, as they bring out conversation. The opulent dinner-givers add bouquets and *bonbonnières*, and sometimes very valuable gifts to each lady, but this last is in questionable taste. Flowers always are in perfect taste. The profusion and beauty of them at a New York dinner exceed all competition in any part of the world. The dinner cards are now exceedingly pretty and luxurious, on satin and card-board, exquisitely painted in all sorts of designs. This industry occupies several thousand persons, and the variety is endless.

A smaller dinner, less formal, requires, of course, an invitation of less length of time. The friend who chooses to write a note in the first person to ask you to a dinner next Thursday, whose table-cloth is of spotless damask, who gives you five courses instead of twelve, who has six or eight in company instead of sixteen, is quite as apt to give you a very agreeable dinner as another. But the etiquette remains the same in regard to answering the note, in keeping the engagement, and in arriving punctually.

One of the modern attempts at reviving an old fashion is to pass, after the dinner, a large silver or gold dish filled with rose-water, in which each guest dips his napkin, and thus cleanses lips and fingers. But as these dishes were invented before finger-bowls, they are now rather supererogatory. The finger-bowl, filled half full of fresh water, with an orange blossom or leaf floating in it, or a bit of lemon peel, is a refinement of modern luxury which should accompany every meal. It is important at breakfast, particularly if fruit be eaten, and at dinner it is perfectly indispensable. The finger-bowls now are in every variety, from the plain glass at two dollars a dozen up to the choice specimens from Salviati, at Venice, which are four or five dollars apiece, but in any light they are most entirely to be commended.

In a small household where economy is an object, a very pretty dinner can be given, if the hostess has taste, with great success. Perfectly clean fresh napery, a few flowers, pretty glass and china of inexpensive style, and a well-cooked and plain dinner, often give more pleasure than the most elaborate entertainment. Soup, fish, a roast and salad, and a nice dessert of ice-cream and a little fruit—these are the indispensables.

Of the serving of wines the etiquette varies, but this is the usual plan: a white wine accompanies the oysters, either a Hock or Château Yquem; sherry is poured with the soup, and Champagne first bubbles with the *pièce de résistance*, or the heavy dishes. Claret, Burgundy, Madeira follow. The most delicate-throated gourmets say that Madeira should be poured before the sweets, as they destroy the palate for receiving its delightful flavor.

The Champagne should be iced almost to freezing-point, the sherry must be cool, but the claret and Burgundy must be allowed to remain exactly of the temperature of the room. Sometimes in winter these wines are placed near the fire to give an additional warmth.

The light at a modern dinner is now chiefly of candles, shaded with red shades. Lamps are also added. Gas is voted vulgar. This is very pretty but inconvenient, as lamps can not be depended upon. They are not yet quite certain, and to smell the smudge of a lamp destroys a dinner. The candles throw a very becoming light, and are cool, which gas is not.

Nothing is placed upon a modern dinner table but the flowers, ornaments, bonbons, and a few ornamental bottles of wine. Sometimes large silver dishes containing nothing are placed to

give the table a hospitable and a grand look, and these are removed at the dessert; but this is not common. The most admired tables look exactly at the end of the dinner as they did at the beginning. The table-cloth is not removed, as formerly. It is not an entirely exploded idea that both gentlemen and ladies should know how to carve. Indeed, it is very proper that they should, as at tables in the country, and at the lesser and informal dinners, gentlemen still do cut up their own turkeys. A lady who carves gracefully adds much to the appearance of her table, and worlds to its hospitality. The old-fashioned idea of a hostess can not be readily forgotten. The everyday dinner gains by each such accomplishment. And although a lady may teach even her maid-servant to carve and hand everything from a side table, it is well if she knows how to do it herself.

Much attention is given to the proper coolness of the modern dining-room. With our furnace heat and gas the guests of the past few years have been entirely too warm. The act of eating and drinking is, of course, a heating process, and to add the severe fury of a modern furnace was to spoil the pleasure of the party. Now dining-rooms are heated by wood fires or soft coal, or not at all, and the temperature is consequently just what it should be. The gas, too, being omitted, half the trouble is thus done away with.

The charming luxury of fruit ices has been added to the variety of the dessert within a few years. Ice cunningly introduced into orange, lemon, peach, pear, and banana skins, even into grape skins, and retaining the flavor of the original fruit; these are some of the many varieties. The sugared strawberries, also, are delicious, and this process is carried even to the consolidation of a violet or an orange blossom in a coating of sugar. The making of these delicate dishes can be learned in a day of the confectioners, and it is well worth the attention of ladies living in the country.

"A good soup is the turning-point of a perfect dinner," so says Brillat-Savarin. The ladies who live away from reach of Pinard and Delmonico should teach their cooks to make their soups the day before, and should carefully see to it that all fat is skimmed off while the stock is cold; then the clear jelly which remains will warm up the next day into a good soup.

In the decoration of the table with flowers, many ladies prefer one color; and the most beautiful tables of the winter have been dressed with Jacqueminot roses throughout, or with the scarlet carnation, or with white or yellow roses un-mixed with other flowers. The pink *Gloire de Paris* makes a beautiful effect in this way. Even the humble daisy has set forth more than one table this winter alone. However, flowers seem to need company, and masses of gorgeous and well-assorted flowers are more often seen. Flowers of very heavy scent should be avoided, as they make some people faint.

The form of responding to an invitation to dinner should be exactly that of the invitation. If it is formal, and in the third person, the reply should read: "Mr. and Mrs. McAlister accept with pleasure the polite invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Morningdale for dinner on the 17th, at seven o'clock." This repetition of day and hour serves to correct any possible mistake as to the date.

If the invitation is informal, in the first person, answer it informally, and in the first person. A foreign ambassador, once a visitor to New York, took an everlasting displeasure because his notes were not answered as he wrote them. Always be sure to add your address and the date to all notes, whether formal or informal. These minutiae constitute part of the necessary etiquette of a fashionable society.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

ARTISTIC or fashionable? is the query of the London dressmaker to her customers; but the Parisian modiste has improved upon this, and combined these requisites. Thus Worth adopts the intense colors that English artists have revived—the jonquil yellows, dull green, coppery red, and old blues—trims them with effective black Spanish laces, and copies picturesque features from the quaint costumes of old portraits; but to all these he adds something of to-day, a *chic*, an air of nineteenth-century fashions, and dares to omit features that are not becoming, but merely odd. Among the latest importations from Worth's is a costume in olive green and black, with the polonaise of olive grenadine—an armure ground with velvet leaves—opening upon a round skirt of Surah satin of the same olive shade, trimmed up the entire front with three pleated flounces, each edged with black Spanish lace. This dress is a study to the fashion writer, for both the polonaise and the skirt have novel features, both are effective yet simple, the coloring is artistic, and the style most refined. The front of the polonaise is cut away below the waist like a vest, is covered in vest shape with lighter olive Surah, which is trimmed down each side with a scant jabot of black Spanish lace, and this lace edges the vest-like part at the bottom; below this, the fronts of the polonaise are merely faced on the wrong side, and are drawn back to meet behind on the tournure under the back breadths. Two front darts and an under-arm dart are in each front. The back has the new bodice shape, formed by the four forms—two middle and two side forms—being cut off in a sharp point low in the tournure, well whaleboned in each seam, and the bunchy back drapery of two breadths of grenadine sewed in full pleats to these four forms. To add to the quaint style of this, a long-looped bow with ends of black moiré ribbon is placed on the left side of the point. The coat sleeves reach just below the elbow, and have a frill of black Spanish lace falling on the wrists, and another

frill of the lace is turned upward, and forms a puff over light olive Surah, which is also tied into a puffy bow on the top seam of the sleeve. A frill of the black lace is turned down instead of upward around the neck, and this frill is laid in pleats. No white inner lace is added. The skirt has a pleating of Surah sewed to the foot of the dress—not on it—and this is three inches deep. Across the front and sides, covering them entirely, are three satin Surah pleatings, each three-eighths deep, and each edged with black Spanish lace three inches wide, in rose pattern; the lower flounce goes all the way around the skirt, and is seen below the polonaise, while the remainder of the back is hidden by the polonaise drape. These pleated flounces have their monotony broken by three rows of shirring across them, a finger below the top of each flounce. The specially novel feature in this is the foundation skirt, which is concealed by the satin Surah, but gives it admirable shape. This is now made of four breadths, two of which are the straight back breadths, while those in front have a straight seam down the middle of the front—joining selvages—but are sloped on the sides, beginning with three fingers for breadth at top, and widening to five or six fingers at the foot. The fullness is massed in a very small space at the back.

The favorite straight round skirt used here is made up by Worth over a foundation shaped like that just described, and consists of five straight breadths of satin Surah gathered to the belt, hanging full, though not puffily, to the knees, where there is a cluster of shirring around the figure; a second cluster is lower down, and the remainder falls as a flounce. In such skirts there is also the pleating sewed to the edge of the foundation skirt, and this is nearly covered by the gathered skirt above it. Soft satin Surahs in écu shades are made up in this way with a round waist, and the only drape is an immense bow at the waist line behind, formed of a width of the Surah doubled. Écu batiste embroidery forms a shoulder cape, and trims the foot of this artistic and fashionable dress.

PICTURESQUE DRESSES FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

Mothers who understand the picturesque get rid of all primness in their children's dresses, and instead of fashionable models, rely upon the artistic, copying Kate Greenaway's pictures for their frocks, and bending the brims of their shepherdess hats until they flop about their ears, or poke over their foreheads, or surround their faces like a halo, trimming them with groups of feathers arranged in studied confusion. For cool mornings their cordurette dresses are made up in pleated princess fashion, and worn with deep Charles Stuart collars of white embroidered muslin. A pretty study in brown is a brown-eyed, fair-haired girl of six in seal brown corduroy, with a Panama hat faced with brown velvet and trimmed with an ostrich plume; while a tiny brunette of four years, as round as a roly-poly, wears a Mother Hubbard cloak of claret-colored cloth and a claret rough straw poke bonnet with short nodding tips upon it. One of the prettiest features of wedding processions this spring is two demure little girls six or eight years old, dressed in old English costumes, who follow the bridesmaids and precede the bride, carrying bouquets almost as large as themselves. They wear white mull dresses with short waists and shirred shoulders, wide sash ribbons beginning just below the arms, and large flapping brim hats of straw trimmed with white feathers; their gloves are long lace mitts, and a great deal of the new Valenciennes patterns of lace may be used in the dresses, though the batiste embroideries are preferred. Simpler little gowns in Mother Hubbard fashion are made of blue, rose, or cream white mull without lace. These are very full, and are in straight lengths from the neck down, being shirred in rows around the neck, and again lower down across the front and back between the armholes. The sleeves are gathered at the wrists, but are prettiest when sewed plain in the armhole without gathers, and trimmed there with a full puff. A turned-down ruffle of pleated white embroidery trims the neck. These little slips may be worn with a sash or without, and there may be tucks above the hem at the bottom, but the skirts are not ruffled, because they are so very full. Such dresses are sold in the shops for \$7. Other Mother Hubbard dresses have less shirring about the neck and shoulders, a single drawing-string (that may be let out when being washed) passing across from the arms to make one full puff in yoke shape; others, again, have the short waist separate from the skirt, and fully gathered at the waist line to a narrow belt, or else merely to a cord. The sheerest batiste, soft nuns' veiling, and Surah silks are made up in similar styles, but mothers prefer muslins and other cotton goods for these dresses. A Mother Hubbard frock of gay Turkey red calico, or of bright blue Chambéry, or printed percales, linen lawns, or of the gay Scotch ginghams in small stripes, is useful for midsummer, and these full dresses will also be made of dark blue flannel for the seashore. As shirring is not easily washed when stitched closely on a lining or held in shape in any way, mothers sometimes make a plain yoke and merely shirr two or three loose rows of the waist below the yoke. For larger girls such dresses come in two pieces, viz., a shirred blouse and a puffed skirt. The skirt is gathered to the belt over a shaped foundation skirt, and is formed into two large puffs by clusters of shirring passing around the figure, and the edge of the skirt falls in a flounce. When made of soft foulard or Surah, a stiff white muslin sometimes lines the puffs. The blouse is then shirred around the neck and in the middle of the back at the waist line, and falls open in front over a shirred and puffed vest like the skirt; full bishop sleeves. This is very pretty for girls of eight to twelve years when made of pale blue Surah for the skirt and vest, while the blouse is foulard—pale blue

with olive figures in it—and the ribbon bows are of blue and olive satin; cream and pink with brown ribbons is another combination. The blouses reach far below the hips, and are simply hemmed. The Mother Hubbard cloaks are similar to the dresses already described, but are fastened in front. They are made of white cashmere lined with rose or blue Surah for dressy wraps for children of eighteen months and upward; or else they are of pale blue, cream, beige, or drab cashmere, and have satin ribbon in bows down the front and tied across the back at the waist line to make them look short-waisted and bunched. These have a straight width of the cashmere for the back, and half a width in each front. The puff at the sleeve-hole must not be omitted. Pale blue or gray flannels of light quality are used for inexpensive cloaks made in this way, and may be had from \$4 75 upward in sizes suitable for girls of from two to eight years of age. A straight yoke with the shirring below it is on some of these cloaks, while others have a shirred yoke with the full cloak also shirred and sewed on, with an upright ruffle for a heading, and still others have the shirring at the top of the full cloak without separating it. The écu pongees are being made up for summer cloaks. The fullness in flannel cloaks is sometimes held in "gauging" made by taking alternate short and long stitches, and thus massing the thick fabric in a small compass. Sailor suits for girls' summer dresses are not yet abandoned; made of blue flannel, they have tucked skirts and a blouse that has a revers collar deep and square behind, and turned back down its entire front to open over a vest that is braided with white in vernicelli patterns. Low-necked dresses worn over white muslin gimpes are also used. They are made of gay ginghams, or of pongee, or of zephyr cotton in écu shades. A Turkey red cotton sash is worn with the cotton dresses, and one of red Surah with the pongees. Rough-and-ready straw hats are worn for every day, and in better qualities for the nicest use. The wide flaring brims rolled upward all around, and framing the face when set far back on the head, have low crowns, and are chosen for general wear in dark blue, claret-color, or brown, or else mixed white and colored straws. Several silk pompons are around the crown, or else some chenille galloon makes a hat-band, or perhaps there is one large satin bow on the crown, and some cords pass around it. These are from \$3 to \$5; large exaggerated pokes are also worn in rough straws. Hand-somer hats in quaint poke shapes, or with indented brims not wired, are of chip or satin straw, or Tuscan, and are invariably trimmed with white satin bows and some white ostrich tips. Panama straw hats, with the brim faced with white Surah, and trimmed with white pompons, are very pretty. The dark velvet linings for brims are becoming to pale children, who need a dark background for their delicate tints. Claret-colored velvet, or else seal-brown or dark blue velvet, lines the brim, and is usually placed an inch away from the edge, having a margin of the straw for a border. Pretty little sun-bonnets with poke fronts and stiff high crowns are made of repped piqué, or of dimity shirred on cords or on rattans, and trimmed with a ruche and bow of the material pinked on the edges. Light blue, cream, and pink muslin bonnets are made up in the same way. Solid-colored stockings are most worn by small girls. Their shoes of kid are buttoned and without heels.

WINDOW-CURTAINS.

The taste for color has almost done away with plain white curtains. Those who can afford to buy artistic embroidery, or who are skillful needle-women, have embroidery on all kinds of curtains, from those of simplest cotton cloths done in outline stitches, or scrim wrought with field flowers, up to the most elaborate decorations on plush or satin; even holland shades are no longer merely white, but are often of Turkey red, green, drab, or écu, and are trimmed with fringe, or with showy white Irish point lace. Very full draperies are now used at windows, and in many instances there are first the narrow sash draperies of scrim or of canvas grenadine, or perhaps Madras muslin arranged close against the pane, and tied back in diamond shape with gimp bands or ribbon; inside this is the holland shade, and next this, showing in the room rather than outside, is the flowing curtain with full drapery of two breadths, either of lace, Madras muslin, or a made-up curtain of canvas grenadine, or of fine scrim with a wide border of modern guipure in antique designs, or of Cluny, or the heavy Russian lace, or else in imitation of Irish point. At the top of the curtain inside the room is the straight valance, which may be the end of the curtain turned over, or it may be of raw silk, of plush put straight across, or else box-pleated or gathered slightly to make it drape well. The curtain is then caught on rings that pass over poles, and there are no heavy cornices. The rods are about two inches thick, with pointed ends, and are of walnut, ebony, whitewood, or of brass, with rings to match. It is usual to place the rod above the window facing to make the window look long. Curtains ready made in the shops are four yards long, and it is possible to buy these of scrim, with antique insertion and narrow lace, as low as \$5 the window; the walnut rods and rings are from \$2 25 a window upward. The novelty in scrim is the introduction of stripes of color woven in, but the colored embroidery done as a border is far more effective than this. For drawing-room windows, fine qualities of scrim and of lace are used, also the square-meshed canvas grenadine curtains; with lace and insertion, the latter begin as low as \$22 a window, while those at \$50 a window are very handsome. Scrim curtains with appliqué muslin trimming in scroll designs on net are very effective, and cost \$75 a window. Madras muslin curtains are shown in a single color—écu, olive, or blue—at very low prices, such

as \$7 a window, or they may be bought by the yard as well, or in cross stripes of one color with white for \$12 a window; but those in which many rich colors like illuminated glass are seen cost from \$15 to \$30 a window. The écu Madras muslins, two yards wide, at \$1 25 a yard, or with a little color for \$2, or with richly tinted cross stripes for \$3 a yard, are an excellent choice, and the expense is easily computed when the length of the window is known. Tamboured muslin curtains are liked for country houses, and come in effective patterns for \$15 the window. Few lace curtains are sold now, except in the very fine qualities. Nottingham and other inexpensive laces are superseded by the various muslins already described. Crêpe cloths, momie-cloths, and dimities in gay colors and Oriental patterns are used in country houses and chambers instead of cretonnes. Cross stripes are liked for valances, and rich curtains are bordered across the top and bottom instead of down the inner sides. For vestibule doors, sash curtains caught back with ribbon are made of Madras muslin, or of scrim and antique lace. Striped and sprigged muslins are more used than those with polka dots, and the stripes made to represent drawn-work are still used. Écu linen shades with fringe at the bottom are used for city windows, and cost \$3 50 each for windows of average size. Green holland shades are liked for the country, where there is great glare of light. A novelty is the printed linen shades—white grounds with flowers of a single color—red, buff, blue, or drab. These are \$4 50 to \$5 a window.

BED-SPREADS AND PILLOW-SHAMS.

Color has also found its way to bed draperies, and the finest white Marseilles counterpanes now have an inner border of many colors in cretonne patterns, or else of a single color such as dull red or blue. The more showy spreads are, however, of lace over colored silk, or else silesia, and the pillow-shams are to correspond. In some instances bands, squares, and three-cornered pieces of colored Surah, or else of satin richly embroidered, are made up with squares of antique guipure lace; the latter are \$125 to \$175 a set, but those with plain satin and lace begin as low as \$18 a set of the three pieces. Very pretty écu spreads, with an antique lace square centre, then two wide bands of scrim, and two insertions of guipure, with lace on the edge, are \$12. Linen bunting spreads like the square-meshed grenadine for curtains are similarly made, or else in smaller mosaic patterns, and cost from \$33 to \$150. The solid antique guipure lace spreads—that is, all in one piece—are found for \$20 with pillow-shams to match, while those of Cluny are \$40; the shams of these sets are a yard square, while most shams measure only seven-eighths of a yard. The heavy Russian lace spreads, put together with open-worked linen and drawn-work, are among the handsomest seen, and cost, with shams, \$150.

For information received thanks are due Miss SWITZER, and Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; STERN BROTHERS; and E. A. MORRISON.

PERSONAL.

The author of *His Majesty Myself*, *Carter Quarterman*, *The New Timothy*, *The Virginians in Texas*, and various other works of fiction, Rev. WILLIAM M. BAKER, is about to re-enter the pulpit in Philadelphia.

The magnificent studio of MUNKACSY, the Paris painter, narrowly escaped destruction by fire the other day. A single picture of his is valued at forty thousand dollars.

CHARLES DICKENS not only edits the London *Cuckoo* and *All the Year Round*, but has revived *Household Words*, founded by his father, the novelist.

A drama is being prepared for presentation on the German stage which was written by King OSCAR of Sweden, and treats of an episode in one of the wars waged between Denmark and his own country.

A ten-thousand-dollar house is being built at Nantucket for Mr. CHARLES O'CONNOR.

The cemetery where many of the "Six Hundred" are buried, in the Crimea, is reported to be in a ruinous condition, with broken walls, cattle grazing on the graves, and wandering Tartars encamping within.

The Presbyterian Church gathers DON CAMERON and Secretary BLAINE into its fold.

The last of the Glastonbury sisters, JULIA E. SMITH, paid her tax this year, but under protest. A number of cows, a bank share, and eleven acres of land were seized by the collector in previous years, when she declared against "taxation without representation."

The new Spanish Minister's wife speaks English fluently.

For each of his portraits of Dr. MOMMSEN and Professor HELMHOLTZ, LUDWIG KNAUSS received ten thousand thalers.

A girl in Indiana cultivated, harvested, and threshed and sold, three hundred and fifty bushels of wheat last year. And yet women are not ready for the franchise!

At a recent fête given in Paris by the Prince de Sagan, a halberdier in Michelangelo's garments stood at the bottom of the staircase, and struck the ground in mediæval style as each guest passed.

A lovely plate design of the flower and leaf of the tulip-tree, grouped on a ground of céladon, is the work of a Western lady.

White outer walls that reflect the sun like mirrors, embattled towers, yellow and green cupolas, arabesque ceilings, rainbow-colored columns, with the invariable fountain, are some of the fine points of the palace of MOHAMMED-EL-SADOKE, Bey of Tunis, which is a wonder of Moorish architecture.

The Maine Historical Society has been presented by Professor LONGFELLOW with a portrait of himself.

When LÉON GAMBETTA, who is of Italian origin and Hebrew descent, made a speech at a state trial, half a dozen of the principal cities of France wished to be represented by him in the national Assembly. When he first appeared as

an orator in the Chamber, unwashed and unkempt, he was listened to with enthusiasm by the court and his opponents.

When Rev. MATHER BYLES saw a carriage, with the town-clerk and a selectman of Boston, stuck in the mire before his house, after he had in vain begged them to put the streets in decent condition, he saluted them, and said he was glad to see the authorities personally "stirring in the matter."

The château of Gatschina, the Czar's new home, is said to be a paradise for hunters, the wood devoted to bear-hunting being hedged in, and the bear as carefully protected as if he were in danger from the Nihilists.

The gown of Parma violet satin, with Mechlin trimmings and draperies of pinkish satin, in the portrait of the Duchesse de Lamballe, has been reproduced for Mlle. DE MAGNIER to wear in *Monte Carlo*.

The three daughters of the Princess of Wales take their music lessons at nine in the morning daily, "mamma" waking up and appearing in her dressing-gown to superintend them.

RACHEL SHERMAN, daughter of the General, is enjoying Paris in the society of the THURMANS and EVARTSES.

There are towns in Russia where letters are delivered only once a month.

The prowess of a game-cock so delighted the late Sultan ABDUL-AZIZ on one occasion that he decorated the bird with the Medjidié of the third class—something like casting pearls before swine.

At a wedding in England lately the bride paid the compliment to her husband's nationality—he belonging to County Tipperary—of having her white satin gown embroidered with pearl shamrocks.

George Eliot and Miss EDGEWORTH were both fond of chess.

WALT WHITMAN says that WHITTIER's verses are like the measured tread of CROMWELL's veterans at times.

The new portrait of TENNYSON, by Mr. MILLAIS, represents the poet holding his hat, and gazing at the spectator.

Within a few miles of Hughenden Manor, the estate of the late Lord BEACONSFIELD, is the place where MILTON finished "Paradise Lost;" Olney, where the poet COWPER lived; Hampden, where the patriot dwelt; Great Marlow, where SHELLEY was inspired; Stoke Pogis church-yard, made famous by GRAY's "Elegy," as well as his tomb; Burnham Beeches, where GROTE wrote—are all in its neighborhood.

Professor OWEN has been able to evolve the great horned dragon, with vast teeth, barbed tail, huge claws, and powerful wings, first cousin to St. George's dragon, not from his inner consciousness, but from a few fossil remains which have been sent him, and to decide that he once lived in Queensland.

Senator MILLER, of California, was a brave officer in the late war, and lost an eye. He is an Indian by birth, and a fine speaker.

THOREAU is said to have been an entertaining and companionable fellow, after all, who could play his flute, trip on the fantastic toe, when the spirit moved, and sing DIBDIN's "Tom Bowling."

The body of the Quaker philanthropist WILLIAM PENN is to be brought from Jordan Meeting-house grave-yard, England, to Philadelphia, if nobody objects.

Young women as well as young men are admitted to the Italian universities.

Each town of Roumania has begged for the privilege of supplying one jewel for the crown and insignia of King CHARLES for his approaching coronation.

The decorations in relief so much used by Japanese artists originated with KAMEJO, a female worker in bronze, of Nagasaki, who lived in 1800 or thereabouts.

Subscriptions are being taken up for a memorial window to JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, author of "Home, Sweet Home," in the church of St. Augustine, in Tunis, where he was once American consul, and where he is buried.

Ten years ago an artist, FREDERICK WALKER, advised making advertisements and play-bills beautiful, because they were "the pictures of the poor"; a movement in the same direction is suggested by Mr. HUBERT HEROMER, the Anglicized Bavarian, and Professor RICHMOND proposes, in an address at Edinburgh, that a body of artists should form a guild, and execute these pictorial advertisements themselves, for the purpose of developing art in the populace.

ÉMILE DE GIRARDIN never employed a secretary nor refused to see a caller. His brougham was painted yellow, and drawn by a large white horse, in order that he should have no trouble in finding it on coming out from receptions.

Mr. ALCOTT says that his daughter LOUISA is a philosopher, whose heroes and heroines are her ideal men and women.

A Spanish history of the United States, published at Madrid, was lately discovered by a tourist in the city of Mexico, which makes the Emancipation Proclamation refer to Indians instead of negroes, locates an incident in King PHILIP's time in the war of the Rebellion, and speaks of the characters in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as historical, while in one of the pictures President LINCOLN appears with a cabinet partly of Indian chiefs.

A curiously designed silver ring, with the inscription, "France is mourning for General FOY," in French, such as was once worn as a badge of hostility to the reign of BONAPARTE, was unearthed in a garden of Syracuse, New York, the other day.

DAGOBERT's bronze chair, gilded in places, and ornamented with panthers' heads, in which all the Carlovingian kings of France have received the oaths of their vassals, and which was borrowed by NAPOLEON I. for the purpose of distributing the first decorations of the Legion d'Honneur, at his camp in Boulogne, in 1804, has been given to the Bibliothèque Nationale.

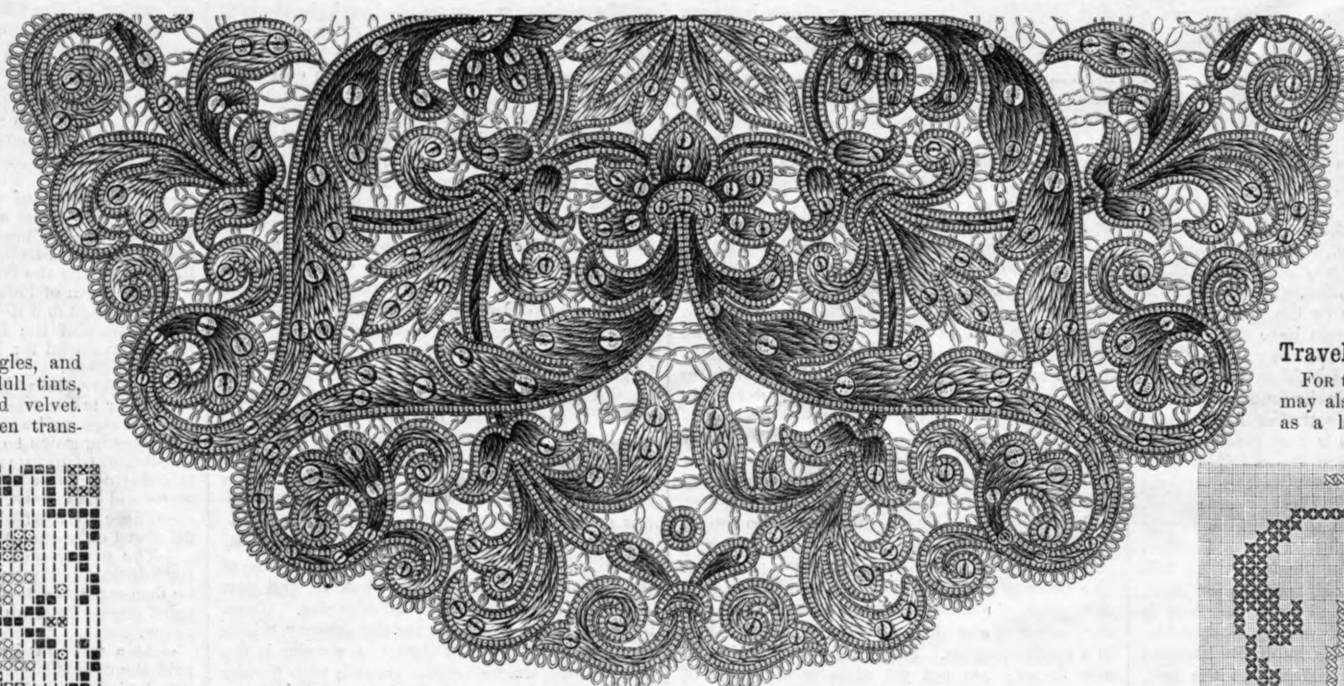
Of the one hundred and sixty-six graduates from the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania who are practicing medicine, Miss RACHEL L. BODLEY, Professor of Toxicology and Chemistry in that college, has ascertained that twenty-four are receiving as much as one thousand dollars a year, and less than two thousand; twenty as much as two thousand, and less than three thousand; ten as much as three thousand, and less than four thousand; five as much as four thousand, and less than five thousand; three as much as five thousand, and less than fifteen thousand; four between fifteen and twenty thousand; while three of the alumni had accumulated enough to allow them to retire from practice.

Monogram.—Cross Stitch Embroidery.

This monogram is worked on linen in cross stitch with embroidery cotton in contrasting colors, or in two shades of a single color.

Cover for Toilette Cushion.—Spanish Embroidery.

This cover is worked on a foundation of fine écu linen with gold thread, small gold spangles, and fine embroidery silk in dull tints, and is laid over colored velvet. After the design has been trans-



COVER FOR TOILETTE CUSHION.—SPANISH EMBROIDERY.
Designed by Madame Emilie Bach, Directress of the Vienna School of Art Needle-Work.

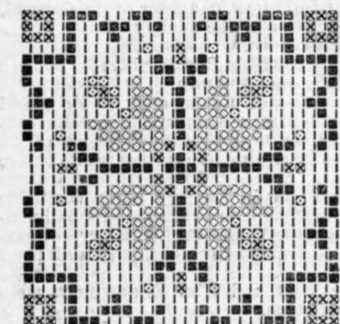


Fig. 4.—DESIGN FOR TRAVELLING PILLOW, FIGS. 1 AND 3.

Description of Symbols: ■ Dark Olive;
□ Blue; × Red; ○ Light Olive;
+ Foundation.



Fig. 1.—TRAVELLING PORTFOLIO.—CLOSED.
[See Figs. 2 and 3.]

ferred to the material, the outlines are defined with silk, and then the design figures are all edged with a double row of gold thread, button-hole stitched down on the foundation with silk.

In the course of the work the outer row of gold thread is laid at regular intervals in loops or picots, which are either fastened by a button-hole stitch in the opposite outline, or linked with one or more of the adjacent picots. The button-hole stitch edge around the central figure is worked with heliotrope, the outer edge of the four large arabesques with olive, and the inner edge with bronze, that of the leaves and stems inclosed by them with bronze, red, and blue silks, in several shades. The five leaf-shaped points of the figures which connect two

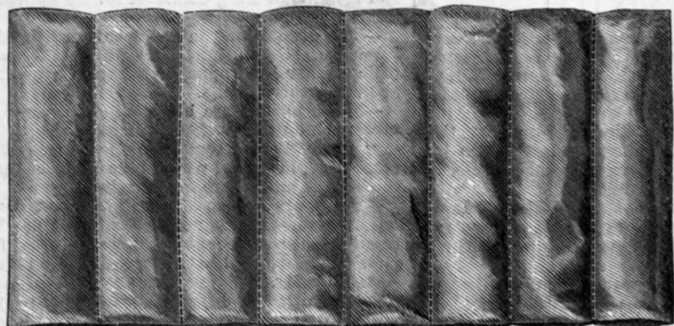


Fig. 2.—BOLSTER FOR TRAVELLING PILLOW, FIG. 1.

arabesques are edged with red silk, the centres of them with blue. The leaves on the sides of the arabesques are edged with bronze, gray, and blue silks, and the figures between them with dark red and pink in two shades of each. The surface of the design figures is embroidered in stem and in feather stitch with silk of the color used in the button-hole stitch edge, except in the case of the central figure, which is edged with heliotrope, but filled in with pink silk in two shades. The spangles are sewn down according to the illustration, after which

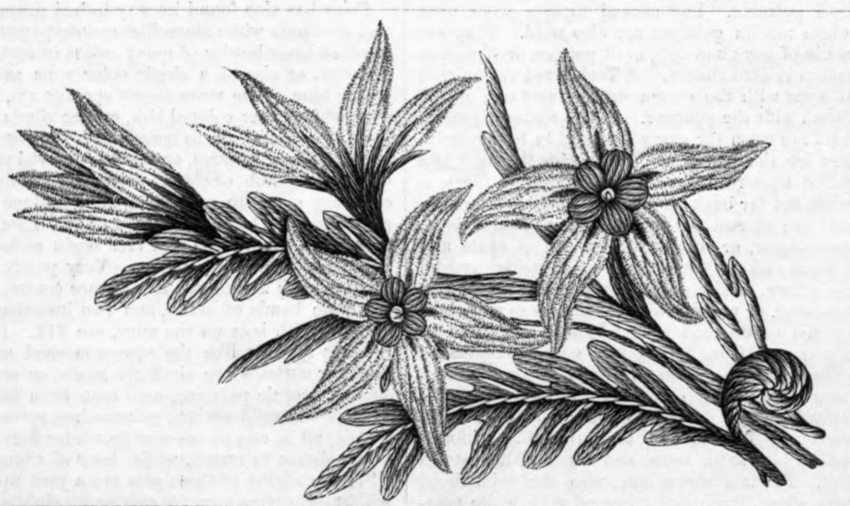


Fig. 3.—DESIGN FOR TRAVELLING PORTFOLIO, FIGS. 1 AND 2.—FEATHER AND STEM STITCH EMBROIDERY.

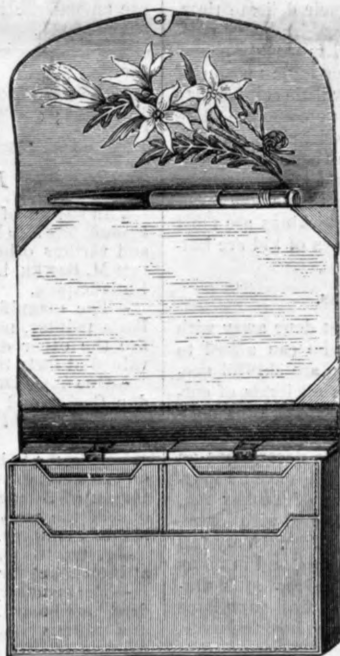
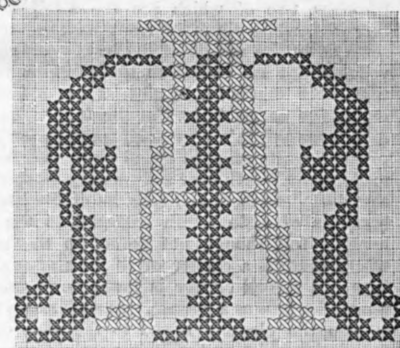
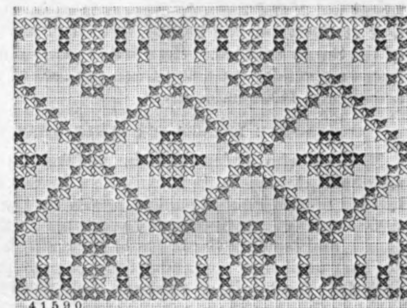


Fig. 2.—TRAVELLING PORTFOLIO.
OPEN.—[See Fig. 1.]



MONOGRAM.—CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.



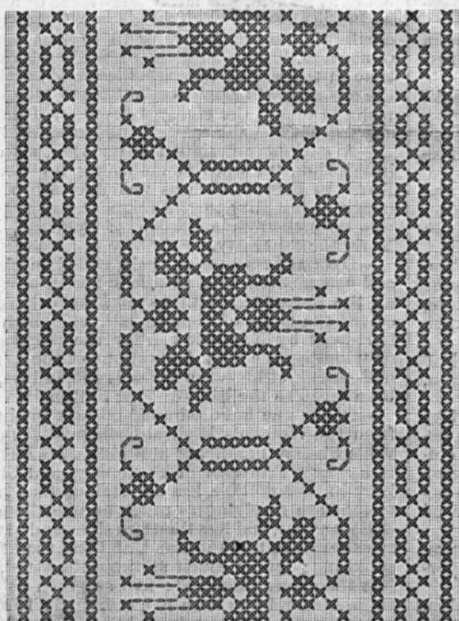
BORDER FOR TIDIES, APRONS, ETC.—CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.

twenty inches wide and forty inches long, are cut of silk or linen. The pieces are joined along one side and at both ends, and then stitched seven times at regular intervals through the double layer, forming compartments as shown in Fig. 2, which are afterward stuffed with feathers. For the outside of the case a piece of the requisite size is cut of écu diapered linen, in which canvas squares are woven, and for the inside a piece of the same size of plain écu linen. The canvas squares are embroidered in cross stitch according to Fig. 4 with cotton of the colors given in the description of symbols. The parts of the case are joined along both sides and at one end,



Fig. 3.—TRAVELLING PILLOW.—[See Fig. 1.]

leaving the other end to be furnished with buttons and button-holes. The case is edged with coarse colored cord, and handles of similar cord are attached at the ends. When the pillow is to be used as a lap robe, it is folded through the middle, and the ends of ribbon attached along the sides are tied in bows in the manner shown in Fig. 1. To convert it into a hanging pillow, it is folded through the middle once more, and the ribbons at the corners are tied together, as shown in Fig. 3.



BORDER FOR TIDY.—CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY
AND HOLBEIN-WORK.

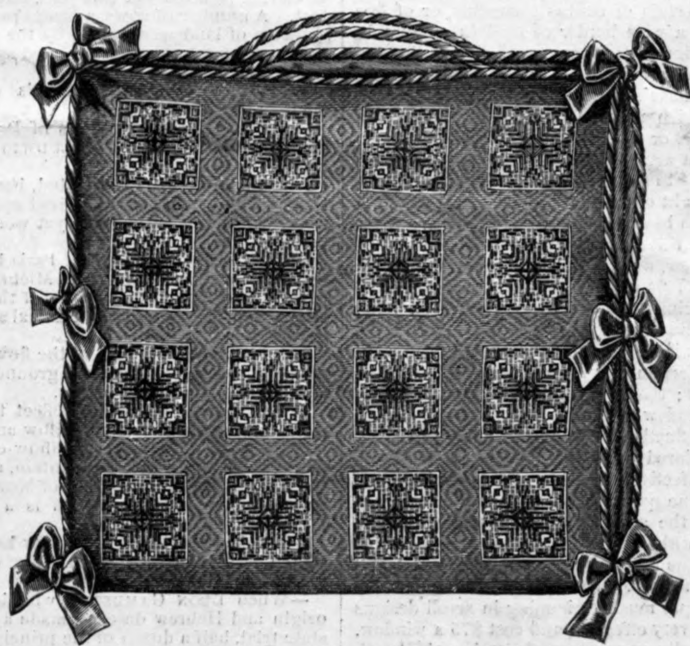


Fig. 1.—TRAVELLING PILLOW, OR LAP ROBE.—[See Figs. 2-4.]



BORDER FOR TABLE-COVERS, QUILTS, ETC.—STEM
AND CHAIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.

the linen is cut away from between the outlines of the design figures.

Border for Tidies, Aprons, etc.—Cross Stitch Embroidery.

This border is worked on linen or cotton in cross stitch, either with or without the aid of canvas basted on the material, with embroidery cotton in two shades.

Travelling Pillow, Figs. 1-4.

For this travelling pillow, which may also be spread out and used as a lap robe, two pieces, each



Fig. 1.—YOKE PRINCESSE DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 10 YEARS OLD.—[See Fig. 2.] CUT PATTERN, No. 3094; PRICE 25 CENTS.

Princesse Dress closed in the Back.

This dress is made of réséda cashmere, and is closed in the back with buttons and button-holes. The lining of the front is covered down the middle with a tucked cashmere plastron; the material on each side of this is shirred in a deep cluster at the waist, and pleated above and below. The back is pleated at the bottom, where it is joined to the skirt. The skirt is side-pleated, except on the sides, where it is covered by a panel of tucked cashmere thirteen inches wide, of the same length as the skirt. The cashmere drapery is stitched at the edges, and held down on the left side by knotted silk cords. The sleeves are trimmed with a tucked strip of cashmere and a stitched cuff and buttons. The deep sailor collar is stitched, and is hooked to the dress.



Fig. 3.—SURAH AND LACE FICHU-COLLAR.—[See Fig. 4.]



Fig. 1.—GAUZE AND LACE FICHU-COLLAR.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 2.]

Surah Satin and Chenille Cloth Mantle.

The front and back of this mantle are cut of black Surah satin, while the sleeve forms are of chenille cloth that is interwoven with gold threads. The trimming consists of Spanish lace four and seven inches wide, crimped tape and jet fringe seven inches and a half deep, and a border two inches wide of gold and jet bead embroidery on tulle.

Yoke Princesse Dress, Figs. 1 and 2.

The front and back of this dark blue cashmere dress are shirred in two clusters, one at the waist and the other at the top, where they are joined to the yoke. The yoke is covered with dark blue satin, which is slightly gathered at the upper and lower edges, and caught down on the lining at regular intervals with stitches of yellow silk in the manner shown in Fig. 2. The sleeves are shirred on the shoulder, and gathered at the wrist to a blue satin band, embroidered in

herring-bone stitch with yellow silk. The standing collar is ornamented in a similar manner. The skirt, which is joined to the bottom of the waist, is trimmed with a side-pleated flounce seven inches deep. The joining seam is concealed under a scarf eighteen inches deep, of blue and gold-colored striped wool, which is arranged in upturned folds about the dress, and forms a single long loop in the back.

Fichu-Collars, Figs. 1-5.

For the fichu-collar Fig. 1, a double band of stiff net ten inches long and an inch and a quarter wide is edged at the top and around the ends with a double ruche of pleated lace an inch and a half wide. A hood-shaped piece of white silk gauze is joined to the lower edge of the band in the back, and the point at the bottom is covered with shirred gauze in the manner shown in Fig. 2. A bias strip of gauze is folded to form the collar, which is fin-



PRINCESSE DRESS CLOSED IN THE BACK, FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 10 YEARS OLD.—CUT PATTERN, No. 3095; PRICE 25 CENTS.

Fig. 2.—GAUZE AND LACE FICHU-COLLAR.—BACK.—[See Fig. 1.]

ished by a knot in the back, and a cluster of shirring and two ends six inches long and ten inches wide in the front. The collar is trimmed with white lace two inches and a half wide.

The fichu-collar of which Fig. 3 shows the front and Fig. 4 the back is made of cream-colored Surah, which is shirred in clusters, and lace of the same shade two inches and a half wide, arranged as shown in the illustrations on a foundation band of stiff net thirty inches long.

For the collar Fig. 5, a rounded foundation of stiff net three inches deep in the back and sloped to an inch and a quarter in the front is cut, covered with white India mull arranged in folds, and edged at the bottom with white Spanish lace four inches wide. The fichu consists of two mull scarfs, each forty inches long and twenty inches wide, which are edged at the sides and one end with lace, and shirred at the other end, by which they are attached on the wrong side of the collar in the front. The scarfs are also shirred at twenty inches from the lower ends. When worn, they are crossed in the front, and held together in the back under a bow of wide striped ribbon. The neck



Fig. 5.—MULL AND LACE FICHU-COLLAR.



Fig. 4.—SURAH AND LACE FICHU-COLLAR. BACK.—[See Fig. 3.]

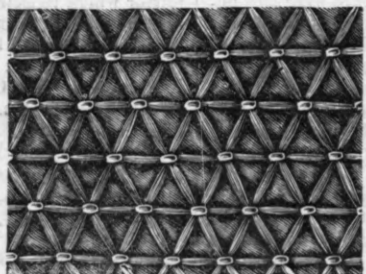


Fig. 2.—DETAIL OF YOKE PRINCESSE DRESS, FIG. 1.



SURAH SATIN AND CHENILLE CLOTH MANTLE.



SURAH SATIN AND LACE MANTLE.

is finished with a threefold box-pleated lace ruche and a bouquet.

Surah Satin and Lace Mantle.

See illustration on page 373.

The front, side forms, and back of this mantle are made of black Surah satin, lined with thin silk. The sleeve forms are cut of black net taken double, and covered with lapping rows of Spanish lace four inches wide, with a fringe of chenille and silk and jet drops falling over every other row. The bottom of the mantle is trimmed with a passementerie border seven inches wide, the points at the lower edge of it falling over a row of Spanish lace of the same width. A very full lace ruche trims the neck, and a jabot the front edge. Passementerie ornaments and satin ribbon bows complete the trimming.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 16, Vol. XIV.]

THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

By MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

AUTHOR OF "ALL OR NOTHING," "THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE," "A GOLDEN SORROW," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

WITH THE PRINCE.

THERE was an unusual gravity about the look and demeanor of the master of the house when Helen saw him at breakfast next day. She had not seen either him or his wife in the interval, for they dined out; and she met him with the resolution she had taken unchanged. Her intention was to write to him, for she did not believe herself capable of saying what she wanted to say; but the change in his look and manner made her feel that something was coming, and she hastily resolved to speak if the opportunity offered. The meal was served according to the English custom, and during its course Helen had an uneasy sense that there was something in her companion's mind as unusual as the purpose that was in her own. He waited, however, until she was about to leave the room, according to custom, and then he asked her to remain and listen to what he had to say to her. She resumed her seat, turned very pale, and nervously fingered a fork, but she said never a word. Mr. Townley Gore had seldom faced any task so unpleasant to him as the present. He deserved no little credit, all things considered, for undertaking it.

"I am afraid," he said, "you were annoyed yesterday by my wife's refusal to let you visit your friend?"

He paused, but Helen made no reply and no sign.

"I thought she might have explained her meaning and given her reasons more fully, and so I have undertaken to do so for her, as she dislikes anything like controversy, and her wishes on a point of the kind must be final. Of course you feel that?"

"I suppose so. I don't want to go against them," said Helen, in a trembling voice.

"That's right."

Mr. Townley Gore felt ever so much more comfortable. This tiresome girl, with her impossible friendships, had nothing of the rebel about her, at any rate.

"You must not take her decision for a personal unkindness; you do not understand things of this kind, and what she meant was that a school friendship with a person in a class of society so inferior to your own could not possibly last beyond your school days, and that I am sure the young person you mentioned would thoroughly understand. She would neither expect that you would visit her nor blame you for the impossibility. You may be sure if this Miss—Miss—"

"Jane Merrick."

"Miss Jane Merrick knows, as I presume she does, that my wife is one of her aunt's customers, she will be perfectly prepared to see or hear nothing of you."

"She does not know I am in Paris."

"So much the better; that makes it all right. She never need know it, and we may dismiss the subject." His tone was quite airy. This was getting through his task very easily. "I have only to give my wife an assurance on your part that you will strictly attend to her wishes." He took up that morning's *Figaro* as a signal that she was free to leave the room, but Helen rose from her place opposite, and going up to him, laid a detaining touch upon his arm.

"Stay," she said; "let me speak to you. I too have something to say."

He looked up at her flushed and eager face, at the slender upright figure, and the hands now linked together—an action which brought her father back to the memory of his old companion through all the intervening years with a strange distinctness and a very curious sensation, one to which he was utterly unaccustomed; the sensation of a sharp and serious misgiving passed over him.

"I don't know how to tell you," she went on, "without seeming to be what I am not—ungrateful for your kindness, and unworthy of it—but I must. I wish to go away. Pray, pray let me go without trouble, without blame to any one."

Mr. Townley Gore stared at her in profound amazement, and pushed back his chair, as if for the purpose of getting a better look at her.

"Let you go! Go where? What for? What do you mean?"

"Let me go away altogether. I am not happy here, and I am doing nothing. I am no use, no pleasure, no comfort, to any one. I want to go away. I know that you are very good to me, and I am sure I am to blame, but indeed, indeed, I can not live on here."

His good-looking face darkened, and he muttered something unpleasant between his teeth, as

Helen put her hands before her face and sobbed. He had known that his scheme was not answering, but he had not suspected its failure to be so bad as this.

"What is the matter?" he asked, sternly. "Does any one ill-treat you? Do you want for anything?"

He glanced at her dress; it was simple and plain, the deep mourning that it was still proper for her to wear. He knew she had a good room, and there was no lack in his house of the comfortable, on a scale that was highly luxurious compared with her former experience; what could be the matter with this tiresome girl? Caroline's temper, most likely; that was not pleasant, no doubt. She did not always so control it as to make it pleasant for him, and he preferred not to speculate upon what it might be for other people; but Helen must put up with it like those other people; she was a fool to quarrel with her bread and butter in such a fashion as this. She did not answer his questions; she only sobbed, so he repeated them:

"Does any one ill-treat you? Do you want for anything?"

"Nobody. Nothing," she faltered; "but I am very, very unhappy; it is my own fault, I know. You ask me if I want for anything; I do not, that I can explain; but I know what is in my own mind about myself, and I want to go away, and earn for myself. I am too much here, and too little; I am not a friend, and not a servant; and I can not, no, I can not bear it." She made a strong effort, controlled herself, checked her tears, and went on more calmly. "I am not too young to understand things, and nothing is explained to me. I am very unfortunate, for nobody likes me, except one person, in all the world, and now I must never see her again, if I stay here, and so I would rather, much rather go. But it is not only on account of that, I know it would be better. Mrs. Townley Gore does not like me; I have not been able to please her, and I don't think you can imagine how unhappy that makes me."

There was such downright indisputable truth in what Helen said that her hearer did not dream of contradicting her. Nor, little as he understood the feelings of the girl, did he think it would be exactly the thing for him to say to her in so many words what he distinctly thought, *i. e.*, that she was a fool to care whether his wife liked her or not, so long as she was well off in a comfortable house, with all the chances afforded by such a position of being enabled one day to leave it for as good a one of her own; for he could at least perceive that Helen's pride was in arms; he took, therefore, a ready and decisive course.

"My dear," said he, using, to the astonishment of Helen, a familiar tone which had never previously been addressed to her by him, and placing her in a chair, with a quiet but decided movement, "do not excite yourself and worry me by entering into any further explanations. I don't know, and I don't want to know, anything about how you and my wife get on or do not get on together; that is your affair and hers, and I can not interfere or make myself responsible. You tell me you are to blame, and I am sorry for it. That is the sentimental side of the question; now let us come to the practical side. You talk very glibly about going away, and earning for yourself, and it is excusable at your age that you should talk such nonsense."

Helen started, and was about to protest; he stopped her with a slight gesture.

"Hear me out," he continued. "I know it sounds like sense to you, and you may have had Heaven knows what notions of heroism and self-help and so forth put into your head at school; but, from what I have seen of you, I should think you have very little of the heroic, even of the mock-heroic, that is the last fact of the hour, about you, and that you would be a very, very bad hand at helping yourself. I don't mean to be unkind in saying this; quite the contrary. Now here you are, in a comfortable home, under safe protection, the protection your father desired for you; and what do you complain of? What is it you want to get away from? You fancy we don't like you. Well, we are not romantic people, certainly, and my wife is a little difficult, but I don't think I am."

"No, no; indeed you are not."

"That's well; at least I have always meant well to you, and you might not find other people a bit easier to get on with than we are. This is the plain common-sense of the matter so far. Now we come to your notions of what you want to do. Will you tell me what they are?"

"Yes," said Helen, "I will; and though I know all you say is kind and true, I still hope you will let me do what is in my mind." And then with some flutter and incoherence at first, but settling down as she proceeded to a clear-enough narrative, she repeated to Mr. Townley Gore the offer which Jane Merrick had made her just before his own arrival at the Hill House, and declaring that she knew her friend would redeem her promise at any time, she entreated him to allow her to adopt the humbler way of life, in which she could be happier and more independent.

The prosperous gentleman heard what this unaccountable girl had to say with decidedly uncomfortable feelings. One thing was clear to him—his wife had treated Helen worse than he had suspected; and how this could be remedied or prevented in the future was a question that opened up dismal vistas of difficulty, and that particular necessity which he most disliked, the necessity for giving his mind to other people's business. Again, whatever the remedy for the state of affairs, it could not be that which the interpolated and very inconvenient member of his household proposed: however she was disposed of, or was permitted to dispose of herself, the daughter of Herbert Rhodes should not leave his house for that of his wife's milliner.

"Very nice and well meant of Miss Merrick," he said, when Helen paused, "and just the sort of thing that two inexperienced girls might talk about and no harm be done, but not to be practically thought of for a moment. I need go no farther than your own words to show you that you object to dependence upon me, your father's friend; how do you reconcile yourself to dependence on a person not in your own class of life and a stranger?"

"I should not be dependent for long; I could learn to be of use; and besides," she blushed, and grew greatly confused here, "there's my own money; I could pay something for myself; and I—"

"Your own money, my dear, I deeply regret to tell you, must not enter into your calculations. It is not available for any such purpose."

"Why? Is it not quite my own?" Miss Jerdane told me it was."

"Miss Jerdane believed what she told you; but she was mistaken. Your little fortune is in my hands, and nothing could induce me to allow you to dispose of any part of it in a way which I should so entirely disapprove."

With increasing embarrassment, Helen still insisted:

"Pray forgive me; I don't mean any disrespect; I only want to understand. I saw the lawyer's first letter to Miss Jerdane, and there was nothing about you in it; not even your name."

"That makes no difference in the fact, as I tell it to you. You can not dispose of, you can not get possession of, the money without my consent. Come, my dear, let us make an end of this. Don't be fanciful and foolish; make the best of things that are not so bad, after all, and try to be more cheerful and pleasant."

He now rose, with so decided an appearance of terminating the interview that Helen was helpless; he did not seem to expect a rejoinder to what he had last said, or any promise or assurance; indeed, he presently settled the matter by walking out of the room.

The want of the faculty of looking at things from other people's point of view is a prolific cause of evil in this world. Mr. Townley Gore was deficient in that faculty, and he did serious harm to Helen in consequence. Could he have formed any adequate idea of what the girl had suffered, and of the spirit of revolt that his treatment of her appeal had awakened, he might have been moved to a line of conduct which would have changed all her future history. As it was, he merely thought of the affair as a worry happily got rid of, at all events for the present.

As for Mrs. Townley Gore, she was neither more nor less disdainfully indifferent to Helen, neither more nor less affected by the consciousness that she had trampled on the girl's heart than usual. But Helen, learning in her misery and helplessness to use her perceptive faculties, guessed that Mr. Townley Gore had not told his wife anything about her appeal to him.

"I went to the wrong person," thought poor Helen; "if I had had the courage to appeal to her, she would have made him let me go, and take my money with me; she would have been too glad to get rid of me to lose the chance. She would not have minded my leaving her house for Madame Morrison's; it would have meant her being relieved of me forever. Little does he think the pains she takes to let every one know I am only a poor pensioner."

Helen sat at the window of her room that clear sunshiny afternoon, watching the tide of carriages rolling by, and going over and over again what Mr. Townley Gore had said to her. She had made him no promise; her mind was not changed; she would only yield so far as keeping away from Jane while they remained in Paris was concerned. Afterward she would write and tell her everything—the strange difficulty about her money included—and ask her for help.

A few days later it seemed as though Helen would find an earlier opportunity of consulting her friend than she had anticipated, for a circumstance occurred that threatened to recall Mr. and Mrs. Townley Gore to England. This was the illness of Mrs. Townley Gore's former guardian, an elderly gentleman whom Helen had seen a few times at the house in Kaiser Crescent, and to whom she was painfully conscious Mrs. Townley Gore had represented her position in the light that was so hurtful to her pride and her feelings.

Mr. Horndean had never taken any notice of her beyond the barest civility, and she had instinctively avoided him. She could not help wondering that Mrs. Townley Gore, whom she knew to be a model of philosophy in the matter of the misfortunes of her friends, should be so much disconcerted by the news of Mr. Horndean's illness; but a short conversation which took place in her presence partially explained the reason.

"We shall have to return at once if he gets worse," said Mr. Townley Gore.

"Of course," assented his wife. "Could there have been anything more provoking? Just as Paris is worth living in again. I am sure I never believed it could be, under these wretched creatures. That is the best of the French, however: they can keep themselves clear of their political pitch, and fit for us to associate with." Mrs. Townley Gore looked complacently at the great mirror which reflected her elegant figure, and at a *guéridon* beside her, laden with cards and invitations. "It will be inexpressibly annoying if we are hurried back to London. I shall impress it strongly on Mrs. Grimshaw that she is not to croak too much; I must remind her of the false alarm last year."

"Be cautious in what you say, Caroline; a false alarm last year makes it all the more likely this one may not be false. I suppose they have written to Torton?"

"She does not say," said Mrs. Townley Gore, glancing over the letter written by Mr. Horndean's housekeeper. "And if they have not, I can not do it for them, for I have not the remotest idea where he is."

"Indeed!" said her husband, uneasily. "It may be very unfortunate if there's any difficulty in getting at him. You had better ask Mrs. Grimshaw the question."

After this nothing more was said for a week, when Mrs. Townley Gore observed to her husband that if on the following Monday the news of Mr. Horndean should be favorable, they might reckon on another month of dear, delightful Paris.

The news of Mr. Horndean was favorable, and the "turn for the better," reported by his housekeeper to Mrs. Townley Gore, enabled that lady to apply herself with the additional satisfaction of a good conscience to the enjoyment of Paris. She troubled herself even less than usual about Helen; but she had taken Mr. Townley Gore's suggestion that something should be done to amuse her in very good part.

"Miss Rhodes is not much more amusing than the Grand Monarque, of whom my dear old Marquise de Hautlieu talks as if she had known him in her childhood," she observed; "but I will send her to the picture-galleries. Of course in her deep mourning she can't go 'out,' even if it would be quite fair to the poor girl to take her."

Mr. Townley Gore was fain to be content; that tone was unanswerable.

The month of anticipated delights is within a week of its close, and Paris has become as dear and delightful to the neglected and disdained "young person in whom Mr. Townley Gore takes an interest," as to his handsome and admired wife herself. This change has taken place unperceived by either Mr. or Mrs. Townley Gore; the former does not care enough for Helen to note the alteration in the tone of her voice when she speaks, in the expression of her fair face when she is silent; the latter, though she hates her, does not study her with the close attention of dislike. She is too insignificant for that, a thing of too small account; ready at hand when her enemy chooses to vent her temper on her, but not worth thinking about as an antagonist. So the girl becomes more and more lovely every day, the tea-rose color deepens in her cheek, the lambent light deepens in her eyes, the delicate lips curve with a proud, tender smile, the tall slender figure is held more upright, and the subdued languidness of its movements has given place to supple grace, and the light-footedness that befits her blooming girlhood. The days are no longer dreary, nor the waking hours of the night care-laden. When Helen thinks of her father now, it is not with pain and terror as forever lost to her; it is as losing her and looking at her from some fair unknown world, from whence he has sent her comfort. Perhaps, Helen thought, it was this Jane Merrick meant when she used to talk to her about the grace of God, and very present help from heaven. The hours of her solitude were not hours of weariness now; and the sense of neglect and disdain, though it was still present and always justified, had comparatively little pain in it.

Had there been any one to ask the question: What was the interpretation of this change? the answer would not have been far to seek.

Into the life of Cinderella had come the Prince.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 12, Vol. XIV.]

WOMEN ARE STRANGE.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY," "POOR HUMANITY," "COWARD CONSCIENCE," ETC.

"Les femmes sont si étranges."—PAILLERON.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CLARA BIDS GOOD-BY TO HER MOTHER.

LEAVING Mrs. MacAlister to explain the position, so far as it was in her power, to Colonel Darrell, let us see for ourselves what is going on in that up-stairs room to which we have more than once, somewhat unwillingly, conducted our readers. All that has preceded the revelation to the father need not be dwelt upon here; it will be sufficiently shadowed forth in this meeting between mother and daughter to which we now stand witnesses.

They are together—two strange women enough, or our pen has failed to depict their idiosyncrasies. The crisis has arrived, and they are face to face; for the last time this that they will ever exchange words, little as they reckon of it, for all the reproaches of one, the resolution of the other.

Mrs. Cuthbert—we will call her by her stage name to the end of our brief chronicle—is sitting up, with more animation in her manner than we have witnessed hitherto; and Clara Darrell is by her side, sitting on the edge of the same couch, and holding the thin, hot hands in hers, until they are torn away from her. The eyes of the elder woman are full of wrathful fire; the fate before her she meets with some amount of courage, if this be not bravado, the mere histrionic clap-trap born of early training in the art dramatic.

"It is all a plot!" she cries. "You sent the woman here—you and that father of yours; I'm sure of it."

"I did not know she was in the house until she came from you to me. I did not expect her," is the daughter's answer.

"Ah! it is all very fine to say so."

"You do not believe me, then?"

"No, I do not believe you," replies the mother.

"Who are you, after all, that I should take your words for gospel? What have I ever seen of you?"

"Not much. But that has not been my fault."

"Oh, that's it!—taunt away," she cries. "It's very fine to fling my weakness at me, not knowing the hard life, the hard words, I have had to put up with from your wretch of a father. I hate him—I curse him—there!"

Mrs. Cuthbert is excited in good earnest now; she raises the hands, which she had torn away from her daughter's, high in the air, like a witch prophesying evil; her frame is trembling very much; the decanter at her elbow is empty of the spirit it contained.

"He has been a good father to me; he would have been to you the best of husbands," says Clara, shuddering. "He is so generous, so kind a man."

"I have told you I don't believe a word you say," the mother answers, quickly and defiantly. "Some day you will, I hope," responds Clara, sadly. "And now tell me what you want with me."

"Nothing," is the sullen answer.

"You sent for me. Aunt Martha bade me come at once," Clara Darrell says.

"She speaks the truth, though she is a Darrell," replies Mrs. Cuthbert. "She tells me of the misery I shall be to you—of the unhappiness I am preparing for you—of the easy task for me to say 'Good-by,' lest the father should be set against the child. As if I care for that!"

"What else?"

"I don't know what else," she answers, fretfully, "except she preached, and flung her Bible texts at me, as saint pelt sinner always, and talked of my repentance. God knows what else. Don't ask me."

"There is something else—tell me what it is," Clara demands.

"I don't remember—I am confused somehow," is the reply. "It's like a dream altogether, that woman's coming here. But it's my duty to tell you to get away from me, she says. I never did my duty. But you can go; I am plague-stricken."

"Shall I tell you what I have thought and hoped about you?" asks Clara, very gently.

Mrs. Cuthbert regards her doubtfully, and then shakes her head.

"Don't worry me," she pleads.

"They are only a few words."

"They are quite unnecessary," is the reply. "They say it is best you should go with your father, and they know what is best so much better than I do, or ever did. They are such wise and virtuous women, both of them!"

"Mrs. MacAlister—and my aunt?"

"Yes."

"They see more clearly than you and I, for they are less interested," says Clara. "But you saw it too a few moments since?"

"I told your father's sister so—it got rid of her more quickly," replies the mother.

"Then you would have me remain with you, devoting my life to yours, tending to your wants, assisting, so far as lies in my power, to relieve your malady, trying to teach you by degrees to look back upon your past with that true sorrow which leads to penitence? Say that, then."

Clara Darrell waits eagerly for the response.

"Which leads to the mad-house," comes the reply at last. "Oh, none of that for me. I'm not sorry; I have been happy enough; I have had nothing to grieve over in all my life."

"I don't think I believe you now," says Clara, sorrowfully. "I thank Heaven all this is untrue."

"I wish you would go," the mother mutters. "There's your father waiting down stairs. What will he think of his fine daughter's talking up here with so vile a wretch as I am?"

"Yes, I will go," replies Clara.

"Ah! you are in a terrible hurry," she exclaims, "now you are found out. Your father is rich, and will disinherit you for disobedience. I'm only a—"

"Hush! hush! I will come again, when you are better able to listen to me and hear reason. You are not yourself to-day," reproves Clara. "This is not the mother I would have taught to love me."

"Oh, don't flatter yourself, madam. I should have never loved you. You are much too stuck-up for me," says Mrs. Cuthbert, spitefully. "Not the mother, then, let me say, whom I was trying hard to love."

"Why?" asks the other, curiously.

"Just because she is my mother—that's all," is the mournful answer.

Mrs. Cuthbert does not reply to this at once. She sits and stares at her daughter for a while. Then she covers her face suddenly with her hands, and moans like a dumb beast in direful agony. When Clara Darrell leans over her and attempts to touch her, she wrenches herself sideways from her, and then with the effort sinks back prostrate on the couch.

"Tell me I can do good by staying," Clara urges—"that I may be of use, and I will ask him to let me remain. I will stop, if you wish. My word upon it!"

"I don't wish," she murmurs, faintly; "I want you gone. You will kill me if you stop. You have become a frightful woman. I am afraid of you."

"Shall I go now?"

"Yes, please."

"Shall I come again, presently, with his permission, and when there are no more secrets in our midst?" she inquires.

"No—don't come again."

"Oh, mother!"

"I can't be upset any more. I'm not strong. You had no right to tell me who you were, and make me think like this," she murmurs. "I—I didn't want to think about it."

"I wanted to see you—to speak to you," says Clara. "I had no remembrance of a mother."

The thin lips of the listener quiver very much, before the hands steal up once more to the face.

"Will you go?" the muffled voice inquires again.

"Yes. But to return—presently."

"Ah! presently."

"When I am stronger—when you are stronger," says Clara; "then I will come. This is not

like a parting forever—you must not think that."

"But it is."

"No, no."

"And I'm glad of it, too," cries the voice angrily again. "I hope to God I sha'n't see you any more."

"I will write to-morrow—every day."

"I shall burn everything you send me."

"I don't think you will."

"You've nothing to do with my life. You have chosen between your father and me, and there's an end of it."

"I pray to Heaven, only the beginning."

"Oh! I don't know what you mean."

"Good-by, then. Let me kiss you, mother, now."

But the hands are held very tightly over the face, and Clara can not get them from it. She kisses the long, bony fingers instead, and whispers something in her ear that is of prayer and promise both, and then passes away with much sorrow at her heart.

She has made her choice wisely, despite of all these vain regrets: Martha Darrell has, after all, taught her where her duty lies. Between the father alone in the world and the mother who left him alone there is no real or honest choice.

For the mother's sake—for the mother's better life's sake—she would have remained; but that life is in shadow, and the mother is not of the stuff of which penitents are made. She is of the stage, stacy—and will keep so to the end. It is the fate of more strange women than Mrs. Darrell—and, God help us, of more men too—to fight hard for the evil when the good is within hand's-reach, and can be plucked like a sweet flower from its stem.

They have said good-by, mother and daughter. The parting is final, if only half complete. They will exchange no further words this side of the boundary line drawn by the Great Hand. It is over.

Mrs. Cuthbert lies there with her hands before her face till the sound of carriage wheels in the street without strikes upon her listening sense, then she sits up quickly, with a white wan face smeared with the red of the artist, and listens eagerly. There is talking in the street without, and she slides, with a rapidity at which she marvels presently, from the couch to the floor, and totters feebly to the window, where she stands upright—as she has not done for years before—and with her fingers clutching at the window-frame.

Mrs. MacAlister enters, but she does not see her, does not hear her when she calls her name. It is only when the old actress is at her side, with her hands resting lightly on her shoulder, that she is conscious of who has come into the room.

"You shouldn't be standing here; it is rash," is the warning kindly conveyed to her.

"It is a miracle," she answers. "See how strong I am, Sophie, after all."

"You have borne this parting well."

"Well! Why, I have only known the girl about a fortnight," she cries. "Don't let us have any more sentimental nonsense about that."

"No, it's not much use," is the dry response.

"Keep sentiment for the foot-lights, you."

"And you?"

"Sentiment was never in my line."

"Never."

"I was a light comedienne—very light, Sophie," she says, with a hideous little laugh; but the straining eyes are not turned away from the street below, and the finger-nails seem dug into the window-frame in their tenacity of clutch.

"I would not stand here," says Mrs. MacAlister; "you are risking your life."

"What's it worth?"

"They will look up and see you. Clara is sure to look up," says Mrs. MacAlister.

"I don't care," the mother replies. "They're nothing to me, any of them. I shall stand here as long as I like."

"Very well. Lean on me when you're tired," remarks the other.

"I'm not tired. There they go, all three of them. He has not altered much," says Mrs. Cuthbert, half enviously, half pathetically. "Good God! how little the man has changed, to be sure! Whilst I—"

She shrinks suddenly away.

"What is the matter?" asks Sophie MacAlister. "I thought he was going to look up," she mutters; "I shouldn't like him to see me such a hag as this."

"Pray come away."

"Let me be," she cries, reverting to her old position. "He won't look up, he knows too well I'm here. But if she does not—if she does not, mind you, Sophie—I'll never forgive her to the last day of my life."

"Never mind that," says Sophie, bluntly. "Has she forgiven you?"

"You—you have no right to ask me such a question. You're as bad as the rest," cries Mrs. Cuthbert; "and when you want to borrow any money again, ask some one else to help you, not me. And—there, she is looking up at me, and smiling. She is waving her hand. Oh, God bless her! God help me! what shall I do?"

She turns and puts her arms around the actress's neck in a child-like fashion very new to her, and cries upon her shoulder, but like a heart-broken woman rather than a child. As the cab wheels are heard rolling away toward the Strand, Mrs. MacAlister leads her to her old rest upon the couch, and whispers to her, "Courage."

She looks up defiantly again.

"Dutch courage, you mean," she exclaims, hysterically. "Give me some more brandy, there's a good Sophie."

"Not yet."

"Then go away. I am tired out. Let me sleep."

"Yes, sleep is about the best thing for you at present, if you can sleep," adds Mrs. MacAlister, as she walks softly from the apartment.

CHAPTER XXV.

SPLATTERDASH'S BENEFIT.

THE benefit night had come at last, and the chance of retrieving the fallen fortunes of Octavius Splatterdash by liberal subscriptions and extensive patronage was at hand. Thanks to Mrs. MacAlister, who had taken up the cause of the unlucky Splatterdash with considerable energy, the actors and actresses were many who had responded to a call to the rescue, and the programme was lengthy and attractive. No one had particularly admired Splatterdash when he was head of affairs, and browbeat everybody in his power, and lived up to the rate of ten thousand a year, when he was not losing more than five thousand; but they were all ready to help him, after the custom of gay, forgiving, warm-hearted, devil-may-care Bohemia.

The house was crowded. It was in Lent, when the theatres are generally half closed or half filled, and there were not many disappointments at the last moment from artistes of repute. Everybody was going to play in something or other; Wigginton and March were coming from the Gwynne; Harvey Grange would play late, after his own "extraordinary conception" of *Timon of Athens*; and Clara Galveston would make her last appearance on any stage as Juliet to his Romeo, in the balcony scene, and with lime-light effects. There was a little doubt about Miss Galveston; she had not been seen or heard of since her hasty departure from Mrs. MacAlister's—"She was always hooking it off from somewhere or other," said Splatterdash—and her part had been understudied by Miss Rose Limpet, who was the only person in town who sincerely trusted Miss Galveston would not present herself at the stage-door in due course.

Poor Splatterdash had told a great many lies about the Galveston: she was sure to come; she had promised him; she had written to him by every post. Harvey Grange had assured him it was all right—Harvey Grange, who was as much in the clouds as Splatterdash himself as to Clara's intention, although he had seen her a week since, one Sunday down in Derbyshire, by especial invitation of Colonel Darrell.

The house was very full, and there were red faces enough in the pit and gallery to cheer the heart of any manager; the dress circle had come early, and the stalls were nearly filled before the rising of the curtain.

"What a 'ouse!" said Splatterdash, after peeping at it from his side of the foot-lights. "By Jingo! if I'd had this lot for a week or two last year, I shouldn't have wanted budging up like this. I say, old fellow, do you see those four empty stalls in the middle of the fourth row?" he asked of little March, who was at his elbow.

"Yes—what of 'em? Who's coming?" Not Lord Southside, to scowl at rising talent, and pitch over sterling genius!" said March, savagely.

Lord Southside had intimated to Messrs. Wigginton and March that he should put no more money into the empty coffers of the Gwynne, and that a small amount of what he had contributed thereto he should be glad to see back as soon as convenient.

"No; bother Lord Southside," said Mr. Splatterdash.

"So say I."

"Two of them are Colonel Darrell's stalls. Harvey Grange picked them out himself, and would have them exactly in the centre, and next to his father's two, which are empty also. I should like to see them filled," said Splatterdash; "it would make me sure of Galveston. It would make my heart light, sir."

"One never was sure of Galveston," replied March, with a sickly smile; "she left me in the lurch just as my piece from Paris was taking a turn. We spent five hundred pounds on Dresden china in that piece, Splatterdash."

"I should have spent it on brains," said a voice at their side.

"Oh, Mr. Grange, so glad you are here!" said Splatterdash.

"I am going back in an instant to my house."

"But you—"

"Will be there to time. I have only looked in to tell you that Clara Galveston will play to-night."

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Splatterdash. "Come into my room and have a bottle of fizz."

"No, thank you."

And away hurried Ernest Archstone again; and about the same time Colonel Darrell and his sister Martha were shown into their places in the stalls. Martha Darrell had resolved to accompany her brother; she was not fond of theatres in Lent—she was not fond of theatres at all, and had had much unnecessary and adverse criticism to bestow upon them; but she had come "to please her brother Leonard" partly, and partly because Selina and Rebecca had aggravated her by expressing their surprise at her intentions. There was a third reason, but she had not confessed to it—Alderman Archstone was coming, Ernest had said, and his two stalls were next to Colonel Darrell's. She thought that she should like to see Alderman Archstone again—a pleasant, amiable gentleman, courteous to a degree, and extremely deferential to the fair sex. A nice man, for all her brother Leonard's contemptuous opinion of him.

"I hate coming early," said the Colonel, when he had settled himself in his stall, and Martha had looked round her very nervously, to see if any part of the edifice was already in flames; "but Ernest wished it."

"I suppose the Alderman is coming early too, Leonard."

"Oh! if that's it, I'll go and walk about the lobbies until the balcony scene begins," said the Colonel; "I can't stand that old man all the evening."

But Alderman Archstone and the friend who was to occupy the second stall did not appear before the first piece was over.

Mrs. MacAlister was expected to deliver an address next: the celebrated Mrs. MacAlister—"the rage" of five-and-twenty years ago—the one lady of the stage whom the old stagers still swore by. There was a buzz of expectation in the house before her appearance, and the whole place was ringing with cheers as she advanced quietly and composedly to the front, escorted by Splatterdash in a brand-new evening dress, and shining like a beetle. She bowed once slightly and smiled, as much as to say, "I deserve all this, it is my right"; and Splatterdash kept bowing and taking all the credit to himself, till her low voice in his ear whispered, "Don't be a fool," when he executed another bow more clumsily, and retired in haste.

The British public was still excited and vociferous, and Alderman Archstone and a lady were scrambling toward their places in the stalls—the Alderman limping somewhat, it was noticed—when the curtains of a box were drawn a little aside, and a woman's face peered down at the newcomers and at Colonel Darrell.

Only Martha Darrell, as if attracted by some impulse, "mysterious affinity," chance, or what not, caught the flutter of the red curtain, and looked up. The face disappeared, but Martha was sure it was Mrs. Cuthbert's—as sure as she was sitting there. If so, there was another last appearance at the Theatre Royal, Kemble—and another Clara Darrell in the field.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FRANCIS V.—You will find your questions answered in the article on card etiquette in *Bazar* No. 9, Vol. X.

MATINEE.—A matinee of Surah, pale blue or white, made at home, and trimmed with inexpensive Breton lace, will not cost much, and will be pretty. A grenadine short suit, one of Louise or of dark Surah silk, and nuns' veiling, with a pretty dotted muslin dress, will take you safely through your visit at a hotel, provided you do not get conspicuous-looking dresses. A Cheviot suit for going back and forth to the beach will be necessary.

LILLIAN.—The best dressmakers use hand-sewing for shirring and for putting on bias trimmings. Stripes, blocks, and watered silks are now more stylish than black brocades for trimming black suits.

S.—Make your blue cashmere by the Grecian Polonaise pattern, No. 3062, and trim it with the brocade you now have, though stripes are more stylish. Your pink batiste should have a shirred waist with a short panier over-skirt and many bordered ruffles.

WEST VIRGINIA GIRL.—Get mull or else china silk for a June wedding dress. Have a shirred basque, surplice neck, and puffed sleeves; the front may be shirred across, and trimmed with full frills of Langue-doe lace. The train must be flowing, and finished with two or three soft puffs at the bottom. Get very dark green Surah satin, or else olive Surah, instead of navy blue satin de Lyon, for your dress, and trim it with iridescent beads. Get open-worked embroidery, or else that with polka dots, instead of lace for your linen lawn dress.

M. C. M.—The small checked silk must have a great deal of shirring on the basque and skirt, with facings of red or blue Surah. The olive would be handsome if brightened by striped satin Surah. The thin striped silk should have a pleated lower skirt, with an apron over-skirt upturned from the knees, and a box-pleated belted jacket like the shooting jacket. Black Spanish lace would trim it prettily.

MARGARET HULL.—The "regret" paper is not used by fashionable people; the only paper used by people of taste is plain paper, or, at most, the day of the week may be engraved or printed in the corner, or it may be embellished with your crest or cipher. But modern fashion is doing away with both, and uses only a plain thick sheet of cream-colored or white note, without lines. An outside envelope is always used. No lady should take a gentleman's arm on the street who is not engaged to him, unless he is an elderly person or a relative. You ask what class of persons live on a certain street. Undoubtedly all classes. Some very respectable people do live there, but no one has the privilege of Asmodeus in Paris to unroof all the houses.

Mrs. B. M. C.—A young gentleman can introduce two ladies to each other if both desire it, but it is not proper for him to do so until he has received the consent of both parties.

ELLIE.—Cheese is never served with pie at fashionable dinners. It is served with the salad, and eaten with a fork at dinner. At informal meals, like luncheon, etc., it is often taken in the fingers and eaten with bread. If served with pie, it must be in an informal manner, and can be eaten either with fingers or fork. A lady should never sign her name "Mrs. John Brown," or "Mrs. May Brown," unless in writing to inferiors. She should always sign it, "May Brown." It is proper to use her name thus in a formal invitation, "Mrs. John Brown requests the pleasure of Mrs. James Smith's company"; but it is not legal, or proper, or fashionable, to sign a note written in the first person by other than the Christian name. All first-class nations send ambassadors or ministers to every other nation.—A mother should always receive her guests; daughters never, if they have a mother, unless she be ill, and ask them to do so. In a family of grown sons and daughters, guests should always be served first, before the family.—You ask how Lady Washington got her title. Probably by courtesy, as Washington abjured all titles. Some foolish old master of ceremony at Philadelphia is accredited with using it first.

Mrs. M. D. S.—Satin Surah is most used for mantles. Black square-meshed grenadine is also used, but is generally made warm by being lined with red or green Surah.

Mrs. C. McM.—Read about black grenadine dresses in late numbers of the *New York Fashions*. Get striped moiré to combine with your black silk by any of the designs lately published in the *Bazar*.

Mrs. V. A. P.—You can buy at the notion counter of any large dry-goods store round weights of lead to be sewed in the facings on the edge of a basque to keep it in position.

S. H.—Make your linen lawn with a belted gathered waist and round skirt very full behind, and an apron on the front and side breadths. Trim with gathered ruffles of the lawn edged with Hamburg embroidery. Get brown shaded ostrich feathers, either tips or a long plume, to trim your straw hat. Gray, écar, and red, with some shades of blue, should be becoming to the brunette you describe. Make shirred belted jackets and full round skirts with one or more flounces for your girl of twelve years.



AFTER THE OPERA.—FROM A DRAWING BY LUCIEN DAVIS.

FRAMES AND FRAMING.

BY MRS. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

IV.

BEFORE describing the stitches used in frame embroidery, we will say a few words as to the frame itself, the manner of stretching the material in it, and the best and least fatiguing method of working at it.

The essential parts of an embroidery frame are: first, the bars, which have stout webbing nailed along them, and mortise-holes at the ends;

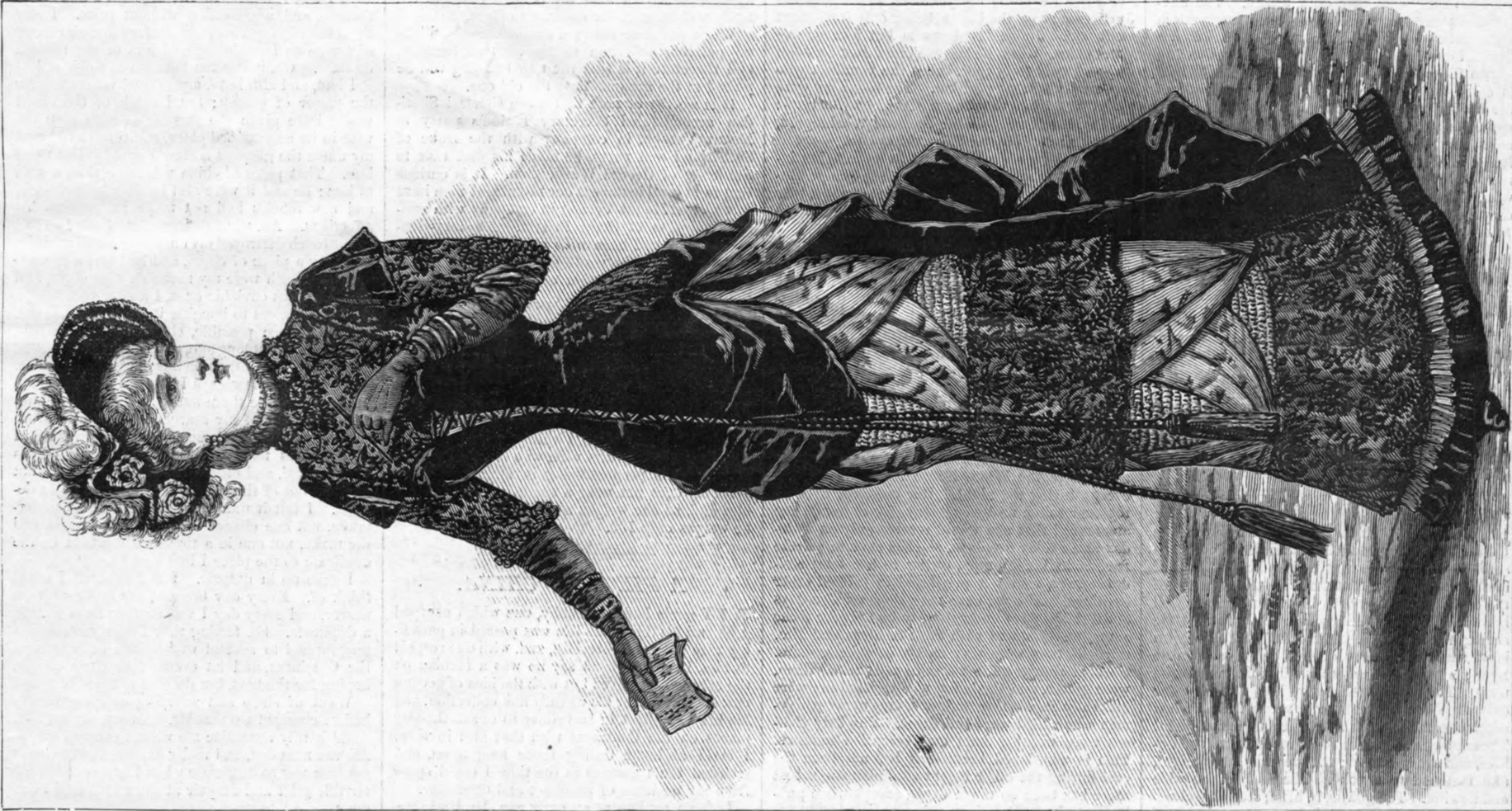
second, the stretchers, which are usually flat pieces of wood, furnished with holes at the ends to allow of their being fastened by metal pegs into the mortise-holes of the bars when the work is stretched. In some cases the stretchers are fastened into the bars by strong iron screws, which are held by nuts. In choosing a frame for a piece of embroidery, we must see that the webbing attached to the sides of the bar is long enough to take the work in one direction. Begin by sewing the edge of the material closely with strong linen-thread on to this webbing. If the work is

too long to put into the frame at one time (as in the case of borders for curtains, table-covers, etc.), all but the portion about to be worked should be rolled round one bar of the frame, putting silver-paper and a piece of wadding between the material and the wood, so as to prevent its being marked. The stretchers should then be put in, and secured with the metal pegs.

The material should have a piece of webbing stitched on to each side previous to putting it in the frame, and these should now be braced with twine by means of a packing needle, taking a

stitch in the webbing, then passing the string over the stretcher before taking the second stitch, and finally drawing up the bracing until the material is stretched evenly and tightly in the frame. If the fabric is one which stretches easily, the bracings should not be drawn too tightly.

For small pieces of work a deal hand frame, mortised at the corners, will suffice, and this may be rested on the table before the worker, being held in position by two heavy leaden weights covered with leather or baize in order to prevent them from slipping. It should be raised off the



RACING TOILETTE.

table to a convenient height, thus saving the worker from stooping over her frame, which tries the eyes, and causes the blood to flow to the head. A well-made standing frame is a great convenience, as its position need not be disturbed, and it can easily be covered up and put aside when not in use. It must, however, be very well made, and should, if possible, be of oak or mahogany, or it will warp and get out of order. It must also be well weighted to keep it steady. For a large piece of work, such as a curtain or wall-hangings, it is necessary to have a long, heavy frame, with wooden trestles on which to rest it. The trestles should be so made as to enable the frame to be raised or lowered at will.

A new frame has recently been invented, and is sold at the Royal School, which, being made with hinges and small upright pins, holds the ends of the work firmly, so that it can be rolled round and round the bar of the frame without the trouble of sewing it on to the webbing. The sides of the work are of course sewn on to webbing and braced to the stretchers as in other frames.

When a frame is not in use, care should be taken that it does not become warped from being kept in too dry or hot a place, as it is then difficult to frame the work satisfactorily.

It will be found useful to have a basket lined with silk fastened to the side of the frame to hold the silks, thimbles, scissors, etc., needed for the work. Two thimbles are used, one on each hand, and the best are old gold or silver ones with all roughness worn off, or ivory or vulcanite. The worker should wear a large apron with a bib, and a pair of linen oversleeves, tight at the wrist, to prevent the dress sleeve from fraying or soiling her work. Surgeons' bent scissors are useful for frame embroidery, but they are not necessary, as ordinary sharp-pointed scissors will answer every purpose.

When silk, satin, or velvet is not strong enough to bear the strain of framing and embroidering, it must be backed with a fine cotton or linen lining. The "backing" in this case is first framed, as described above, and the velvet or satin must then be laid on, and first fastened down with pins, then sewn down with herring-bone stitch, taking care that it is kept perfectly even with the thread of the "backing," and not allowed to wrinkle or blister. It is most important that a worker should learn to use equally both hands, keeping the right hand above the frame till the arm is tired, then letting the left take its place while the right goes below.

A cover should be made large enough to envelope both the upper and under portions of the work, and to be fastened down to the sides, so as to protect it from dust when it is not being used, and during work it should be kept over that portion of the embroidery not actually in hand.

Lastly, a good light should be chosen, so as not to try the eyes. Many materials can only be embroidered in a frame, and almost all work is best so done. A greater variety of stitches is possible, and on the stretched flat surface the worker can see the whole picture at once, and judge of the effect of the colors and shading as she carries out the design. It is the difference between drawing on stretched or crumpled paper.

Walking Costume.

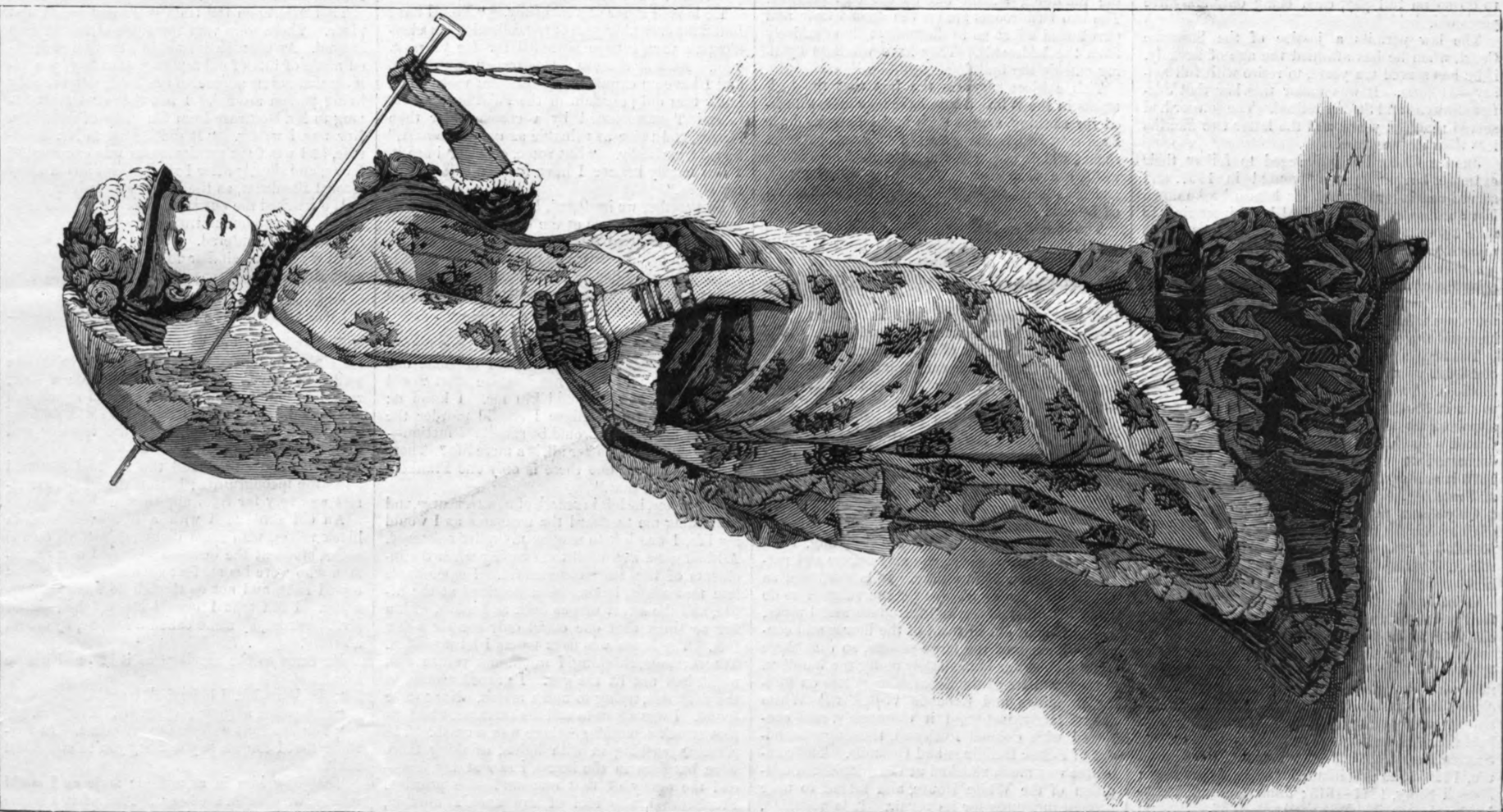
THIS costume is composed of Pompadour foulard with pink ground, trimmed with white lace and ombre moss green satin mervellex. The round skirt of satin-mervellex has two large puffs at the foot, and is otherwise plain. The foulard over-skirt edged with pleated white lace is open in front, crossing at the top, and also behind, where it is gracefully draped. The ombre satin panier is draped by the aid of two or three small hollow pleats formed in the belt; behind, this panier passes under part of the overskirt, and is lost under the basque. The high basque, cut away in front, opens over a vest of pleated satin which stops at the waist line; the back of the basque is long, is trimmed with lace, and is bouffantly arranged. The half-long sleeve has a revers cuff and a satin ruche; a similar ruche is around the neck. Rose bouquet de corsage. Long Saxe gloves. Rose Surah parasol in several shades, bordered with white fringe. Straw hat with long white feather and cluster of roses.

Racing Toilette.

THIS gay costume is of black satin and buttercup yellow satin mervellex, trimmed with black Spanish lace. The skirt of yellow satin is elaborately shirred and draped with satin scarfs; two flounces of Spanish lace are across the front, and two narrow pleatings, one black and the other buttercup-color, are around the foot. Draperies of black satin cover the back of the skirt. The long corsage of black satin is laced in front over a yellow satin vest; the lower part of the corsage is turned up on each side, beginning under the arms, and these revers are faced with yellow satin. The guimpe and sleeves are of Spanish lace. Monte Carlo hat of Tuscan straw, lined with black, and trimmed with yellow ombre ostrich plumes and red roses. Red parasol. Long black gloves.

Border for Table-Covers, Quilts, etc.

THIS border is worked on a gray cloth or flannel foundation with crewel wool and flosselle silk. The straight line along each side consists of a triple thread of dark brown crewel wool, caught down with maize silk; the serpentine line outside of it is in three shades of brown wool, caught down



WALKING COSTUME.

between the points with dark brown. The waving line along the middle is worked in stem stitch with dark olive wool, the long chain stitches branching off on each side are in light olive and brown filloselle silk. The semicircles are defined in chain stitch with blue wool along one side of the border, and with maroon on the other; the space between the two lines is filled in with a cross seam in a contrasting color. The point Russe in the blue semicircles is worked with maroon wool, that in the maroon semicircles with blue wool. This design was used on the quilt illustrated on page 356 in the last number of the *Bazar*.

Border for Tidies, Covers, etc.—Cross Stitch Embroidery and Holbein-Work.

See illustration on page 372.

THIS border is worked on linen canvas tidies, covers, and similar articles in cross and in Holbein stitch with cotton or filloselle silk. It may also be worked on cashmere and like materials by basting on strips of canvas, which are removed thread by thread when the embroidery is completed.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE recent confirmation of ex-Senator Stanley Matthews to be an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court renders opportune some remarks about that body, which may be of interest to those unfamiliar with the customs of the court and incidents in its history. As is well known, all the justices wear black gowns while sitting on the bench. The Chief Justice's gown is of satin, the others of gros grain or satin de Lyon; all are of excellent quality of the material used. The Chief Justice says he gets a new one only once in four years, and wears it first when administering the oath of office to a President. These gowns are made long, reaching to the ankles, and are quite full; the breadths are straight, and fastened to a yoke. The sleeves are wide and flowing. The gowns, in brief, resemble closely those worn in the pulpit by most ministers of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

There is a robing-room near the Supreme Court Chamber in the Capitol, in which the justices put on their gowns before going in to take their seats in court. The Chief Justice has a chair in the centre, and the justice who has served longest as a member of that august body sits on his right, and he who has served next longest on the Chief Justice's left, and so on in the order of the dates of their commissions, the two justices most recently appointed sitting on the extreme right and left.

The appointments on the Supreme Bench being for life, changes in that body have usually been rare, but within the past four years they have been frequent. From the date of Chief Justice Waite's appointment, in January, 1874, to succeed Chief Justice Chase, who had died a few months before, there were no vacancies until Justice Davis, of Illinois, resigned, in 1876, to accept a seat in the United States Senate. He was succeeded in November, 1877, by Justice Harlan, and the resignations last winter of Justices Swayne and Strong left two more vacancies, which have been filled by Justices Woods and Stanley Matthews. As two other justices—Clifford and Hunt—are in such physical and mental ill health that they can never hope again to sit with the court, it has now but two left of those who constituted it prior to 1870, when Justice Bradley was appointed. Justice Miller took his seat in 1862, and Justice Field in 1863. Both of these gentlemen are in excellent health, and have no thought of retiring, nor are they yet old enough to do so on full pay, each being only sixty-five years old.

The law permits a justice of the Supreme Court, when he has attained the age of seventy, if he has served ten years, to retire with full salary—\$10,000. It was under this law that Justices Swayne and Strong retired. The former had served nineteen years, and the latter two months less than eleven years.

Justice Clifford is privileged to follow their example, having been appointed in 1857, and served continuously until his health broke down last autumn, after his arrival here, intending to take his seat with the court as usual; but he is understood to be unable to write his resignation, and there is no law to enforce the retirement of a justice of the Supreme Court on account of age or infirmities. Justice Hunt will not have served ten years until December, 1882, so, if he resigned, he could not have his salary continued.

The Supreme Court at its first session, in 1790, consisted of a Chief Justice and five Associate Justices. The number of the latter was increased to six in 1807, to eight in 1837, to nine in 1863 by appointment of Judge Field; decreased on Judge Catron's death in 1865 to eight, and still further decreased when Judge Wayne died in 1867. In 1870 it was again increased to eight, the number still retained.

Only seven persons have ever filled the office of Chief Justice, and of these, one, John Rutledge, presided during only one term of the court, and retired because the Senate refused to confirm him.

Chief Justice Taney and Associate Justice Clifford were each confirmed by a majority of but one vote, as Justice Matthews was.

Only two Chief Justices—John Jay and Oliver Ellsworth—have ever resigned, and out of thirty-nine who have served as Associate Justices only eleven have resigned, the others holding their positions until relieved by death. The following held the position thirty or over thirty years: Chief Justice Marshall, 1801–1835; Bushrod Washington, 1798–1829; William Johnson, 1804–1834; Joseph Story, 1811–1845; John McLean, 1829–1861; James M. Wayne, 1835–1867. Several others have served over twenty years.

Justice Harlan is the youngest in years of the Justices now on the bench, being only forty-eight years old. Judge Matthews is but four or five years older. When he became Chief Justice, John Jay was only forty-four, being the youngest who has ever filled that position. The following were under forty when they became Associate Justices: James Iredell, thirty-nine; Bushrod Washington, thirty-six; and Joseph Story, thirty-two.

Two having resigned, and two more being incapacitated, makes a great change in the personnel of the Supreme Bench within two years, four being missed from the nine who sat together until 1879, when Justice Hunt was paralyzed.

The severe and protracted illness of Mrs. Garfield has been by common rumor attributed to various causes other than the most obvious one—the severe mental and physical strain she has undergone for nearly a year, beginning with the excitement of the Chicago Convention early last June. From the time of his nomination General Garfield's house at Mentor was filled with visitors, hand-shakers, office-seekers, politicians, and private friends. When he brought his family to Washington, three days before his inauguration, his wife had nearly as many visitors as he, and was from that time until several weeks after their removal to the White House rarely disengaged except during the night. Her evenings were altogether taken up by company, for although she announced that she would receive only on Tuesday and Friday evenings, she has enough private friends in Washington, owing to her long residence here, who felt privileged to call on other evenings. Although the receptions on Tuesdays and Fridays were understood to be only for those actually acquainted with the President and Mrs. Garfield, they were very dressy occasions. Mrs. Garfield always made a special toilette for them, wore gloves, and the ladies who assisted her were generally in evening toilettes, and many gentlemen who called wore full dress. The lady visitors wore evening hats and reception toilettes. This is mentioned because it has not been the case during the other recent administrations that there has been so much dress, except when public receptions were given. It was also customary at Mrs. Garfield's informal receptions to light the East Room and all the suite of parlors every evening, instead of one parlor only, as heretofore usual, except at public receptions.

Mrs. Blaine and Miss Dodge ("Gail Hamilton"), or some other of the ladies of cabinet families, usually were present as aids to Mrs. Garfield, and the President rarely failed to come down and spend a portion of the evening, chatting in a lively way with the visitors. He enjoys society far more than his wife, and the duties of receiving and entertaining visitors who do not come to talk on business is always pleasant to him, while to her the duties of a hostess always seemed irksome. It was no wonder, therefore, that she wore out her strength in a service which was performed as a duty, and gave her no pleasure as a compensation.

The last evening when she received was Tuesday, May 3. She said then to a lady who called that she was aching from head to foot, and could scarcely stand or rise from her chair to greet her visitors.

The idea of her illness being caused, or at any rate aggravated, by sewer gas forced through stationary wash-stands, was never advanced by her physician, but by outsiders unaware that there are no stationary wash-stands in the White House, and that although the building is old, the plumbing is of quite recent date. There were never any bath-rooms or closets in the White House until 1871 or 1872, when many necessary changes were made, and these conveniences first introduced. Therefore there is no reason why the plumbing should not be the best possible. The two bath-rooms are on the second floor, and partitioned off, so as to disconnect them entirely from the bedrooms. They have windows opening outside the building.

This subject suggests the fact that the bedrooms in the White House have no closets attached for clothing, except such small ones as have been contrived in the spaces of doorways between rooms, which, owing to the great thickness of the walls, are deep enough to make a small closet, and are inclosed by glass doors lined with colored fabrics.

The lack of such conveniences as were unknown when the President's House was built is really the only serious objection to be made to it as a place of residence, for it is constantly the subject of comment on the part of unprejudiced persons that it is wonderful that the architects who designed it, nearly a century ago, could have so far anticipated the needs of a building which would be used after the national capital had increased in population, and its accessibility to other parts of the nation been greatly augmented.

Although, as has been previously mentioned, the plumbing of the White House is comparatively new and is very good, of course any such improvements, having been introduced so long after the house was built, were necessarily pretty much of the order of patchwork. The worst, however, is that there is an old brick sewer running immediately beneath the building, from which it is feared sewer gas may escape and pervade the house at any time. It is purposed as soon as the family remove for the summer to do away with this sewer, and introduce metal pipes, to be brought out in front of the house, and connect with one of the large sewers, so that there will be no sewer immediately under the building. Some members of the Senate Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds visited the White House lately, inspected it thoroughly, and conferred with Colonel Rockwell, the Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds. The committee was much shocked at the dilapidated condition of the White House, and intend to urge prompt measures for its repair. It is probable, too, that a new residence for the President's fam-

ily will be put up near the present one, and the latter will be used for executive offices.

When the river flats are drained, there will be no possible objection to the present location, and therefore it is said the new building will be placed in the grounds near the old one.

It is worthy of note that when General Sheridan accompanied Secretary Blaine's party to Mount Vernon, in company with the Duke of Sutherland and party, he made his first visit to the home of George Washington. It is curious that in several instances our prominent men have first visited Mount Vernon in company with eminent subjects of Great Britain. Attorney-General Devens had been here in that position over two years when he made his first trip to Mount Vernon at the invitation of Mr. Drummond, of the British Legation, who celebrated the Queen's birthday by a picnic there.

The Japanese Minister, Mr. Yoshida, has three children, the eldest and youngest of whom were born here, and the second during his visit to Japan two years ago. The youngest is named Grant, for our ex-President, and was born here last summer.

Senator Mahone, of Virginia, wears a No. 3 shoe, ladies' size. His wife, who is about the average size, is prepossessing in appearance, and probably does not wear a smaller shoe than her husband, as she weighs some 150 pounds, while he weighs only 109.

A PIECE OF CHINA.

MY uncle had one hobby, one which usurped all his time: his life was passed in gathering rare pieces of porcelain, and, with due respect to him, I might almost say he was a maniac on the subject. He lived but with the idea of getting new specimens for his already fine collection, and his life was spent in travelling to out-of-the-way places on the Continent with that idea in view. I staid at home during those long tours, and guarded the treasures in the time I could spare from my business of architect and decorator.

Left an orphan at an early age, Mr. Romaine, my uncle, had brought me up, had educated me, and launched me out in life with the pleasant understanding that I was eventually to become his heir, and the inheritor of his collection. It is needless to say my education on the subject of china had not been wholly neglected. As far back as I could remember, my uncle had tried to implant in my young mind that passion for porcelain which possessed him; so it happened that I could tell the difference between Sèvres, Dresden, Berlin, and Vienna before I knew the alphabet, and learned the various marks, from the crossed swords of the Dresden to the interlaced L's on the Sèvres, before I could write. The immense importance china exercised on the human race was vividly impressed upon my mind as Mr. Romaine would sit among his treasures, showing me their beauties and peculiarities. As I became older I became more his companion, and he would confide in me the secrets of how he managed to get this or that prize—now a piece of vieux Saxe, now a set of Sèvres *pâte tendre*, whose beauty almost made him shed tears of delight. Such was my life. Until I went to college I had hardly lived in the world at all, and knew of nothing more important than a real masterpiece in china.

He had succeeded so well in his endeavor to interest me in what interested him that porcelain had come to be also a passion with me, and my excitement was almost unbounded when my uncle burst into the office one morning, while I thought him in Germany, and said, scarcely able to talk coherently: "Oh, my boy, embrace me! I am the happiest mortal alive!"

"What! not married?"

He looked at me reproachfully. "No. I have found the crowning gem of my collection—a chef-d'œuvre that I have searched for for years in vain. At last success has crowned my efforts, and I have an exquisite Frankenthal vase. You know that old porcelain of the Palatinat, mark, C and T surmounted by a crown, older than Sèvres, and twice as valuable as the *pâte tendre*," he said, excitedly. "But come, come, and see it. I can hardly believe I have it when it is out of my sight."

So together we hastened, I myself scarcely less happy than my uncle at the capture.

How he enjoyed that bit of china! I am sure no human being ever found "il segreto per esser felice" as he did during that time, when he would sit of an evening pointing out its beauties, and noting the resemblance it bore to the early specimens of Sèvres.

"What would the collection be without that?" he would say. "To think that I or some one might break it! I can not imagine what would become of me. It would kill me. I know it; I feel it. I fully believe I should murder the breaker first. That would be some satisfaction—not much. What, after all, is a mere life? There are lots of them, but there is only one Frankenthal vase like that."

Soon after, he left in search of new treasures, and cautioning me to guard the treasures as I would my life, I was left to resume my quiet existence. All had gone well until the evening when the incidents of this story commenced. I came home late that night, having been detained at the office, and the street was as dark as Erebus, with a fog so thick that one could only see for a few feet. The house was dark too as I let myself in. The servants, thinking I would not return that night, had not lit the gas. I groped around in the darkness, trying to find a match. None to be found. I was about to call the servants, when my foot struck something—there was a crash. The servants rushing in with lights, thinking there were burglars in the house, I saw at my feet—oh! the agony of that moment!—the priceless Frankenthal, the idol of my uncle's worship, smashed into a thousand pieces. Then I felt in-

deed I was ruined. In one moment I had lost a fortune, and a collection without price. I saw them both left to a hospital, and my uncle's sorrow and rage as I gradually told him of the terrible disaster. Oh, it was too horrible to think of!

I had, and still have, a profound veneration for the power of money; but I think, of the two, I would have given the fortune to have seen the vase in its accustomed place, and thus have saved my uncle the greatest sorrow I could inflict upon him. That piece of china was more than a wife to him; he and it were still in their honey-moon, and new fancies had not taken its place in his affections. Ah, what an iconoclast I was! I had at one touch destroyed my uncle's peace of mind by breaking a piece of china, and had lost a fortune as well. Such were my thoughts that night, and they were not enviable ones, I assure you.

It was useless to imagine it could be replaced. Had that been possible, either my uncle would have found it out long ago, or would not have cared so much for it. Still, there was the faintest chance. So in the next few days I ransacked every shop in the city where there was any likelihood of finding the object of my search, but all to no avail, as I had expected. Some dealers had never heard of it, others tried to pass other wares off as Frankenthal, and others frankly said I could not find any out of the collections. I gave up in despair. I felt it was a useless task I had undertaken, not one chance in a hundred I could find the make, not one in a thousand it would be the duplicate to the piece I had broken.

I gave up in despair. I had done all I could think of. Every day brought my uncle's return nearer, and every day I was further from finding a duplicate. So, feeling that I was powerless, I telegraphed to several well-known collectors on the Continent, and let events take their course, hoping for the best, but decided to face the worst.

Want of sleep and worrying over the matter had so changed me that Mr. Graham, my partner, could hardly recognize me when I entered our office the next day, and really did not seem to think my case was so desperate when I had confided my terrible grief and despair at the awful deed I had done.

"Well, sir," said he, after I had finished, "I can't see there is anything for you to do but wait. You may hear of a duplicate. I can't tell the probabilities as to that, not being up in china. Meanwhile you must not let your mind rest on the subject. If you keep on at the present rate, you'll need a coffin more than a piece of china in a few days."

I nodded my head. I felt it was too true.

"What you need is change. Let me prescribe for you. I have an acquaintance, who is rather odd, but you're the very person to get along with him. He's a bric-à-brac hunter. His name is Mr. Plantagenet Montrose; lives in a funny kind of a house, very interesting—a regular museum; has no respect for the present generation, so he tries to live in the past entirely. He wishes a part of his house decorated, and one of us will have to go. It's a golden opportunity. Will you go?"

"What if my uncle should return, or a telegram come?"

"I will send it to you immediately. You can do no good here; there you will be doing me a favor, and improving your health as well. I never could help putting my foot in it, and talking telegraph or railroads or some other abomination to the old gentleman. Keep clear of such things, and you are all right. He has a daughter, too."

"Well, I suppose, as you say, I might as well." There may be some chance of hearing of a duplicate vase, I thought.

"So you accept?"

"Yes."

"Craigmore's the station. Mr. Montrose will explain what he wants. Good-by."

That afternoon the train deposited me at that place. There were very few signs of inhabitants around. An old man dressed in a livery that seemed made of bits of old tapestry, standing by a vehicle that surely antedated the flood, was the only living person around. I felt that that must belong to Mr. Montrose from the looks of antiquity. Nor was I wrong. "It did belong to Mr. Montrose, and was I the gentleman as was expected?" I was, and shortly after I was being whirled away toward Blenheim, as the house was called.

We reached the entrance after a ride of a mile or so; the ponderous iron gates swung on their hinges, and we entered. The lodge-keeper, dressed in a costume similar to that of my acquaintance the driver—

"The suit, if by the fashion one might guess, Was velvet in the youth of good Queen Bess!"

smiled and bowed as we passed, notwithstanding his eighty or ninety years. On we drove up the well-kept drive. The house appeared: a long, rambling building, built in all sorts of styles, and at many different times; still, there was nothing new about it. The marks of the restorer and the adapter to modern comfort were not visible. Nothing except time and the ivy had softened down the incongruities; but, on the whole, the effect was very far from unpleasant.

An old gentleman with a tie-wig, dressed in black velvet, with huge diamond buckles on his shoes, stood at the door—a dignified old gentleman who wore his ancient garb as though accustomed to it, and not as though he was masquerading. I felt that I beheld the much-talked-of Mr. Montrose, by some called a lunatic, by others a *savant*.

He came to the carriage as it stopped before him.

"Mr. Romaine, I believe?" he said.

"The same, at your service, sir," I replied.

"You are most welcome to my house. In anything that I can serve you, I beg you to command me."

Thanking him in as antique style as I could muster, we entered the house. And what a house it was!—what wonder if the possessor loved to

try and live in the good old times, when all he knew of them was in the art masterpieces he had gathered together! If all the rest had been in keeping, what a golden age they would have made! As it was, he had gathered the flowers of art, and taken no notice of the disagreeables. I could only glance around as I was being shown up to my room, but that glimpse convinced me that the reports of the house had not been exaggerated. Everything so in keeping, too, even to the people! All I had yet seen seemed to be on the shady side of a hundred. Surely, I thought, Mr. Montrose must have some process for preserving life. Who knows but he may have the "elixir vitae" among his curiosities? Who can be sure that he is not of the time he tries to live in, and these are the servants grown old in his service—very old? The daughter I had heard of—was she in the same antique style, I wondered. Probably a maiden of seventy, with skin like parchment, and as ugly as a gargoyle.

Such were the thoughts that occupied my mind until I was summoned to dinner, and I felt like a very important personage, preceded as I was by two octogenarian footmen bearing huge candles in huge brass candlesticks. Now for Miss Montrose, I thought, as I straightened my cravat, and felt as much out of place in my modern dress as a Zulu might feel at a ball.

My host was waiting for me below, and together, preceded by the ancient footmen, we went into the dining-room. Alas! the room was empty. In vain I searched: no signs of the daughter. I came to the conclusion she must be dead, and put that down as a subject not to be broached, along with the telegraph and railways.

The dinner was peculiar, and the silver and china so beautiful and artistic that it seemed almost a sacrilege to eat off them. The dishes were studies for the archaeologist, but most of them were rather mysterious—pasties with peculiar names, becafores, sweetmeats whose manufacture belongs to the lost arts. These the butler proclaimed as he brought in one after the other, heading a small procession of menials. When Mr. Montrose discovered I was the nephew of the well-known porcelain collector, he became far more cordial. I presume he had thought me one of the innovators—a nineteenth-century vandal. When, added to that, he found that I, like him, had a strong liking for the ancient, he fairly beamed upon me.

"My dear Mr. Romaine," he said, "this is a most unexpected pleasure. I am enchanted to find one of your age with traits so honorable to you, and so different from most of the young men it has been my great misfortune to come in contact with. In you, however, I am glad to recognize one to whom I can talk, who can appreciate my collection, and who will not mistake Cinque-cento for Etruscan."

I bowed profoundly. "Every one has his idea as to what will give him the greatest happiness. Mine, you already know, is to live as far as possible in the good old times. I long ago came to the conclusion that in them alone was the secret of happiness; that mankind had reached it, had passed it, and was now groping in the dark. I, as you see, have endeavored to retrace my steps, as far as possible, to that time when art still existed, when the smoke from the manufactory did not blacken the face of nature, and railways destroy it. I have surrounded myself with persons whose ages approach those times as near as it is possible for mortals, and with objects that will keep the present as distant as may be."

The dinner was over—at least I imagined so, as the procession ceased to come in with new dishes. Only the wine was left. I looked at it with some apprehension. Would Mr. Montrose carry out the custom of our ancestors by drinking himself under the table? I could not feel sure either way. Suddenly I heard a step behind me. I looked up, expecting to see the usual retinue. No: incredible as it seemed to me, it was a girl, positively, and a young one. I could not have felt more excited had I seen the duplicate of my uncle's vase.

She was carrying a tiny silver waiter with coffee, dressed in that costume Watteau has immortalized in his pictures, and Dresden china has reproduced so endlessly. How charming she looked in it, too! It suited her exactly. She wore it as though she had never been accustomed to a more modern dress, and her face—I am not equal to the task of describing that: it was such a one as should accompany a Watteau costume.

Could she be a servant? She scarcely looked like one. Mr. Montrose did not speak to her as though that were the case. A companion of the dead daughter, or a poor relation, I concluded. She has magnificent eyes, be she who she may.

Mr. Montrose had been engaged in a long talk on the superiority of things ancient over things modern while all this had been taking place. I am afraid I was a poor listener, and well it was that he did not wait for me to answer, or he would have discovered my absent-mindedness. Finally I succeeded in concentrating my mind on what he was saying.

"I shall be pleased to show you my collections, of which I am, I think justly, proud," he said, shutting his snuff-box with a snap. "I have a few things that many a museum searches for in vain; and as to china, I think I am only second to your uncle."

At the mention of china my heart beat. The vision of loveliness had almost chased Frankenthal from my mind. "I wish china had never been discovered," I said to myself as I thanked him and followed him to see his treasures.

Those things that I had only glanced at when I arrived I could now examine more minutely. Well might Mr. Montrose feel proud! Never in my life, in private collections or in public museums, had I seen so many treasures heaped together,

er, all chefs-d'œuvre. Almost every available foot of space on the walls was covered by a picture. Paintings by Dürer and Cranach, quaint and stiff; Giorgione and Titian, all warmth and color; Del Piombo and Botticelli, Hobbema and Van Eyck, and hundreds that bewildered me with their variety, hanging against tapestries gorgeous and faded—Arras, Gobelins, and Beauvais—and in frames that were pictures in themselves. There was the Florentine, with its large gilt ornaments, Venetian ebony, and ivory from Switzerland, Rome, and Germany; frames in tortoise-shell and gold and every sort of rare wood; little *Pepinot* enamels framed on a dark red velvet background; enamels from Limoges; stamped leather hangings from the Netherlands; pieces of china here and there. I recognized the famous makes, but no signs of Frankenthal among them. Slim, tapering Venetian glasses, made with a rainbow in them; majolica of all sorts and kinds; numberless figures in all sizes in wood, ivory, ebony, and amber.

At length Mr. Montrose paused in his explanation, and drawing aside a curtain almost unnoticeable, he said: "Enter, Mr. Romaine. This is my holy of holies; this is where I keep my real treasures."

What more could he have in store, after what I had seen? I walked in very much as a mortal who had wandered into a fairy palace. So it seemed to me as I looked around. There were the things that museums had sought for in vain. Not seemingly any more beautiful than those in the other rooms to any but a connoisseur; but the initiated saw marks and evidences of far greater treasures. There was the *Madonna della Rosa*, by Raphael, that was given up as lost; a frame by the famous Brastelone, the Michael Angelo in wood; a clock in Boule's first manner; vieux Saxe designed by Watteau; Antoinette Sèvres, with the royal A and crown.

Finally my host stopped. "There is one thing I wish to show you—a thing I consider one of my greatest gems. I will test your knowledge in porcelain. Still, I shall not be surprised if you do not know it, as it is of a make little known here, and I have reason to believe it unique. See if you can tell its name." With that he took a piece of old brocade off of something, and before my eyes I beheld the duplicate of my uncle's broken vase!

The objects in the room swam before my eyes, as I managed to gasp, "Frankenthal!"

"You are right," answered Mr. Montrose, calmly. "Frankenthal. Precious vase! There are many collectors in England to-day who would not scruple to take my life could they get that specimen. You are aware to what an extent the mania for collecting drives some men. You being only an amateur, and not a collector, have had a sight of what I have shown but to few. I can show it to you without fear for my life, only don't tell your uncle."

Little did he think as he spoke that I was a worse person to confide in than the greatest china maniac in all England; that even then I was thinking how I could wrest it from his hold. Did I not need it more than ever human being wanted a piece of china? Was it not my fortune—the life and happiness of my uncle? What crime was not justifiable?

There was little more I noticed that evening in the Honorable Plantagenet's collection; very little of his conversation that I heard. Two things, the Frankenthal vase and the girl in the Watteau dress, absorbed my thoughts. Finally, giving up the hope of banishing those interesting subjects, I excused myself on the plea of fatigue, and went to my room, not before I had assisted in a ceremony involving an enormous punch-bowl and various members of the antique household in various stages of decay, but I saw no sign of Dorothy.

Alone in my room, I sat down and pondered. My partner had sent me to Blenheim for the repose I needed, and the first thing almost I see is a duplicate of the broken vase—see it, knowing it to be as far beyond my reach as ever. "Rather worse off than before," I thought. If ever in my life I have been tempted to murder, or robbery at the very least, it was that night as I went to bed in the worst state of perplexity as to the best thing to be done. "Worse off than ever," I thought. "A little more, and I shall go raving mad. Not much between me and a padded cell. All for a piece of china!"

The following day I commenced my work, under the supervision of Mr. Montrose. The rooms for which I was to draw designs were in a part of the house that had been unoccupied of late, the decoration being too modern for my host's taste, having brought on a fit of sickness by their ugliness. I was to decorate them more in accordance with the rest of the house. Sometimes he would stay with me for hours, superintending and directing; then again I would hardly see him at all, as from time to time he would take some musty old book and disappear for days.

Time went on. I had been nearly a month at Blenheim, but was no nearer the object of my search. Though I had become no more intimate with that specimen of the china of the Palatinate, I had with Dorothy, as she would often sit in the room with her embroidery. I fancied that she was rather lonely among all the old things, human and inanimate, and was pleased at having some one under eighty to talk to. Anyway, I did not object, for she was just the sweetest, dearest, liveliest girl alive, and made the time more enjoyable than all the bric-à-brac since the flood. What was it all worth, Frankenthal included, compared with Dorothy? There! Well, I might as well confess it at once. Yes, I adored her, that was the truth of it; loved her. I, accustomed to love nothing but china, found it a new sensation—an extremely pleasant one. I could not tell whether my passion was returned. There was one thing in my favor: she had been so shut up in the old house with old people, I be-

ing almost the only young man she had seen, I could not suffer by comparison; that was one consolation.

She had such charming ways, she seemed so anxious to sympathize with one, that I decided to tell her my trouble (about the vase, I mean), and ask her advice, tell her what a terrible predicament I was in, and take counsel as to what was best to be done. One morning I told her all—my expectation of a telegram from London announcing my uncle's return, his rage, and suicide perhaps, my wrecked future and lost fortune. How sweet, how soothing her voice sounded as she comforted me, told me not to be discouraged, as all might come out straight: she would think of some way.

Then I could not restrain myself. I told her the other secret. I said—Well, it don't make much difference what I said, or what she answered; in fact, I can't really say whether she answered at all or not. Two heads being better than one, we put ours together, but it was not of Frankenthal we talked.

"I suppose I had better speak to Mr. Montrose," I said, after an eloquent silence.

"I think, according to the precedent of Queen Anne's time, my father should have been spoken to first," she answered, with a blush.

"Your father?"

"Why, you goose, do you mean to say you did not know that before?"

"No."

"Haven't you heard me call him so a hundred times?"

"No, I had not noticed it."

"Thinking of that vase, I suppose. I am terribly jealous—"

"But the coffee?"

"I am afraid you are no student of the customs of your ancestors. That is entirely correct; great mark of respect to an honored guest. Father found it in some old book. I don't enjoy it particularly, but there's so much precedent, you know."

"I am both glad and sorry. I am afraid he will never let me have you. Perhaps he would rather I should ask for his Frankenthal—I am not built enough in the Queen Anne style."

"So it is immaterial whether you get the Frankenthal or me—"

"Oh, Dorothy!"

That evening, after dinner, there was a lull in the conversation. Now is the time, I thought. Courage! "Mr. Montrose," I said, "we have been acquainted but a short time—so short, in fact, that the request I am about to make may seem the more unwarrantable. Still, I flatter myself that we have become friends in that time; besides, the request I speak of could not be postponed: my feelings forbid it. I have the honor to ask the hand of your daughter in marriage." The last sentence I delivered standing, bowing, with one hand on my heart. That was antique, and, I am sure, told in my favor.

When I first commenced my speech he seemed rather irritated; thought, I suppose, I was going to ask for one of his art treasures; as I went on he appeared more relieved; and when I concluded, after taking a long pinch of snuff from his wonderful snuff-box, he said: "Mr. Romaine, in behalf of my family I thank you for your offer. As you say, our acquaintance has been of short duration; but I do not flatter you when I say that I have noticed in you traits such as I should be proud to see in a son-in-law. Your love for bric-à-brac is most grateful to my feelings as a father, and I feel assured that should you find equal favor in Dorothy's eyes, you will secure her happiness. I leave it entirely to her, and we will accept her decision."

I could have embraced him on the spot. With great self-control I abstained, and thanked him cordially.

"She shall be a thousand times more precious to me than—than—all the rarest china in the world."

"Wait; we have not heard what she has to say. I shall feel the more sorry to lose her, as with her I shall lose one of the rarest objects in my collection. This very afternoon she made me promise, if ever she got married, I would give her my Frankenthal vase as a wedding present. She seems to have taken a sudden fancy to it of late, so you see I stand to lose two treasures, both invaluable."

At that moment the door opened, and Dorothy came in, as on that first night I had seen her, only lovelier, sweeter, and more charming than ever, blushing in the most becoming way.

"Dorothy," said her father, "I have something of great importance to tell you. This young man has had the audacity to ask me for your hand in marriage. What say you? Think well. Are you willing to leave your quiet, peaceful life for the tumult of the cold, disagreeable world?"

She looked first at her father, then at me; then coming to me, she put her arm through mine, and murmured the most angelic and sweetest words I had ever heard: "Yes, father."

"Both gone! Really, Mr. Romaine, I had no idea you would prove such a robber," said Mr. Montrose, with a smile.

Could any one ever have been more happy than I as I wrote to my uncle, telling him of my engagement and approaching marriage, inclosing a vivid description of my fiancée and her love for porcelain? This I knew would endear her to him without any other recommendation. Nor was I wrong. Shortly afterward came the answer. After congratulating me on my admirable taste in choosing a wife who was alive to the importance of china, and wishing me all kinds of pleasant things, he concluded by saying: "I shall endeavor to be present at the marriage. In case that be not possible, please present to the bride the greatest treasure I possess, as a slight token of my interest and affection—my Frankenthal vase."

BEAUTY IN DRESS.

By MISS OAKLEY.

AN UNAPPRECIATED TYPE.

The Ineffective Type.—Often Delicate in Form.—Fine Eyes.—The Usual Mistake of this Type in Dress.—Advantage over Others.—Quiet Elegance.—Table of Colors.—Effect of White on Complexion.—Quantity of White to be Used.—Black, with Dull Surface.—Black Satin.—Black Velvet.—Invisible Blue or Green in Velvet.—Suggestions of Costume.

THERE is a type very frequent in America which is usually called "ineffective"; and women belonging to it are ordinarily set down as plain, though among them we often find delicacy of form and fine eyes.

They have dull, light brown hair, and no brilliancy of complexion; the eyes are often gray or blue. We find them making one of two mistakes in the color of their dress, in hopes of mitigating this ineffectiveness: one is to wear reds, which, however, fail to produce either harmony or contrast; the other is to dress in fawn-colors and grays, as if hoping by this paler setting to give color to themselves by contrast. All this is futile: fawns and grays require a complexion either brilliant or delicate; browns are out of the question; soft pinks or blues, well contrasted with white of a creamy tone, or black, make the best choice. If the eyes are green, dark green may be used; but we rarely find them green with this type.

There is hardly any type that has not its advantage over others. The one we have just mentioned may have a peculiar elegance from its very quietness. It is easy for the more effective types to look overdressed and conspicuous; let this less effective one turn its deficiency into a distinguished unobtrusiveness.

We will give the following table of colors for this type, feeling sure that none will have a wider usefulness, and set at advantage some of our most charming women, often our most spiritual and intellectual, often, alas! the most delicate in health, and requiring, therefore, the more care in the choice of dress.

COLORS TO BE CHOSEN.

Black, never dull.	Pale blue, never chalky.
Creamy white.	Invisible blue.
Pale pink, warm tone.	Invisible green.

COLORS TO BE AVOIDED.

Fawn-colors.	Browns.
Tan-colors.	Lavender.
Blue-white.	Bright greens.
Grays.	All rich tones of claret, maroon, purple, etc.
Frank blue.	Olive green.
Yellows.	
Reds.	

White, by casting reflected lights, clears the complexion; yet where the complexion lacks brilliancy, white may easily be used in too great quantity, and just in what quantity can only be determined by experiment.

Black that has a dull surface, like cloth or cashmere, may often be trying when the complexion is not clear, where the black of satin, well relieved by lace—black or white—may be a most becoming setting. The black of velvet has rarely a fault.

Invisible blue or invisible green, in velvet, has almost the effect of black in the evening, and is much richer in tone; yet it may be worn by this type, and relieved by white lace and the pale pink of a flower, or a delicate ribbon, giving a charming effect.

Winter morning dress—invisible green cashmere, with linings of pale pink, cap of lace, with pale pink bows, lighter green stockings, with dark green clocks; black or dark green kid slippers. Carry in pocket a pale pink handkerchief.

The same, with lining of a warm pale blue, and blue stockings in same tone of color.

Morning dress of invisible blue, trimmed with dark fur, and lined with a paler blue, cap of a plaid handkerchief—pale pink, blue, and creamy white.

Morning dress of creamy white cashmere, with pale pink tie, or with pale pink roses.

Morning dress of invisible green cloth or cashmere, with waistcoat of creamy white cashmere, and pale pink tie, cuffs turned back of cream-white cashmere; gray stockings.

Morning dress of invisible blue, with trimmings of velvet, same shade, pink or blue tie.

Morning dress of pale pink cashmere, lined with a pink almost white; wear with it a full muslin scarf swathed about the throat, with a bow tied with lace ends; a white lace cap, with ends loosely tied beneath the chin. Gray stockings and slippers will be charming with this dress. This same costume in blue, and trimmed with Breton lace, will be pretty; but if of pale blue, it will in most cases be wise not to choose a plain surface, but a fine check, which gives a soft and silvery tone, and looks at a distance like a plain color. A foulard of a cheintz pattern containing pink and blue, and trimmed with bows of plain pink and blue ribbon mixed together, and subdued with some simple lace, may be very charming.

A blue muslin, with a little pattern in white upon it, is not too striking for this type, and black velvet ribbon may be used with it for sash or bows.

Black must not be worn with pink for this type, unless when the pink serves as a lining, and is very subdued. Blue must not be worn in rich stuffs, such as silk, in too great mass. All violent effects of color must be avoided; black and white never worn together, except in lace or other transparent stuffs.

And for ornaments, neither diamonds, nor opals, nor garnets, nor rubies, nor topazes, nor amethysts, should be worn.

If the eyes are blue, a sapphire may be worn, though often it will be too deep in color; sometimes a greenish turquoise will be becoming, sometimes a pearl, moon-stone, chalcedony, ornaments of intaglios, or mosaic, or scarabees—something quiet and distinguished, an ancient coin, or something rare and curious rather than brilliant.

POPPY DESIGN FOR BRACKET HANGING.

THE simple but pretty and effective design of poppy, from the Society of Decorative Art, is intended to be worked on a satin bracket hanging. The brackets which have hangings nowadays do not usually have a valance round the edge of the shelf as they used to do. On the contrary, the shelf is supported at the back by a flat back piece, against which hangs a flat drapery of silk, satin, or plush. The hanging usually has a dainty embroidered spray of well-contrasting colors—the idea is to make the whole thing as pretty and decorative as possible—and the bottom of the hanging is generally finished by a narrow band of plush and fringe. As most brackets are now made of ebonized wood, the black contrasts strikingly with such vivid colors as the scarlet of the poppy. For instance, suppose the poppy in its natural colors to be worked on black satin, the hanging finished with a facing edge of red plush a little darker than the red in the poppies, but perfectly harmonious with it, the fringe of the same shade of red silk, the tassels tied alternately with gold-colored and black silk. The effect of this would be a little dark for a dark room, but not for a light room; and in such places as the sides of the chimney, or between a picture-frame and a window, it would be very effective. For a room where there is not much light, it might be well to work the poppy design on pale gold-colored satin, finishing it with a shade of olive plush, which should be in perfect harmony with the olive of the leaves.

Sometimes bands of plush are sewed up and down the sides of the hanging, in which case the bottom band is sometimes omitted, and sometimes made double the width of the side bands, the bottom band always going across the side bands to the edges. The poppies must be worked in the solid embroidery commonly known as Kensington work, but with as much variety of shading as possible. The leaves and stems are always to be done in different shades of olive green; but when there are so many different colors in natural poppies, there is no reason why the blossoms should necessarily be confined to the shade of the common corn-poppy, which is best known. Nevertheless, the scarlet of the corn-poppy is by far the most beautiful color of the flower as we know it, and hence is most used in embroidery.

The spray of poppy stamped on satin, the design begun, and with silks to finish, costs, from the Decorative Art Society, from \$3 to \$3 75, according to the size and quality of the satin.

PANSY DESIGN FOR BRACKET HANGING.

OUR pansy design, from the Society of Decorative Art, is for a bracket hanging of satin, worked in solid Kensington stitch. Pansies are particularly well suited to this purpose, because they may be wrought in a variety of colors, and admit of specially nice shading. There may, for example, be deep purple, lavender, yellow, and brown pansies in the same bunch—not, of course, growing from the same stem—so that the effect may be highly ornamental. Purple pansies on gold-colored satin are always beautiful, and almost always harmonious with surrounding hues. Purple pansies on lavender satin are particularly rich, but lavender is a shade not likely to harmonize well with furniture coverings and wall-paper, and is not, therefore, a wise selection as a ground, with all its delicate beauty. Yellow and brown pansies on a rich brown satin are handsome, but are prettier on a walnut bracket than on ebonized wood, whereas yellow satin is more effective with the black wood. It is impossible ever to advise the use of colors without knowing where they are going, and near what they are likely to come. But certain general effects of color may always be recommended or disapproved.

The pansy design stamped on satin, the pattern begun, and with silks to finish, is sold by the Decorative Art Society for from \$3 to \$3 75, according to size and quality of satin.

Travelling Portfolio, Figs. 1-3.

See illustrations on page 372.
This portfolio is covered with black and lined with tan-colored leather. The inner side of one cover is fitted up as shown in Fig. 2 with compartments for stationery and postage stamps, while that of the other is arranged to hold the blotter. A leather loop attached to the latter contains the pen. The inner side of the flap is embroidered in the design given by Fig. 3, which is worked in stem and in feather stitch with white chenille for the Edelweiss blossoms, and olive and brown silk for the leaves and stems. The portfolio is closed with a steel clasp, and ornamented on the outside of the flap with a monogram, as shown in Fig. 1.



POPPY DESIGN FOR BRACKET HANGING.—KENSINGTON STITCH.
FROM THE NEW YORK DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY.



PANSY DESIGN FOR BRACKET HANGING.—KENSINGTON STITCH.
FROM THE NEW YORK DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY.



ESTHETIC GOWN FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 7 YEARS OLD.

Artistic Costumes for Little Girls.

TRUE miniatures of grown-up folk are our little ones to-day. Mamma has but to choose a smaller edition of her own garments in simpler fabrics and trimmings, and she has the satisfaction of knowing her girls at least are attired quite in approved style. Not that Fashion transforms them into the premature damsels that gaze at us so demurely from Charles I. pictures. Indeed, the goddess would have a difficult task if she tried it. Only fancy the roguish, gleeful childhood of these times forced into such prim propriety! No, the borrowed garments of older wearers merely set with pretty quaintness on our juveniles. The tremendous bonnet is, perhaps, the only feature about which there could be two opinions, but really, in its most exaggerated phase, we can but look amused at it: the little face inside seems to be all the merrier for its huge screen. Maybe the vogue of short costume has helped this fitness of the same style for young and old; a trained dress demands a certain flow in all its details, but the bunchings, sashes, pleatings, etc., now so popular, adapt themselves equally to a costume reaching the knees or the ankles. Again, the light materials in use soon impart daintiness to the children's attire. Look at the pretty gown of our first figure, the quaint simplicity of which it is made up in plain and fancy cambric of the most cheerful shades, or in the palest cashmere, stylishly trimmed with satin. This garb, if you please, is called the "aesthetic," and though the little girl probably concerns herself more about dollies and sugar-plums than High Art, she certainly wears it with grace. The long, narrow skirt, with its two flounces, the short waist and broad sash, the armhole puffings



BREAKFAST OVERALL FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 7 YEARS OLD.—CUT PATTERN, No. 3104; PRICE 15 CENTS.

and big collar, have all become quite familiar in modern nursery-rhyme books, as well as the poke bonnet. Bright blue and scarlet are the rival colors in ribbons, the *ombré* kinds being generally preferred this season. Our small aesthetic carries a sunshade, too, which harmonizes with her plain attire. Among figured parasols there are none prettier than the baby ones of spotted cotton, with lining and pinked-out frillings in foulard, a bow of the same ornamenting the handle of polished wood. The breakfast overall is also one of an attractive nature. Mothers will appreciate the easy cut of this garment, to which an artistic touch is given by the puffed-sleeves and ruffle; for school wear they will no doubt choose it in one of the many washing cambrics brought into requisition for the purpose, or in the ever-durable holland and French linen, enlivened with colored sateen or twill. The overall is also made up in serge, beige, and cashmere, the latter, for dressy toilettes, being adorned with embossed velvet. The bib collar of such frocks exhibits almost every freak of stitchery: it is frequently honey-combed by colored cotton, or set in flat pleats caught down with feather stitching, while as to gaugings it has almost every kind—vertical, horizontal, spaced, close set, or rucked, etc. The accompanying hat is, as usual, in the dress material.

The short-waisted missie in the centre certainly belongs to Kate Greenaway's school. Her gown will look best in some soft fabric—beige, delaine, summer serge, or cashmere, for instance—unless it is going to be quite a stylish affair, when it will be reproduced in satin or foulard, of a full crimson or royal blue, beautifully relieved by one of the imitation Mechlin or blonde laces. As an out-door costume, it may be worn either with a "Hundred Years Ago" bonnet of the same silk, or with a large Leghorn hat, of queer flopping shape, tied down by ribbons exactly in the color of the straw. Rather diverse are the enveloping garments; some parents adhere to the long paletot in the palest and thinnest cloths, ornamentally tabbed and piped with colored satin; others prefer a Louis XV. jacket opening with large revers in silk or velvet, though the majority patronize either the gauged cloak or an adaptation of the Pilgrim Ulster. This garb, the innovation of last autumn, has wended its way to the little ones rather shorn of one or two of its characteristics. The friar's girdle has, in most cases, given way to a hip band sustaining a satchel of the stuff itself, and the cape is often divested of its hood, though when it has one, the gay silk lining forms a leading point of the whole. By-the-way, ladies who wish to face their Pilgrim cloaks afresh will find the very thing in the new cockle brocaded silk.

Then comes the loose princess frock of the child with arms behind her, making some important resolve which we must leave to her busy brain. Plain and striped ginghams, especially pink, have a great vogue for these simple dresses, likewise various cotton canvases, piqués, and linens trimmed with plain contrasting bands, or more fancifully with strips of Russian embroidery. If in summer woollen fabrics, the shoulder-cape is often finished by a silk cord with tassels, tied in a bow at the throat. Honey-combing freely figures in dresses of this cut; occasionally the front fullness resolves itself into a tapered plastron, divided into cells by stitches of contrasting silk, while round the lower part gauged tabs fall over a skirt honey-combed to within an inch or two of its edge.

The cozy Mother Hubbard cloak, with its fluted bonnet, produces a winsome little "grand-mamma." For warmest days the cloak is prepared in holland, with gay sateen lining the frill of sleeves and neck; while of a more substantial character it appears in cashmere, Angola, and beige, similarly ornamented with satin. Pompadour, cambrics, and Levantine stripes are now creeping into these old-fashioned garments, and their effect is very striking. In the buttons pearl and metal have the preference, and though not very large, they are replete with decoration in the shape of chasing, inlet atoms of colored glass, embossing, etc.

THE MARTYR LANDLADY.

See illustration on page 384.

"MRS. MITE!" Just like she was. How well I remember her! Here she is. The head of the establishment. The lady whom the boarding-house belongs to. Our genial hostess, "the Giantess," the scoffers have dubbed her, "the Giantess of Grindylbones Castle." A small, thin, wiry, washed-out woman, eager and anxious-faced. She comes forward with a forced smile, which has something that

seems to me quite pitiful about it. She is dressed as near to the fashion as she has time to follow it, but her clothes have a tossed and tumbled look about them, as though they were thrown about carelessly when taken off at night, and sat upon or crushed beneath a heavy weight. She rubs one hand over the other as she speaks to you, and more than once, in the few sentences she has to say, promises the "home comforts" promised in the advertisement you read in your morning paper before coming to her. "Ghoul Square, sir," she says, as you leave. "No. 1. But allow me to give you one of my cards. Mrs. Mite, sir. Mite by name, and Mite by nature. It's odd it should be so, isn't it? He! he! All the gentlemen laugh—" And she stops abruptly, with no smile upon her face, over which a gray shadow passes, and her eyes wander with a frightened look around the room. A moment afterward, though, her hands are passing one over the other, and she beams with a dim radiance, and proffers you a crumpled courtesy as you take your leave, saying something more about the "home comforts."

Poor soul! There is no one on earth with less knowledge of the comforts of home. She has a house, but is not at home in it. She has a daughter who does not care for her—who is pretty and idle and dirty, and who robs her when she can. She has a husband—a man of mystery, who is generally travelling, but who has been known to turn up after a long absence, and beat her the first night.

Mrs. Todgers, you may remember, told Miss Pecksniff that no one would believe what she had undergone on account of gravity. "There is no such passion in human nature," said she, "as the passion for gravity among commercial gentlemen." And Mrs. Mite complains that she don't know where to turn for "bits of brown." By some

fatality her boarders all like their meat overcooked. There is, as a rule, no lack of gravity, but the joint "goes no way." It is a sight to make you sad to see her when the cover is lifted, and the cormorants gathered round devour the leg of mutton with greedy eyes. There is, I fancy, something of shrinking appeal in her eyes, and when the eldest boarder, to whom the duties of carver are relegated, ruthlessly slashes the flesh with a knife that he has been three minutes sharpening for the purpose, I have seen her involuntarily make a forward movement with her hand, as though she would shelter the poor mutilated thing from the brutal butcher. Anon, amidst the deafening clatter of cutlery, and the mumble and munching of the boarders' jaws, the work of destruction goes on its greasy course, whilst she resignedly looks on: she herself never eats at meal-times.

Poor sufferer, there is ever on her face an expression of mingled fear and pain; the tones of her voice are those of one craving for mercy for herself and her belongings, and the food that "goes no way."

What is her history?—for she has one, I am sure. What has she been? One day, by chance, on a top shelf in an old cupboard, I find a bandbox containing a gauzy petticoat, some spangles, and a pair of old ballet shoes, wrapped in an old play-bill.

"See here, Mrs. Mite, in the name of all that's Terpsichorean, which of the old girls do these belong to?"

"They're mine," she says, quietly stretching forth her hand.

"You don't mean to say," says I, "that you—?" And, in my funny way, I gave a twirl, and dropped into attitude.

"The idea!" she says; but says no more.

Not long afterward, one day at dinner, the conversation turns on ballets and ballet-dancers, and Mrs. Topsawyer, our most important lady boarder, denounces the painted creatures from the lofty pinnacle of her own impregnable respectability. Little Green, however, our youngest gentleman, takes the popular poetical view—the sick girl supporting the aged mother, and buying her own seal-skin out of eighteen shillings a week. Whilst the dispute is at its height, I glance at Mrs. Mite. Her eyes are downcast, and there is a curious smile lurking round the corners of her mouth; but she is silent.

No one ever was more on her guard—so equal to the occasion in any emergency. I do believe she has, at some time in her life, been a ballet-girl; but she was certainly born a lady.

Well, bed-time comes at last, and with it rest of some kind. The forced smile fades away, and the feverish manner is put aside. Like a mask her gray face lies upon the pillow, and she dreams of tradesmen screaming for their money, and the cormorants clamoring for more and more food. Perhaps, too, she dreams of the man who is away travelling, and will come back again to take away



LOOSE PRINCESS DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 7 YEARS OLD.—CUT PATTERN, No. 3103; PRICE 15 CENTS.

what little savings she has put away, and beat and bruise her in the silent night.

I think I hear her smothered sobs, though they are not loud enough to disturb the house, and the thud of the ruffian's fist.

What a cruel shame it is!

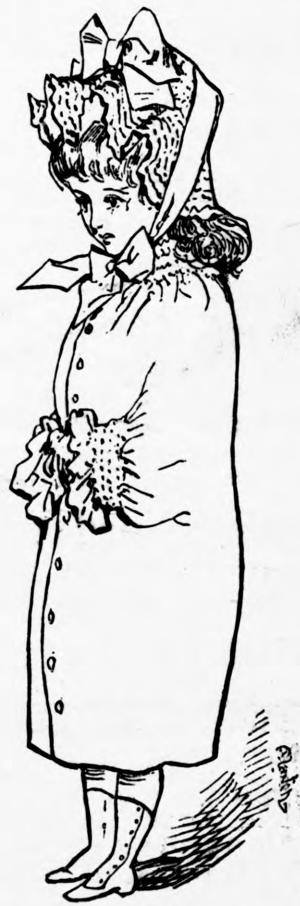
THE BUTTER-TREE.

(PENTADESMA BUTYRACEA.)

VERY attractive must be those localities upon the banks of the Niger where the native hut-dweller has ever within his reach a butter tub that never fails. The rich and oily secretion afforded by the butter-tree is so abundant as to assure the house-mother of unlimited comfort in the cooking and dressing of viands most desired.

Indeed, so productive is this wonderful forest gift that fears are entertained lest its fruitfulness may at no late day effect a great social revolution in districts where it most abounds. Slave merchants have dreaded its power as an article of commerce, and at one period the King of Dahomey was induced to issue an order for the destruction of all the butter-trees in his kingdom.

But all attempts to destroy it have thus far proved useless. Cut, hewn at the roots, nay, even burned, it springs up with apparently renewed vigor; royal edicts are powerless, and "shea-butter" is still sold abundantly in market, retaining its well-deserved popularity, even though imperial orders would, if carried out, utterly exterminate from the earth this marvellous gift of God.



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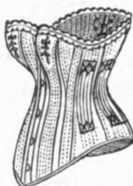
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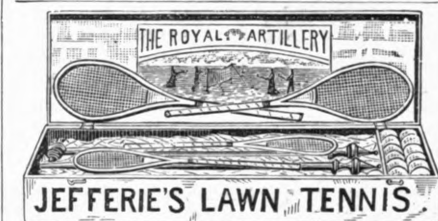
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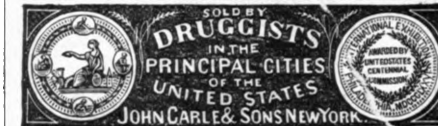
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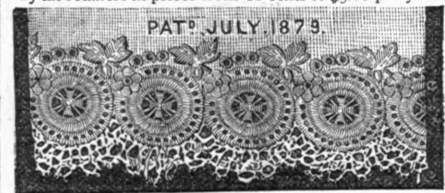
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THE MARTYR LANDLADY.—[SEE PAGE 381.]

FACETIÆ.

"Well, I'm getting about tired of this 'ere life," said an ultra specimen of the genius tramp. "Going half starved one day, and drenched to the skin another; sleeping one night in a barn, the next night under a hedge, and the third in the lock-up; this life isn't what it used to be. Tell yer what 'tis, boys, if 'twasn't for the looks of the thing, I'd go to work."



SIRENS AND THEIR LITTLE WAYS.

Laura has once been told that it suits her Style of Beauty to be extremely animated; so she is always on the sparkle, even though Brown is telling her, in broken accents, that "when he saw the Judge put on the Black Cap, he nearly fainted away," etc.

Whereas Maud knows that her great Charm lies in a certain hungry look of ineffable Yearning toward the Infinite, and piles it on Charles, who is assuring her that all he "got to eat in Spain was fat pork stewed with garlic and broad-beans, and jolly scrumptious too!"

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Why are people who stutter not to be relied upon?—Because they are always breaking their word.

"I never contract bad habits," said Robinson to his wife.

Why does a "baby boy" always receive a hearty welcome in a family?—Because it never comes a miss.

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He is urged by his family to go at once.



A guide directs him.



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"A charming spot for the little ones."



"A nail would remedy this!"



"Damp? Well, it may be a little moist, perhaps."



"Now this is the Dining Room—a perfect banquet hall."



"Why did he leave? It was much against his will, I can assure you."



It was, indeed!

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Fig. 1.—WALKING COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—WATERING-PLACE COSTUME.

FIGS. 1 AND 2.—SUMMER COSTUMES.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Summer Costumes, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustration on front page.

Fig. 1.—WALKING COSTUME. This graceful Parisian dress is made of pomegranate red satin Surah and silver gray nuns' veiling. The skirt of red satin Surah is shirred to the depth of ten inches below the waist, and falls thence to the foot in fine pleats. A wide scarf of nuns' veiling forms the over-skirt; this is gathered in coquilles down the middle of the front, and is draped very high behind, forming natural folds of abundant drapery beginning at the belt under the little basque of the corsage. The short basque of nuns' veiling has three bias folds crosswise on the hips, the upper one simulating a belt, and being completed by a bow in front; at the back these folds stop at the pouf which terminates the corsage. A large piece of the red satin Surah is shirred around the neck in the shape of a collar, and falls in fan-shaped pleats curved down the front and back; this piece ceases to be pleated at the waist line behind, and is enlarged to form a pouf. The sleeves have a red pleating at the wrist and some folds above. Gray straw hat, with pomegranate velvet and silk trimming, and a cluster of gray and red ostrich tips. Red Surah umbrella, with rose lining.

Fig. 2.—WATERING-PLACE COSTUME. This youthful toilette is of sky blue Surah, trimmed with écu lace. The skirt of foundation silk is entirely covered with pleated lace flounces. The over-skirt has a pointed apron, and falls very low behind, with the sides turned back *en revers*, and trimmed with lace and satin ribbon loops. The full waist is shirred around the neck, and worn under a corselet that is cut out in points on the lower end, finished by bows of satin ribbon, and laid over two full frills of the lace. Elbow sleeves with one lengthwise row of lace and two frills around the arm, surmounted by a scarf of the Surah and bow of narrow ribbon. Leghorn hat, with blue Surah scarf, blue facing in the brim, and a cluster of pink and yellow roses. Blue Surah parasol, with écu lace frill. Lemon-colored undressed kid gloves, and amber-colored shell bracelets.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 84 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued June 7, opens with an exciting chapter of "The Cruise of the 'Ghost,'" in which the boys have a very fortunate escape from a crew of river thieves. It also contains another chapter of Major Pinto's adventures in Africa, illustrated; a capital article on Lawn Tennis, with illustration, diagram of the courts, and instructions as to laying out the ground, and how to play the game; stories by Jimmy Brown, DAVID KER, AGNES CARR, and W. T. PETERS; a beautiful double-page engraving; and many other attractions.

NEW STORY BY WILLIAM BLACK.

In the number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for June 18 was begun the publication of a new story by the popular novelist WILLIAM BLACK, entitled

THE BEAUTIFUL WRETCH,

with numerous illustrations.

Our next Number will contain a Pattern Sheet with numerous full-sized patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' Bathing Dresses, Cloaks, Caps, and Slippers; Surah, Nuns' Veiling, India Muslin, Beige, and other Summer City and Country Dresses; Ladies' Summer Wrappings; Boys' and Girls' Summer Suits; Ladies' Bonnets, Caps, Dressing Sacques, Petticoats; Embroidered Parasols and Fans, etc., etc.; with choice literary and artistic attractions.

ALADDIN'S LAMP.

READY money, says some one, is Aladdin's lamp; it will summon the genii, and bring almost everything within our reach. Do we wish to sail in gondola or junk, to watch the moon rise among the Apennines, or see the midnight sun at Lof-foden?—we have only to bring out Aladdin's lamp, and all will go smoothly with us. Do we wish to cultivate ourselves in any given direction; to foster this taste for art, or that for science; to publish the novel or poems which publishers fail to appreciate; have we a fancy for bric-a-brac, or the whim to sit in Congress, an aching void which only diamonds can fill, or a hobby for useless invention?—Aladdin's lamp is the very thing for us. In fact, ready money is one of the best messengers ever sent on an errand; it keeps us out of the slough of debt, it buys the best service, and perhaps love is the only thing in the world that it can not purchase, though it may procure a very fair counterfeit of that article, which the unob-servant might accept as the real, and it may even bribe health to return. To be sure, one may become a bond-slave of the lamp; but it is a slavery which nobody shuns, which calls for no under-ground railways or abolition movements. Though it can not bestow talent, it can awaken it, can till the arable fields of the mind till they yield a hundredfold; it can stimulate and develop

all the dormant powers of the intellect; and though there is no royal road to knowledge, and the millionaire must wrestle with the alphabet as well as the beggar, yet ready money steps in later, with aids and abettors, quickens his imagination by the presence of the great masterpieces of art, introduces him to the wisest thoughts of Christendom or heathendom, to the deepest thinkers of his era, and ransacks every clime to surround him with luxury; with Aladdin's lamp in his hand, science may become his servant, and art his plaything. But perhaps the greatest pleasure at the command of its possessor is the power to give, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to educate the ignorant, to endow hospitals, to encourage struggling genius. So many live and flourish, however, without the auriferous beams of Aladdin's lamp shining in their eyes, so many artists have produced their best works without its aid, so many thinkers have spun their loftiest themes, so many inventors have worked miracles, and so many songs have soared from an attic and an empty stomach, that we willingly acknowledge it is not indispensable to happiness or perfection. Still, while the genius of some is inextinguishable, and will scintillate, however humble the conditions, as well in a hut as a palace, that of others demands all the benefits that ready money confers, in order to do justice to itself.

"PARMACETI FOR AN INWARD BRUISE."

IT is a question whether there is not a sin of selfishness. The cases are many where this humble virtue raises up a whole progeny of vices in the soul of him or her toward whom it is exercised. Thus the wife who never thinks of her own comfort or proper dignity feeds the incipient tyrant in the breast of her husband, till presently she has not a right which he feels bound to respect. And the husband who forgets himself, and the claim of body and soul to rest and growth, that he may heap all things at the feet of his wife, fosters selfishness, vanity, cruelty, in her. Thus parents injure children, children harm parents, and friend suffers at the hand of friend, though it was love that prompted to the ill-considered sacrifice.

But selfishness may also turn and rend its possessor, women especially; and very good women above all others have reason to watch against that besetting sin. We are a very nervous race. There is a whip in the sky to lash us on, if ever we pause for a moment in the incessant round of duty to family, friends, society. Night closes all too soon on our busy day. And we seem hardly to have slept when the vigilant sentry, Dawn, standing on the threshold of tomorrow, calls us from our dreams.

Women whose nerves are on the surface, played upon by every wind of discord that blows, and who put their conscience into basement and attic, as well as nursery and parlor, are often so overweighted by the slightest additional burden—as a hasty word from the husband on whose altar they are daily and hourly offering up their whole existence, or a declaration of independence from some stout young rebel among the children for whom they are forgetting that they are anything more than mothers and nurses—that they are crushed for the moment. The joy has gone out of life. The sacrifice they have made seems unknown and unvalued, and if they had time, they could cry like any child. But they put their grief behind them, and goad themselves on with the braided thong of will and conscience to a completer forgetfulness of self, and its imperious claim to consideration.

Now, if they were dealing with a little child of organization as sensitive as their own, who was worn out with its tasks, as they with theirs, and who had burst into a "tantrum" such as only age and principle forbid to them, they would think only how to comfort and console. They would not remind the small sufferer, as they do themselves, of all the blessings it enjoys and all the miseries it is spared, and close the admonition with a statement of the child's wickedness and ingratitude in crying over its lot. Rather would they gather the poor little delinquent in tender arms, and soothe it with kisses and soft words, taking its view of life for the moment, but only to explain that things look dark because the baby brain is overtaxed and the baby body tired, and coaxing back smiles and contentment with a merry game or a frolic with the kitten.

Why, then, should not these conscientious mothers take the medicine they administer? The disease is the same, but in their case far the more serious. No woman born ever outgrew the need of outspoken love, and of occasional petting. If she have taught her husband, by perpetual self-forgetting, that he too is to forget this vital want, then she should pet herself, at wholesome intervals, for both their sakes. When her "tantrums"

of quivering nerves seize her, let her solace their dumb misery with tender care instead of calling herself to task. What kind of petting will minister to her mind diseased she must decide. It may comfort and quiet her to lock her door on all the house, and lie down on the lounge with a delightful novel. It may be best to have a walk in the sunshine. Perhaps a play, or music, or a long afternoon among pictures, or a visit, is the medicine her idiosyncrasies demand. But whatever it be, let her insist upon it to herself, as she would to another. It will be vastly better for husband and children that the wife and mother should be individual woman as well, with her own salt of difference from them, her own tastes, her sense of her own needs and rights as clear to her vision, and as justly maintained, as her sense of theirs. The women who understand this diagnosis and prescription will not be hurt by it, and it is chiefly they who need this "parmaceti for an inward bruise."

TABLE MANNERS.

NOTHING is so important in the training of a family of children (after teaching them reverence, and to tell the truth) as to give them good table manners. It is said by foreigners to be a great national defect with us Americans. We do not, as a nation, comport ourselves well at table. In the first place, we eat too fast, and are very apt to make a noise over our soup. Well-bred people put their soup into their mouths without a sound, lifting up the spoon slowly, thinking about it, and managing to swallow it noiselessly. In the second place, we are accused of chewing our food with the mouth open, and of putting too much in the mouth at once. Again, we are accused, particularly at railway stations and at hotels, of putting our heads in our plates, and of eating with the knife instead of with the fork.

Now in Germany well-bred people do eat with their knives, and a broad-edged, shovel-shaped silver knife is seen on the tables of even German princes, with which they may be said to shovel in the peas and beans and sour-kraut which they affect. But with the French, the English, and ourselves this plan is considered afflictingly vulgar, and we use a fork even to the eating of ice-cream, which many dainty people now prefer to eat with fork instead of spoon.

Therefore a child should be taught to eat with his fork in the right hand early, and to manage knife and fork with ease and composure. He removes them from his plate when the plate is placed before him with them on, and he crosses them on his plate when he has finished, so that they may be easily removed. He also learns to use a spoon properly, not leaving it in his cup, which it may tip over, but putting it in his saucer. He breaks his bread neatly, not covering the table with crumbs; nor does he make bread pills of it, as some slovenly people do.

The modern way of laying a table, in which several sets of knives and forks are laid at each plate, is apt to embarrass a neophyte, who does not know which to take first. The smallest fork is for the raw oysters, which generally precede a handsome dinner, the next smallest fork for the fish, and so on. These rules are soon learned.

But at the ordinary every-day table there should be the best of manners, beginning with respect for one's elders, and then an absence of gluttonous haste. It is not the fashion now for people to help each other, as the waiter passes the dishes; but if it is to be done, let it be done very quietly, not officiously.

No one should leave the table eating. Let the food be swallowed slowly, and a few minutes' conversation follow the last drop of the final cup of coffee, which generally ends the repast of dinner. It is not well to talk or laugh loud at table; all well-bred people take a quiet tone at meals. A good appetite is no disgrace, but the people who eat a great deal, ravenously and fast, are never considered refined. We should moderate our appetites in all things, and learn to keep the rebellious body in order.

If wine is drunk, the glass should be taken by the stem, and not by the bowl, nor should a finger ever be put over into the bowl of goblet or wine-glass, as some elderly people do.

Fish and fruit are eaten with silver knives and forks; or if silver fish-knives are not provided, a piece of bread can be held in the left hand. Fish corrodes a steel knife.

Never tilt a soup plate for the last drop, or scrape your plate clean, or drain your wine-glass to the dregs. Leave something for "manners"—a good old rule.

As for vegetables, they are generally eaten with a fork, but there are two or three exceptions. Asparagus can be eaten with the fingers; so can radishes, water-cresses, and olives; also cheese, if a person chooses. It is not proper to pick chicken bones or to eat any kind of meat with the fingers.

Next to greediness, indecision should be avoided. Always refuse or accept promptly. Tell your host if you prefer white to dark meat; do not give him the labor of choosing. Be firm in your determination not to take any kind of wine if you do not wish it. It is generally poured by the waiter, that he may drink it himself after dinner. Never play with food, nor handle the glass, silver, or china unnecessarily, but try to be composed in manner even if you do not feel so.

A young person is always annoyed at upsetting a glass of wine, and no doubt it is one of the most painful of the *petites misères*; but it is not of as much consequence as one thinks, and is as nothing to the more uncivilized faults to which we have alluded. It is a thing which may happen to any one, and as such is always forgiven.

When a finger-bowl, placed on a napkin and a glass plate, is set before one, the finger-bowl should be removed with the right hand and placed in front of the plate, and the little doyley, or fruit napkin, should be then placed at the left hand, as it is intended that the fruit shall be put on the glass plate.

Many people now carve an orange, or an apple, or a peach, by holding it on a fork and cutting it with the knife, not touching it with the fingers. But this is a piece of overscrupulousness, and quite unnecessary. It is always proper to pare an apple, to cut a peach, to prepare an orange, with the knife and the fingers.

The mouth should be carefully wiped with the napkin after soup, after drinking, and after eating anything which can leave its traces on the lips. Gentlemen with mustaches should be very careful in this respect. It is not now the fashion to pin the napkin up to the coat or dress, although some elderly people do it. The napkin is placed across the lap, ready, at the right hand.

It is no longer the custom, as it once was, to wait until every one is helped. The service of a modern dinner rather demands that every one eats what is put before him when it is placed there. A little tact will, however, decide this question. A hostess must always notice if some one is behind the rest in finishing, and must *pretend* to eat, to keep him company, unless her guest is unreasonably long in getting through.

If a person is so unlucky as to break anything at table, the best apology is a very short one. Do not lose your composure, or trouble your hostess. She will be far more sorry for you than you can be for her, if she is a kindly, well-bred person, and if she is not, her feelings are of not so much consequence.

Table manners forbid on the part of the hostess any rebuking of servants in the presence of guests. They must be rebuked in private, for it disturbs the pleasure of a dinner very much to see that unequal contest going on.

Even if her guests arrive late (an intolerable rudeness), a hostess must seem not to see it. No accident which can happen must deprive her of her self-possession. She must be calm and cheerful and pleased, and make her company happy; if she is fussy and nervous, who can be happy?

If anything is to be removed from the mouth, let it be done from behind the napkin, and all use of the tooth-pick should be also from that obscurity. Nor should one drink or speak with eatables in the mouth.

In getting rid of the skins of grapes, or the pits of fruit, much delicacy should be cultivated. The hand is the proper medium from the mouth to the plate. Some people eat instinctively with great elegance, some never achieve elegance in these minor matters, but all should strive for it. There is no more repulsive object than a person who eats noisily, grossly, inelegantly. Dr. Johnson is remembered for his brutal way of eating almost as much as for his great learning and genius. With him it was selfish preoccupation.

Table manners should begin before going to table in the making one's self fit for the table. If no further toilette is possible, one should attend to the cleanliness of hands and face, and the smoothing of hair. In ordinary households every one can make a modest toilette for dinner. In any event, students and clerks, and women who are artists, or authors, or shop-girls, or in any walk of life, can at least make themselves clean. And then the business of mutual respect and of mutual good-breeding begins. The humblest meal may show the highest manners, and the real lady or gentleman shines at the boarding-house table as at the queen's banquet.

Abuse of one's food is in bad taste everywhere. Travelling in America is as yet rather a severe trial to those who have cultivated the gustatory powers, and the cook is not abroad. There are often reasons for complaining. But the person who spends the dinner hour in complaining of his food makes one more dish at a bad dinner; ten to one, he has not been accustomed to better meals at home. Every one can appreciate the mutual misfortune of a bad dinner; therefore let each one bear his burden smilingly and well.

There are a thousand little laws which our forefathers regarded as important which we have forgotten. One was that an egg should be eaten out of the shell instead of out of the glass; that pepper and salt should be handed from left to right; that no one should help another to salt, for fear of quarrelling; that there should be toasts drunk at dinner (now fortunately gone out of fashion); that the host or hostess, or, worse still, that some guest, should carve—all of which brought about an awkwardness.

Now we have the habit of teaching our waiters, men and women, to carve, and to serve the tea and coffee also, from a side table. It is much more agreeable for all concerned. Eating and drinking table manners share in the general improvement; we make everything easier as we go on in civilization; but we do not wish the pretty customs of the past to be altogether lost; we should keep all that is good, and add on every refinement and every respectful courtesy.

It is not now the fashion to put the condiments on the table, *excepting always salt*. One fortunately escapes the sight of that neglected caster which was once the chief horror of a careless table, that cloudy vinegar and doubtful oil, which Dickens describes with such pathetic minuteness in one of his inimitable sketches.

Table manners include that beautiful custom that the men should rise when ladies leave the table. If it is only the mother or the sister who leaves, or who arrives after the gentlemen are seated at the domestic breakfast or dinner, every man should rise until the ladies have either seated themselves or have left the room.

It is a part of the chivalry of nature. Breakfast is always an informal meal, and in England at a great house gentlemen jump up and cut a slice of ham at the sideboard, help themselves to

a fresh cup of tea, and in every way make the meal a very easy one. Luncheon also is somewhat a transient and informal meal.

But dinner is a very formal meal, and no one stirs, unless taken ill and obliged to leave the table. The servants hand everything, and the guests devote themselves to amusing each other.

A part of table manners should be the conversation. By mutual consent, every one should bring only the best that is in him to the table. There should be the greatest care taken in the family circle to talk of only agreeable topics at meals. The mutual forbearance which prompts the neat dress, the respectful bearing, the delicate habit of eating, the attention to table etiquette, should also make the mind put on its best dress, and the effort of any one at a meal should be to make himself or herself as agreeable as possible. No one should show any haste in being helped, any displeasure at being left until the last. It is always proper at an informal meal to ask for a second cut, to say that rare or underdone beef is more to your taste than the more cooked portions, to ask for another glass of Champagne or sherry. But one never asks twice for soup or fish; one is rarely helped twice at dessert. These dishes, also salad, are supposed to admit of but one helping.

When a dinner is served *à la Russe*, one never asks for anything. The courses follow each other too fast for that, and it would disturb the hostess. No one need fear that his appetite will not be appeased. In the matter of taking wine, one is permitted in these days to decline all, if one wishes to do so. With our forefathers—even with our fathers—this was considered very bad manners. But “nous avons changé tout cela.” Many a lady at a fashionable dinner now motions the waiter away with her forefinger put on the edge of her glass, and she drinks nothing but water.

Ice-water is the tipple of the Americans. It is always served with every meal, and is the greatest luxury in our hot dry climate. It should be, however, a part of table manners not to drink too much of it, or to show an impatient desire to have the glass filled too often. Like every good thing, it may be overdone.

In rising from the table, put the napkin by the side of the plate, unless you see that the custom of the house demands that you fold it. If so, do as the rest of the company do. In most modern houses, however, napkins are used but once.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

COACHING COSTUMES.

THE annual parade of the Coaching Club is one of the prettiest displays of the year in New York. Twelve or fifteen coaches are in line, driven by gentlemen in the club uniform of green, with white hats, accompanied by ladies dressed in the gay toilettes in which they are to attend the club dinner when the drive is over. The profusion of flowers worn would of itself make this a gay scene, as they appear in huge bouquets in the corsage and in the hands of each lady, in the gentlemen's coats, and in rosettes on the heads of the horses. The ladies wear light-colored dresses of satin Surah, or nuns' veiling, or China crape, or elegant brocaded and embroidered costumes composed of several fabrics. Olive green and pale lemon-color were the favorite hues this season. The dresses are such as would be seen at any other dinner party, but the hats are coaching hats, and the parasols are of the most brilliant red stuffs, or enriched with rows of lace laid over Surah of some favorite color. For longer drives on coaches, and for all other occasions except this of the annual club dinner, plainer English costumes, simple and even severe, yet stylish, are adopted. For these, ladies have cloth and Cheviot suits made by a tailor, and their hats are bought from a hatter who imports them direct from London. The hat is as gay as color, rough straws, and noddling plumes can make it, and the English parasol corresponds with it in color, being sometimes of Turkey red oil-calico, lined with white silk, or of red taffeta silk that endures rain without injury, or else of the dark blue and gold changeable Venetian silks. The simple costumes of cloth or Cheviot for which the tailor charges \$75 to \$100 are very perfectly fitted to the figure, and most simply draped, but are otherwise without trimming, unless the English fashion of adding many rows of soutache braid is adopted. The newest of these costumes is in the pale gray-blue shade called Russian blue by many, while some merchants call it porcelain blue. A cloth, camel's-hair, or Cheviot dress of this shade, or of olive green or concolor brown, or else of the very dark claret shades, will be made with a basque as short and plain as that of a riding-habit, and one of the round apron over-skirts that have been in vogue for many seasons. The lower skirt may be laid in loose large lengthwise pleats or in very fine narrow pleats, or it may have no trimming but many rows of stitching, while the front and side gores have three or four lapping plain pieces, each abundantly stitched, placed across below the apron. When braid is used for trimming, it is soutache—not of the narrowest width—and is put in parallel rows. If the wearer is very slight, and a fuller dress is required, three deep pleated flounces cover the back breadths, and the front has a deep apron, while there is probably some fullness added to the basque by a deep pleating on the fronts, extending down from the waist line, and as far back as the middle forms of the back. The simplest lingerie is worn with such dresses, consisting merely of a narrow linen collar, fastened by a very slender brooch of gold or of silver, and dispensing with the large white or colored bows worn with house toilettes. Cuffs are omitted also when the long loose-wristed gloves of tan-colored undressed kid are worn. The corsage bouquet is, however, worn even with this simple costume, and sometimes a

gay-bordered handkerchief is stuck in the corsage or the belt of the hunting jacket, to give a slight touch of color. Shoes with cloth tops matching the dress, or else with écu or drab tops, in contrast with the dark color, are worn by English ladies, and are also seen here in the morning. The toilettes just described are also suitable for travelling.

SUMMER EVENING DRESSES.

Some of the prettiest dresses for summer evenings are made of the twilled Surahs in light shades of blue, rose, or lemon-color, trimmed with Spanish laces dyed the color of the Surah. The pleated flounces that half cover the short skirts are widely edged with this Spanish lace, and sometimes the large dotted Spanish net of the same color is draped at the top for an over-skirt, and forms the transparent sleeves. In other dresses the corsage is of the Surah, shirred in many rows quite high about the neck like a deep collar, or else it is pointed in surplice fashion quite low, and finished with a shell jabot of the lace. A soft belt folded very wide, with a large sash bow at the back, is placed around the waist, and has ends that fall almost to the edge of the skirt. Similar dresses for quiet occasions are made of black satin Surah, trimmed with black Spanish lace and a sash of black watered ribbon, or else of striped watered silk cut in two in the middle of the breadth. Black and white striped satin flounces covering an entire skirt are also worn with a basque and over-dress of black Spanish net, edged with black Spanish lace laid over white lace. A white Spanish lace polonaise abundantly trimmed with lace and white moiré ribbon bows is a beautiful over-dress to wear with white skirts of satin Surah, white moiré, gauze, or nuns' veiling. Such dresses have short skirts, and are entirely white; they are worn at day receptions with white Panama bonnets or round hats that may have colored plumes, and colored velvet pleted in the brim, but are also seen with white plumes and with white Spanish lace scarf-mantles, the only color in the whole toilette being given by the large bouquet of natural flowers in the corsage.

The Bengaline or Victoria silks, repped like Sicilienne, and as soft as Surah, are lovely fabrics for summer evening dresses. They come in white and the palest tints, and are most effectively trimmed with white laces, especially the new Valenciennes with plain meshes and simple feathery edge. A lemon-colored Bengaline dress has the waist deeply pointed in the neck behind and before, and the wide Valenciennes gathered very full in the edge of the neck to fall about on it carelessly. The sleeves are of alternate lengthwise insertions of Valenciennes and bias bands of the Bengaline. With such a waist, the skirt will be of the silk nearly covered with pleatings of the lace put around in rows.

The chimé figured satin Surahs are also very beautiful for full-dress toilettes. With a ground of cream white, the figures in pale blue and rose, with green foliage, look like chenille embroidery, or like hand-painting. These are for basques and trains with shirred petticoat fronts of plain white Surah, or else of ombré shades like the green foliage or the pink of the rose in the figured part. Valenciennes lace in stripes forms the sleeves of such dresses, and the front of the basque is cut square, and has a stomacher of the lace. A bow or slight drapery of the ombré Surah is on each sleeve and on the corsage in front and behind.

HINTS ABOUT DRESSES.

Instead of frills at the wrists and neck of dresses, they are sometimes finished with a puff of the Surah used for trimming. To make this puff fluffy and soft-looking, it is first pleated, then doubled, and the pleating is pulled out in the middle of the puff. A single wide ruche at the foot is a favorite trimming for the skirts of simple dresses. This ruche is five or six inches wide, and is laid in treble or quadruple box pleats, folded very deeply, and each cluster of pleats placed an inch away from that next it. It is then stitched in the middle, and the edges are allowed to fall forward and almost meet. Many collars sewed around the neck of dresses are now wired; this is true of dresses that are high about the throat, as well as of those opening low on the bust. For instance, a high-necked dress of cashmere, trimmed with watered silk, will have a standing collar two and a half inches high behind and curved to the front. A wire is placed inside the collar at its upper edge, and the collar is then rolled over to turn down half its depth in the back. This is a very neat fashion when two materials are used in the collar, such as cashmere on the outside and watered silk for the lining that is rolled over at the top. The fichu finish for the throat of dresses retains its popularity, and is seen on black grenadine and Surah dresses prettily made of the large dotted Spanish lace, with full frills of narrow Spanish lace for edging it. The regular coat sleeve is still preferred by most ladies, but is made slightly full at the top of the arm. The newest sleeves on French dresses have only one seam, that inside the arm, and are very bias and large in the armhole, where they are held by four or five tiny pleats that are confined to the front.

PINS FOR DRAPING, ETC.

A novelty on imported dresses is the use of large pins of gilt or oxidized silver, shaped like huge hair-pins, for securing the drapery of woolen dresses, such as dark blue nuns' veiling or porcelain blue camel's-hair. Smaller pins, shaped like nail heads flattened, are then thrust into the scarf drapery on the wrists of the sleeves, in the belt, and are also used to close the front of the dress like buttons.

VARIETIES.

Throat bows of satin Surah of pale blue, rose, or lemon-color are trimmed with Spanish lace dyed the color of the Surah.

The Medicis puff for the neck is newer than the ruff. It is made of bias mull shirred through the middle to form a full puff each side of the gathering, and these puffs are worn high and close about the throat, or else pointed low *en surplice*. A ruffle of lace may be placed below the lower puff, but the upper puff rests against the neck without lace. Two soft puffs, each turned toward the hand, are placed inside the dress sleeves. A long-looped bow of ivory white satin ribbon fastens the puffs at the neck.

Black Spanish lace fans of circular shape are made up over a stiff foundation that is pleated in the centre, and fastened to a thick handle wrapped with ribbons. A bunch of natural flowers is the prettiest trimming for such a fan, though they are usually provided with artificial clusters of Marshal Neil roses or dark Jacqueminot buds. They cost from \$8 upward.

A very large Alsatian bow of dark red plush, held by a gilt ornament, is worn in the hair with morning toilettes.

Pocket-handkerchiefs for day use have a narrow hem of porcelain blue or of dark red, and sometimes the entire centre is in small blocks of écu with white.

Écu lace mitts, and dark tan-colored mitts in the closely woven silk Marguerite patterns, are stylishly worn with black dresses and those of very dark colors.

The scarfs of colored Surah for the neck have square ends of white or of écu vermicelli lace, embroidered with gay silks in pretty designs of baskets holding flowers, butterflies, and birds' nests.

A pendent pocket of white satin and Spanish lace is hung by ivory white ribbons to the belt to be worn with evening dresses. A gold brooch holds the lace together in the front, and a cluster of natural flowers is thrust in it, or is fastened on the outside.

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PERSONAL.

A TRAY of sand filled with grass, among which poppies and daisies appear to be growing, is a poetical idea for a dinner-table decoration, which is borrowed from DORÉ's picture of field flowers.

The wife of the Turkish commander, Madame HOBART Pasha, is an artist of considerable skill, and has exhibited a number of paintings at Pera.

Professor DENNEBSCQ is constructing an Æolian harp for a Rochester gentleman, of some pretensions; the sounding-board is of Norway pine, seven feet high, and the back of hard curled-maple of forty-five years cut, all imported from Europe, as the slow growth in that climate gives a texture better adapted to musical instruments. It is to be placed on a tower, and it is thought that the music will be heard for three miles up the river, like “horns of Elfland faintly blowing.”

An American autumn landscape, by Mr. ERNEST PARTON, of which able judges speak highly, was rejected by the hanging committee of the Royal Academy because it was thought that nature could not compass anything so gorgeous in tint. The hanging committee should travel, and make acquaintance with nature's possibilities.

At her coronation the Queen of Roumania wore white satin, with Marie de Medicis collar, a white satin mantle lined with sable, and coronet of pearls; she recited passages from her poem of “Sappho” to Mr. HEALY while sitting for her portrait, and said he had painted the heroine of her poem as well as the author.

An excellent coffee-house, open Sundays as well as week-days, has been given to the villagers of Hawarden by Mrs. GLADSTONE, who has also established a home for orphans near the castle. The fact that many of the GLADSTONE servants have been in the family thirty and forty years speaks volumes.

A grandniece of President JOHN TYLER, Miss JULIA BEAUREGARD, was lately married, at St. Louis, to Lieutenant LANE HOWELL, of the army.

In a facetious issue of the London *Times* for 1980 the House of Lords is the House of Ladies, there are fashion notes from the Feejee Islands, and news of a battle in the arctic regions, and the capture of the north pole.

Three hundred children are provided for by Prince ALESSANDRO TORLONIA, of Rome, who keeps two doctors to attend the poor, who dread hospitals, and has established an asylum for the old and a hospital for the blind, and gives away a hundred and twenty dishes to the needy daily.

The brother of BRADLAUGH is a successful evangelist in London, and his parents were pious.

The reading-desk of Trinity Church, Boston, has a garnet velvet valance, from a design of Mr. LA FARGE, worked by the Decorative Art Society.

The musical people at Barcelona were enthusiastic over Miss EMMA THURSBY, and recalled her several times.

JENNY LIND lives in London, and is worth a million dollars.

The wife of HENRY VILLARD, the railroad magnate, who was one of the first emigrants to Pike's Peak, is a daughter of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON; he is a native of Rhenish Bavaria himself, and forty-six years old.

The dramatic critic of the Boston *Traveller* was presented with the dagger used by SALVINI in *Macbeth* during his engagement here.

A bust of the late FRANK BUCKLAND, executed by the English sculptor J. WARRINGTON WOOD, is to be set up in the Fish Museum, at South Kensington.

Cambridge, Massachusetts, is the birth-place of MARGARET FULLER, LOWELL, ALLSTON, and HOLMES.

SOJOURNER TRUTH, the aged African, one hundred and six years old, has had a new silk gown sent her from England, and has started with it on a lecturing tour in Michigan.

Speaking of the Chinese treaty not long ago, Senator HOAR quoted St. PAUL, “for God had made of one blood all the nations of the earth.” “Quote the rest,” said Senator MILLER,

of California. “There is no more,” returned Mr. HOAR. “Oh yes, there is,” persisted General MILLER—“and hath determined the bounds of their habitation.”

The FAIRBANKS house in Dedham, Massachusetts, two hundred and twenty years old, claims to be the most ancient dwelling in New England, and is occupied by the seventh generation of the name.

Mr. W. E. BYERLY, who graduated from Harvard ten years ago, is to succeed Professor BENJAMIN PEIRCE.

M. DURAND, father of the lady whom M. GAMBETTA is reported to be about to marry, made his fortune in the coffee and cocoa trade.

A Boston gentleman bought a colonial pattern cent of 1785 for one hundred dollars the other day at an auction in Baltimore.

It is reported that Mr. BLAINE said last winter that his relations with CONKLING were the pleasantest imaginable—they had not spoken for ten years.

It is suggested in an English paper that a statue should be erected to Lord BEACONSFIELD by penny or shilling subscriptions from the artisans of the United Kingdom, since he mainly helped to give them the Factory acts and the franchise. A peal of bells for the Hughenden church has been given by some unknown benefactor.

Senator FRYE is trouting in the Maine lakes, and Hon. HANNIBAL HAMLIN is fishing in the head-waters of the St. John.

A fine portrait of Madame MODJESKA, by Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON, the English actor, is exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery.

The inventor of lawn tennis, Major WALTER WINGFIELD, is to receive a testimonial from the English lovers of the game. He deserves another from lovers of flirtation.

The Emperor of Russia has such physical strength that he has been known to bend a horseshoe with his fingers.

WHITTINGTON is the subject upon which F. C. BARNARD is writing a burlesque drama.

The elder daughter of Lord HOUGHTON, Hon. AMICIA MILORES, is soon to marry the Director-General of Public Accounts to the Khedive of Egypt, Mr. GERALD FITZGERALD.

MOHAMMED HASHEM Khan, the absolute ruler of a fortress in Candahar, which is considered as the Metz of India, is not quite seventeen, and a year ago might have been seen wandering ragged and dirty about the British camp. He can speak only the *patois* Pachtor of the wild robbers among whom he has dwelt.

A new design in fans is a frame covered on both sides with moss, in which are fastened ox-eye daisies and anemones.

A San Francisco Chinaman, WONG ZYE FUNG, lately paid fifteen dollars for a live turtle, in order that he might be allowed to take it to the wharf and restore it to the water again, showing that the milk of human kindness is not altogether a product of Europe or America.

An exhibition of art from all the prominent Northern artists living in Paris, Munich, Rome, and other art centres is to be opened at Gothenburg, Sweden, in June, when visitors will be able to judge of the great progress made during the last forty years in Northern art.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh narrowly escaped drowning the other day at Sidmouth, on the coast of Devon, having visited a spot on the coast which at high tide is inaccessible, save by boat, and the tide stealing a march upon them, a vessel in the harbor was obliged to send a life-boat to their aid.

Congressman W. A. RUSSELL is going to Europe for the summer, taking his lovely daughters with him.

A miniature of RICHARD III., by OLIVER, was sold in London recently for four thousand dollars, and a majolica dish, by GIORGIO, for eight hundred and ten dollars.

At a dinner given at the British Embassy at Pera, the other day, by Mr. GOSCHEN to SAID Pasha, the present Grand Vizier, and others, the handsome form of a Turkish mosque, composed of ham and gelatine, was the centre-piece, of which his Highness refused to partake, Mr. GOSCHEN not being aware that in offering it he was asking his guest to commit profanation.

Normanhurst, Mr. T. BRASSER's place in Sussex, England, which, while quite a new place, is full of valuable pictures and things money could not replace, came very near being destroyed by fire not long ago.

When BOSWELL's *Johnson* and when MOORE's *Byron* appeared, the same sort of a commotion was created as that which FROUDE's *Reminiscences of Carlyle* has produced.

Mr. CARNEGIE, the steel manufacturer of Braddock, near Pittsburgh, is fitting up a free library for his workmen at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars. May his tribe increase!

The Queen has sent her portrait to BAUM, Lord BEACONSFIELD's confidential valet, and has taken possession of the pet peacocks which were kept at Hughenden, driving to the aviary with LEOPOLD and BEATRICE to welcome them when they arrived at Windsor.

At the recent steeple-chases of the Eleventh Hussars, at Sandown, England, the tent in which luncheon was served was decorated with the battered bugle which sounded the “advance” at Balaklava, as well as with the silver trumpet blown by the trumpet-major at the proclamation of the Empress of India, while around the tent the names of the battles in which the regiment had borne a part were arranged in flowers.

A native of Greece who was present at the Greek play given at Harvard says that Professor RIDDLE's pronunciation was better than that of any of the others, and that Jocasta's was worse. He complains that the Greek *d* was pronounced like the English *d*, instead of like *th*, but adds that the traditions of the Greek stage were admirably followed, and except for the false pronunciation, the whole thing was excellent.

The Princess of Wales has been presented with a shawl of English-grown wool by the members of the Central Chamber of Agriculture.

Miss MARIANNE NORTH, who has just arrived in New York, has been travelling alone all over the world for the last ten or fifteen years, painting trees and flowers, with a bit of landscape to show their habitat. She has climbed wild mountains, been driven through savage places in camel-wagons guarded by natives, and has floated down strange rivers upon inflated skins. She has made more than six hundred studies of trees and plants, some of them unknown to botanists before, and has presented them to the Kew Gardens, where she has built a gallery for them.

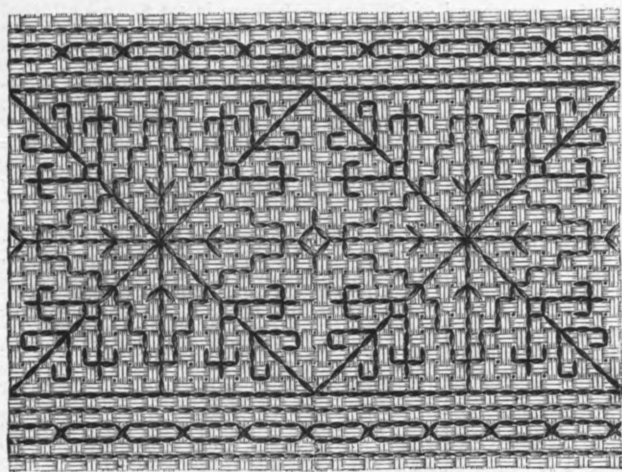
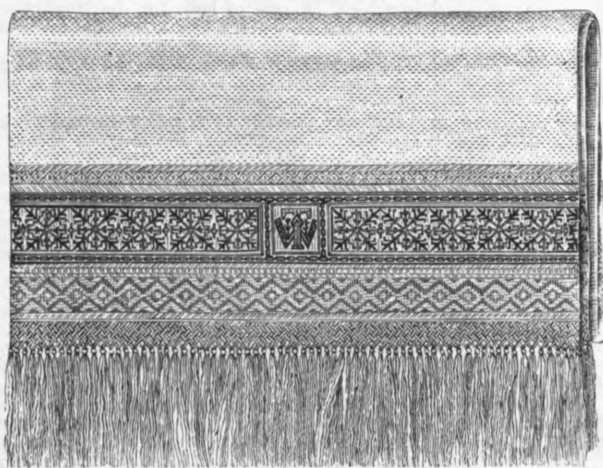


Fig. 2.—BORDER OF TOWEL, FIG. 1.—HOLBEIN-WORK.

Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED TOWEL.—HOLBEIN-WORK.—[See Fig. 2.]
Designed by Madame Emilie Bach, Directress of the Vienna School of Art Needle-Work.

threads of the linen. The centre of the square is covered by a maroon velvet application, which is fastened with the innermost row of cross stitches, and the embroidery is bordered on the outside with a strip of similar velvet an inch wide, which is fastened with the outermost row of cross stitches.

Embroidered Towel.—Holbein-Work.—Figs. 1 and 2.

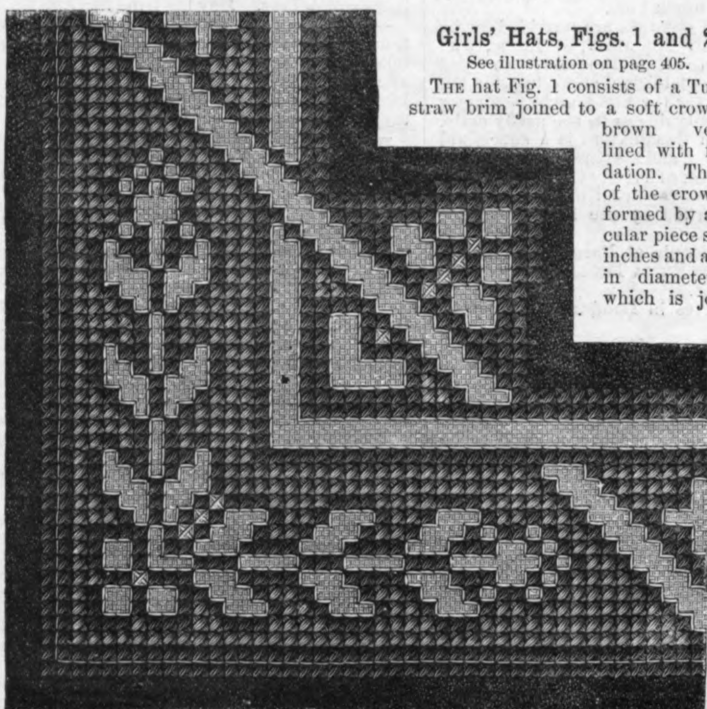
This linen towel is woven with a diapered border with a plain canvas-like stripe. The stripe is embroidered with red and blue cotton in Holbein-work after a design by Madame Emilie Bach, directress of the Vienna School of Art Needle-Work, given in Fig. 2. The ends are ravelled to form fringe, the strands of which are plaited and knotted in the manner shown in Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.—TABLE-COVER.—[See Fig. 2.]
For design see next Supplement, No. X, Fig. 55.

Girls' Hats, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustration on page 405.

THE hat Fig. 1 consists of a Tuscan straw brim joined to a soft crown of brown velvet, lined with foundation. The top of the crown is formed by a circular piece seven inches and a half in diameter, to which is joined



CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY FOR SACHETS, ETC.

Table-Cover, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS table-cover is of coarse écu linen, and is ornamented with a border worked in a crown imperial lily design, in stem, satin, and knotted stitch, with red embroidery silk and gold thread. Fig. 2 gives a section of the border and the corner; the design for the rest of the border will be given in next week's Supplement. The edge of the cover is secured in button-hole stitch with red silk, and the linen beyond is ravelled for fringe, which is separated into strands of equal size and tied to form tassels.

Cross Stitch Embroidery for Sachets, etc.

THE illustration gives the embroidery for one-quarter of a square cover for the top of a sachet or toilette cushion. The embroidery is worked on a square of stiff, rather coarse, écu linen, in cross stitch, with light and dark red silk, and in Holbein stitch with gold thread. Each stitch is taken over three



Fig. 2.—CROWN IMPERIAL LILY DESIGN FOR TABLE-COVER, FIG. 1.—STEM STITCH EMBROIDERY.



Fig. 1.—SATIN STRAW BONNET.

Fig. 2.—TUSCAN STRAW AND LACE BONNET.

Fig. 3.—CRAVAT BOW.

for the side a straight strip five inches deep; a fold is formed in the latter by depressing the top of the crown, and on each side of this it is encircled by a brown satin ribbon that terminates in a bow on the right side.

The brim of the yellow English straw hat Fig. 2 is faced with ruby satin and edged with straw galloon. Ruby satin ribbon two inches wide encircles the crown, and passes un-

The handle is wound with red silk cord, to which red woollen balls are attached. The border around the edge of the basket is in crochet gimp, which is worked in the manner shown by Fig. 3 on page 564, *Bazar* No. 36, Vol. XIII., with a double thread of olive tapestry wool, and edged with several rounds in crochet. The round at the lower edge is worked with old gold silk, and consists of alternately 6 loops of the crochet gimp caught together with 1 sc. (single crochet) and 6 ch. (chain stitch). Tassels made of olive wool and old gold silk are worked around each second 6 ch. as shown in the illustration. The first round at the upper edge is worked with old gold silk, and consists of 2 loops of the gimp caught together with 1 sc. and 1 ch., alternating throughout. In the second round, which is worked with olive wool, 1 sc. is worked on every sc. in the preceding round, and between every 2 sc. 1 picot, consisting of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of them. This picot round covers the lower edge of the bag. The crochet gimp, after it is fastened on the basket, is



TABLE WITH EMBROIDERED BORDER.

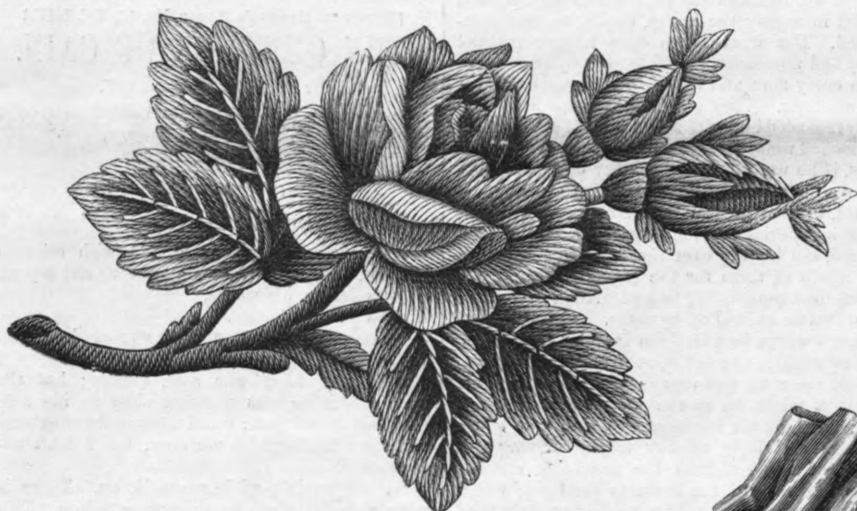


Fig. 2.—SPRAY FOR WORK-BAG, FIG. 1.—FEATHER STITCH EMBROIDERY.

der the straw galloon in the middle of the back, where it is formed into loops and ends. A mull scarf twelve inches wide, edged with lace, is shirred at the middle, and drawn in till it measures an inch and a half across, and fastened on the centre of the crown; the ends are twisted about the satin ribbon, and arranged in a bow in the back.

Work-Basket with Embroidered Bag, Figs. 1 and 2.

THE basket is of willow-ware, and is furnished with a bag made of red satin, embroidered with ground figures in the design given in full size by Fig. 2. The embroidery is executed in feather stitch with embroidery silk in two shades of maize and one of brown for the roses, and three shades of olive green for the leaves. The veins and stems are worked with olive silk in stem stitch. The satin is turned down at the top of the bag, and stitched twice through the double material to form a shirr, through which red silk cords are drawn. When the bag is closed, the cords are tied in loops over the handle as shown in Fig. 1.



Fig. 1.—WORK-BASKET WITH EMBROIDERED BAG.—[See Fig. 2.]



Fig. 1.—HAT FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 2.—HAT FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.



Fig. 4.—LACE STRAW BONNET.

studded with small balls made of olive wool and old gold silk, as shown in the illustration.

Table with Embroidered Border.

THE top of this carved wood table is ornamented with an embroidered border, finished at the lower edge with fringe. The foundation of the border is black cloth; on this a strip two inches and a half wide of light blue cloth is applied, and bordered half an inch wide on each side with brown cloth. After the



Fig. 5.—WHITE CHIP HAT.

Fig. 6.—CRAVAT BOW.

design has been transferred to the material, the flowers are worked in satin stitch with brown wool, and edged in chain stitch with yellowish-brown silk; their centres are worked in satin stitch with blue silk. The bars are worked with white and brown wool alternately, and edged in chain stitch with maroon silk and in stem stitch with yellowish-brown. The leaves are outlined in chain stitch with brown wool in two shades, the arabesques in chain stitch are worked with dark green zephyr wool, and the figures they contain are worked with brown, maroon, and steel gray wool, and maroon and pink silk. The blue cloth is edged in button-hole stitch with brown silk, the brown cloth in chain stitch with bluish-gray wool; slanting stitches of blue and olive silk and white wool are worked on the latter. The figures on the black cloth are worked in satin stitch with steel gray, brown, brownish-yellow, and blue wools in turn, and edged in chain stitch with maize silk. To make the fringe, ends of yellowish-brown wool, with each of which a thread of yellow silk is taken, are folded to one-half their length, and knotted around a double thread of similar wool; three rows of transposed knots are worked with the ends, and tassels of similar wool are knotted into the last row.

[Continued from page 396, No. 26, Vol. XIV.]

THE PUPIL OF AURELIUS.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "MACROD OF DARK," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHANTOM," ETC.

THESE not very anxious experiments, and quite idle speculations about the uses of various forms of labor, might have gone on indefinitely but for the very certain fact that Douglas's small stock of money was being slowly but surely exhausted. Slowly, it is true, for he had wholly given up tobacco; his dinner was a roll or a biscuit eaten in the street; and as his landlady charged him sixpence for each scuttful of coals, he preferred to keep himself warm, on these now bitterly cold evenings, by tramping about outside, and looking at the shops. That good woman, by-the-way, was sorely disappointed in this new lodger, out of whom she could make no indirect profit; and she had a waspish tongue. John Douglas regarded her taunts—almost amounting to open insult—with a patient and mild curiosity. It was a little bit of psychological study, and more interesting than book-keeping by double entry. Meantime things were becoming very serious; with all his penuriousness, he had arrived at his last half-sovereign.

One night, a few minutes after nine, he was returning home along one of the badly lit little thoroughfares in the Borough, when he saw the figure of a woman slowly subside on to the pavement in front of him. She did not fall; she trembled on to her knees, as it were, and then lay prone—near a door-step. Well, he had grown familiar with the sights of London streets; but even if the woman were drunk, as he imagined, he would lift her up, until some policeman came along.

He went forward. It was not a woman, but a young girl of about seventeen or so, who did not seem a drunken person.

"My lass, what is the matter with ye?" he said, kneeling down to get hold of her.

"Oh, I am so ill—I am so ill!" the girl moaned, apparently to herself.

He tried to raise her. She was quite white, and almost insensible. Then she seemed to come to; she struggled up a bit, and sought to support herself by the handle of the door.

"I shall be all right," she gasped. "I am quite well. Don't tell them. I am quite well—it was my knees that gave way."

"Where do ye live, my lass?" said he, taking hold of her arm to support her; for he thought she was going to sink to the ground again.

"Number twelve."

"In this street?"

She did not answer.

"Come, I will help ye home, then."

"No, no," she said, in the same gasping way. "I will sit down here a few minutes. I shall be all right. I—I am quite well."

"You are not going to sit down on a door-step on a night like this," he said, severely. "Come, pull yourself together, my lass. If it is number twelve, you have only a few yards."

He half dragged and half carried her along. He knocked loudly at the door. There came to it a tall black-visaged woman, who, the moment she saw the girl, cried out,

"Oh, Mary Ann, are you took bad again?"

"No—don't tell them," the girl said, as she staggered into the narrow passage. "They'll turn me off. They said so the last time. I shall be all right. But my head—is so bad."

They got her into the dingy little parlor, and laid her down on the horse-hair-covered couch. Her hand was clasped to her head, and her whole frame was shivering violently, as if with cold.

John Douglas had never before had to deal with sickness. His first notion, seeing this violent shivering, was to order hot whiskey and water; but then he thought it more prudent to ask where the nearest doctor could be found. The tall dark woman did not seem inclined to go or send for any doctor. She stood regarding the girl quite apathetically.

"Poor Mary Ann!" she said, watching her as if she were a dog in a fit. "She wasn't took as bad as this before. She's been starving herself, she has, to keep her mother and her young sisters; and she can't stand all day in the shop as she used to. I've seen it a-comin' on."

"God bless me, woman," said Douglas, "we must do something instead of standing and looking at the poor lass. Can not you tell me where the nearest doctor is? Has one been attending her?"

"Poor Mary Ann," the woman said, composedly; "she'll come out of it; but it's worse this time. A doctor? She couldn't afford to have a doctor, she couldn't. A doctor would be bringing physic; she can't pay for physic, she can't. She owes me three weeks' rent, and I ain't ast for it once—not once. Thirteen hours a day standing behind a counter is too much for a slip of a girl like that. Poor Mary Ann! Is your head bad, my dear?"

Douglas made use of a phrase which is not to be found anywhere in the writings of Marcus Aurelius, and hurriedly left the house. He made for the nearest chemist's shop, and asked the youth there where he should find a doctor. The youth glanced toward the back room, and said Dr. Sweeney was at hand. Dr. Sweeney was summoned, and appeared: a hard-headed-looking youngish man, whom Douglas immediately bore away with him.

The young Irish doctor did not seem much concerned when he saw his patient. He seemed to be familiar with such cases. He said the girl must be put to bed at once. She was merely suffering from a feverish attack on a system weakened by exhaustion and fatigue. Then he began to question the landlady. The usual story. Girl in a draper's shop; mother and sisters in the country; sends them most of her earnings; probably does not take enough food; long hours; constant standing; drinking tea to stave off hunger; and so forth. Douglas listened in silence.

"And when she recovers from this attack, slight or severe," he said at length, "what would restore that young lass to a proper state of health?—can ye say that, doctor?"

"I can say it easily," said the young Irishman, with a sarcastic smile. "I can prescribe the remedies: and there are plenty of such cases: unfortunately the patients are not in a position to follow my prescriptions. I should prescribe good food, and fewer hours of work, and an occasional week in the country air. It is easy to talk of such things."

"Ay, that is so," said Douglas, absently.

He went home. He took from his pocket the biscuit wrapped in a bit of newspaper that he had meant for his supper; but he put it on the top of the little chest of drawers, thinking it would do for his breakfast in the morning, and he would save so much. Then he went to the little stock of money in his locked-up bag, and found there eight shillings and sixpence. He took seven shillings of it, and went out again into the cold night, and walked along to the house where the sick girl was.

"Mistress," he said to the landlady, in his slow staid way, "I have brought ye a little money that ye may buy any small things the lass may want; it is all I can spare the now. I will call in the morning and see how she is."

"You needn't do that," said the tall woman. "Poor Mary Ann—she'll be at the shop."

"She shall not be at the shop!" he said, with a frown. "Are ye a mad woman? The girl is ill."

"She'll have to be at the shop, or lose her place," said the landlady. "There's too many young girls after situations nowadays, and they won't be bothered with weakly ones."

However, as it turned out, there was to be no shop for Mary Ann the next day, or for many a day to come. When John Douglas called in the morning, he was informed that she was "delirious like." She was imploring the doctor—who had been there an hour before—not to let her lose her situation. She was talking about her mother and sisters in an incoherent way; also about one Pete, who appeared to have gone away to Australia and never written since. Douglas looked at the girl, lying there with her flushed face, closed eyes, and troubled breathing, unconscious of his presence, only twisting the bed-clothes about with her hot hands.

"Poor Mary Ann!" the landlady said, contemptuously. "If she dies, she'll 'ave to be buried by the workus. And if she lives, she'll be worse off than ever; for they won't take a girl with cropped hair into a shop—and the fear of infection besides. She ain't got a friend in the world, she ain't; except her own people, and they're only a drain on the poor thing. Poor Mary Ann! she 'ave had a bad time of it. Perhaps it would be kinder in Providence if He took her; for who's to pay for her keep if she gets through the fever? Not that I would ask to be paid for her lodging; I ain't one like that; there's her room, and welcome; that's what I says to my husband when he come home last night; and neither him nor me afraid of fever, nor would turn out a poor thing as have been took. But law! it would be months afore she'd get another place; and she ain't got nobody to look after her."

"What have you done with the money I gave you last night?" he asked.

"There it lies, sir—on the mantel-shelf. It ain't for me to touch; it is for the doctor to give his orders about that money."

"Just put this eighteenpence to it, mistress, and ask the doctor what the poor lass may want. It is all I happen to have with me the now."

Then he left; and walked away with an unusual air of determination. He was not downcast because he had parted with his last sixpence.

"It is even better thus," this stern-faced man was saying to himself, "for now we must face facts, and get rid of speculation. Let us begin at the beginning—with one's ten fingers. Poor lass! It is a dreadful place, a great city like this; it has no compassion. Surely, in the country, she would not be so utterly thrown down in the race. Surely some one would say, 'At meal-time come thou hither, and eat of the bread, and dip thy morsel in the vinegar'; and would command the young men and say to them, 'Let her glean even among the sheaves, and reproach her not. And let fall also some of the handfuls of purpose for her, and leave them, that she may glean them, and rebuke her not.' Poor lass! poor lass! Even that

cadaverous-jawed, Tennants'-stalk of a woman thinks it would be better for her to die."

He walked quickly, his lips firm. It was a miserable morning; the noisy thoroughfares full of mist and wet and mud; drifts of sleet swooping round corners; the air raw and cold. The river was scarcely visible when he crossed London Bridge; the steamers and ships were like ghosts in the fog. He made his way as quickly as he could through the crowded streets, until he reached Tower Hill; then he passed up into the Minories; there he paused in front of one or two shops, in the windows of which were the most miscellaneous objects—old clothes, water-proof leggings, tin cans, and what not. At last he entered one of these places, and after a great deal of haggling and argument, he exchanged his coat of gray homespun for a much shabbier-looking dingy blue overcoat, that appeared the kind of thing a pilot would wear. To this was added a woollen comforter; there was no money in the transaction. Douglas wrapped the comforter round his neck there and then, and put on the coat; when he stepped out again into the mud and snow and murky atmosphere, his appearance was much more reconcilable with the neighborhood.

Still walking quickly, he went down to the London and St. Katherine Docks, passing under the shadow of the gaunt walls, and then along that dismal thoroughfare, Nightingale Lane, that looks like a passage between two great prisons, until at last, with moderated pace, and with a certain anxious, nervous look, as if he did not wish himself to be seen, he arrived at the entrance to a space at the corner of the London Dock which was inclosed with some rusted iron railings, and partially roofed over. In this shed, shivering in the cold, and occasionally moving so as to avoid the whirling of the sleet, stood a number of most miserable-looking wretches, men and lads. John Douglas knew very well who these were, and what they were there for. Here, so far as he had learned, was the only place in London where a starving creature could get work without a character or qualification of any kind. Hither came those who, through drink, or idleness, or sheer misfortune, had got right down to the foot of the social ladder; waiting patiently in the dim hope that some extra pressure of work inside would occur to give them an hour or two's employment. Well, he did not hesitate long. He seized a moment when the attention of these poor devils had been attracted by some sound to the other side of the grating (where the foreman was expected to appear), and glided in among the group, hoping to be unperceived. But what sharp eyes hunger makes! They had no sooner turned hopelessly away again than every man and lad of them caught sight of the stranger. They did not resent his intrusion. They regarded him with curiosity, and with apathy. He looked well-to-do for that kind of work. Perhaps, if he were one of the lucky ones, he would stand a pot of beer on coming out in the afternoon.

But, to their great astonishment, they were all to be lucky ones that morning. The foreman appeared, ran his eye over the group, and engaged the whole of them for the day—all except one dazed, drunken-looking tatterdemalion of sixty or so, whom he warned off by name. Almost before he knew where he was, John Douglas found himself at work in the docks, at fivepence an hour.

And the work was very easy, it seemed to him. What it might be in the warehouses he knew not; but here his business was simply to shove a small and light railway truck, carrying two boxes of oranges, from the unloading steamer along the side of the basin to the barge which was receiving them. The work was light, and there were pauses; moreover, the snow had ceased, and the surroundings—the ships and barges and what not—were picturesque enough; the scent of the oranges was pleasant. And his companions, these poor wrecks of humanity who had drifted into this curious, quiet little pool, were in the main good-humored, though most of them seemed too depressed to speak much. Of course they instantly called him "Scottie." Scottie got through his short day's work with satisfaction; and when at four o'clock the great bell began to toll, and when his wages, two shillings and a penny, were paid him, and when he set out for the gate, he was much contented, and was considering that if he did his work diligently and respectfully and in silence, it was not at all unlikely that the foreman would take him on as a regular hand, at four-and-twenty shillings a week.

He was thus thinking, and he had got almost to the gate, when something ahead of him occurred that made him shrink back with a look of dismay on his face. He saw that each man as he passed through the portal held up his arms, while one of the gate-keepers passed his hands over his clothes. They were being searched. Douglas stood still, his whole spirit in angry revolt. He would rather give up his day's wage, the coat off his back, the shoes from his feet—anything—than have to go through this shameful ordeal. He looked back: could he not get out by the wicket at which he entered, at the other end of the docks?

"Come on, Scottie; you ain't been priggin' oranges, eh?" said one of his mates, laughing at him.

Now it was quite clear that this searching of the outgoing laborers was in most cases merely formal; but when the gate-keepers saw this man hanging back, they naturally concluded he had been stealing. They called to him to come along. He hesitated no longer. With a grim air he advanced, and held up his arms in the usual way. He would betray no shame. Doubtless it was a necessary precaution. And as he had stolen nothing, they could not hurt him by merely suspecting him.

But this gate-keeper's inspection was minute; and when he came to some slight protuberance on the breast of the coat, which, indeed, Douglas himself had not noticed, he demanded to know what it was. Nay, he had the coat taken off.

On examination, a part of the lining of the coat was found to have been cut open and carefully sewn together again.

"Took all that trouble?" said the gate-keeper, glancing at him.

"I did not know there was any pocket there," said Douglas, hurriedly; "I got the coat only this morning."

"Oh, indeed," said the other, with a slight derisive laugh. "I shouldn't wonder if we found some tobacco all the same."

The lining was ripped open in the presence of the little crowd of laborers, carmen, stevedores, and so forth, who, seeing something unusual going on, had collected. Douglas certainly looked very guilty. His face was burning red; and the natural sternness of his features made him look as if he were angry at being detected. But, on the other hand, the expression on the face of the big red-bearded gate-keeper changed very suddenly, when he took from inside the lining a little oblong parchment bag, flat and dirty, and opened it, and drew out a thin packet of what turned out to be Bank of England notes. Not many, it is true; but a marvel all the same. The gate-keeper glanced at the culprit again, and said, good-humoredly:

"Bought that coat this morning? then you're in luck's way, my man, that's all I can say. We don't keep them kind o' goods in our warehouses. There ye are."

He once more examined the dirty little parchment bag all over; there was no scrap of writing on it, or on any of the notes.

"There ye are," he said, giving him back both the coat and the valuable package. "There's some as would advertise in the papers about that money; and there's some as would go to Scotland Yard, and expect to get something; and there's some, seein' as there's no writin', as would stick to it, and set up a shop. Where did you buy the coat, my man?"

"At an outfitter's in the Minories—it was an exchange for my own," said Douglas, hastily. He was anxious above all things, money or no money, to get away from this crowd of curious faces.

"An outfitter! yes, it's a fine name. Anyhow, the money don't belong to him. Most likely, now, that coat belonged to some sea-faring man as got drowned, and the poor chap's things sold. Pass on there, my lads!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 16, Vol. XIV.]

THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

By MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

AUTHOR OF "ALL OR NOTHING," "THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE," "A GOLDEN SORROW," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

"TRUST ME FOR ALL IN ALL."

HELEN shrank, breathless, and with crimson blushes, from her lover's embrace, as she repeated, wondering, his words,

"No parting for us?"

"None, dearest. Don't look so scared. Nothing ought to frighten you that I say."

"Nothing does," she said, quietly; but the hand which he was pressing close to his side trembled for all that; "and nothing that anybody could say can frighten me now; but I don't understand."

"I will explain while we walk on. There is not a moment of our precious time to lose. This letter from your father's solicitors makes a great difference to you; not as you take it to mean, but as I do. If Mr. Townley Gore really had money of yours in his keeping, and was accountable to you, or to any one representing you, for it, he would never lose sight of you, depend upon it. He would feel that a point of honor. But we now know that he has not any such trust, and he must have talked of that money which ought to have been yours merely for the purpose of asserting authority over you."

"Oh no, Frank, I think not," remonstrated Helen. "Mr. Townley Gore was really good to me, and he must have known I should find that pretext out some day."

"Of course; but if it served his purpose in the mean time, he would not mind that, you know. It is perfectly easy to see through his motives, though I can easily believe that he was what you call 'good' to you, darling little angel that you are; and you might have borne the life there very well if he could have had his own way. He wanted to fulfill your father's trust, of course. Any man would, under the circumstances, and it would have been unpleasant for him if they had gone back without you, and it had been made plain that the burst of generosity had lasted a very short time; so he very naturally would not let you go; but it would not last, my darling—it would not last."

"I do not want it to last; I want to leave them; but I can not think he calculated in that way."

"How should you think so? How should you think anything but that all the world is as white-winged as yourself? But I know the world as it is, my lily maid, and it is not white-winged at all. You would have been more and more unhappy; and one fine day, when the experiment had lasted long enough to enable them to say that you were incorrigibly headstrong and ungrateful, you would have had the truth told you, that you had nothing in the world but their bounty to depend on, and you would have been provided for, according to their notions of gentility, in one of the ways we talked of on that forever-blessed day at the Louvre."

"But that is what I want, Frank."

"And that is what shall never be. You have promised to be mine, Helen, sooner or later; and you will trust me, will you not, now, and in all things?"

"I will indeed. I do indeed."

If ever there was perfect confidence expressed in a woman's face and voice, it shone on Frank Lisle then, and sounded in his ears.

"You will come away from them to me; you will exchange the home that has been made miserable to you by the tyranny of that woman, for the home, hidden and humble though it must be for a while, that I will provide for you, and that will have love to adorn it? Say you will, dearest; you have given me the dear assurance of your love too often for me to doubt that you will trust me altogether."

"Yes; but I don't know what you mean. You said, when you told me—that it made me so very happy to hear" (what a radiant smile it was that lighted the face into which he looked so ardently!)—"that you could not marry me for perhaps a long time, and that in the mean time, no one, not even Jane, must know. And I was quite content—far more than content: nothing could do me any more harm, I knew, because you loved me. Why do you say I am to come to you now that I am poorer even than we thought, when you said then that we must wait for better days? Are you any richer, Frank?"

"I am. I have had a stroke of luck; you would not understand how without a long explanation, and there is not time for that. And it is your being poorer that gives us this chance, for Mr. Townley Gore will not trouble himself about you long, as he has not any accounts to settle with you. There need be no miserable parting and wearisome time of separation for us, my Helen, if you will trust me now. 'Trust me for all in all, or not at all,' is a true saying. I am very, very much to you, am I not?"

There was a soft persuasiveness in his tone, in his touch, in his eyes, infinitely alluring, and she answered him almost in a soft whisper:

"You are all the world to me."

He knew that very well, and triumphed in the knowledge.

"Listen, then. The difficulty in my way was not that of money only; there is another obstacle, but it does not concern myself alone; it is another person's secret, and I would rather not explain it just now."

"You never need tell me a single word about it."

"Did I not tell you that you are an angel? I take you at your word. I have good reason to believe that I shall not have to contend with this obstacle for very long; that any sacrifice I shall ask you to make for me will be short-lived."

"A sacrifice, and for you? I am quite ready, Frank. What is it? You puzzle me more and more."

"The sacrifice of keeping our marriage secret, my darling. Secret only for a little while, just as you promised that our engagement should be kept secret. I will take you away from these people, and place you in safety and comfort, and then I shall have to go to England for a few days, but you shall be well cared for while I am away, and when I return we shall never part again. You will not refuse, Helen: are you not mine already by every sacred promise, and because you love me and I love you? Ah, how happy we shall be? No more misery and dependence for you, my beautiful treasure, but the happiest life that love can make for you."

"But—but" (she was clinging to his arm, and in tears) "this can not be. I could not leave them in this way."

"Not for me, Helen? You could not brave their displeasure—and you will never know anything about it—for me? Is this your love? Is this your trust? I have told you why I can not make myself known to the Townley Gores; I have fully explained that."

Some dim idea that the interests of his friend ought to give way to the more urgent consideration of herself did get itself into Helen's mind for a moment at this crisis of her fate, but it was expelled by the influence that is stronger than self-preservation.

"And I have told you why our marriage must be kept secret for a time."

He had done nothing of the kind, but she never thought of that.

"How can this be done if you do not leave the Townley Gores without their knowledge, and trust me to settle everything for you?"

She asked, in great agitation, would it not be better to wait until the reason for secrecy should have ceased, and then to act openly? After all, she was a free agent.

"Is not that what I am urging?" said Mr. Lisle, with just that touch of passionate impatience which is singularly charming to a woman's fancy, "that you are free, free to do what I ask, what I implore, what will make me happier than any king or prince in all the world? And you will not listen to me; you put me off with petty objections about people who will forget you in a day, and would not care what had become of you for five minutes. Ah, Helen, if you call this love, these scruples, this timidity, this hesitation to cast in your lot with mine, to face life with me who am almost as much alone in the world as you are yourself, you have very little notion of what love means."

"Oh, Frank, do not say that; say anything but that. I can not bear it."

"How can I say, how can I think, anything else, when you coldly oppose my plan for securing our happiness? Is life so long or so certain that we can afford to lose an hour of it, or to put an hour of it in peril? Is there anything in it so dear and precious as our love? What is anything else to us?"

His hand clasped hers, and he spoke hurriedly, the eyes whose pleading was so irresistible making themselves felt, though her own were down-cast. Mr. Lisle's previous experience in the art of love-making had not familiarized him with such perfect innocence and trustfulness as Helen's; but he knew those qualities when he saw them, and he wooed the beautiful ignorant girl,

through them, with consummate skill. And this was not altogether or only art, and the pleasant sense of exercising it, for she had really charmed him very completely, and in a way which was entirely novel. He mingled with his protestations of love and his worship of her beauty pictures of a fair and tranquil life, in which she was to play the part of helpmate and good angel to a hard-working artist who should value the fame he was to win only as a tribute to be laid at her feet. He drew a picture of the romance of their secret marriage, of the blissful consciousness that, let fate have whatever else it might in store for them, it could not have the dread of the one tremendous and incommensurable evil that befalls all lovers—separation; they would be free, and what freedom was to compare with that? He returned to the well-worn, ever-delightful, never-exhausted theme of their first meeting, reminded her, needlessly, of the air of destiny that it had, and claimed it as destiny; he touched every chord of her fancy and her heart, and as he spoke the words which made the finest of poems to her ear, in the voice that was the sweetest of music, her scruples vanished, her reluctance was overcome, and the sacrifice that her lover asked of her, and which she but dimly comprehended, seemed small to the innocent eyes in which he was a hero.

When it was time for them to part, Mr. Lisle exerted himself seriously to restore Helen's composure. To get rid of his fear that the signs of emotion in her tell-tale face would be observed, he had to remind himself that no one was likely to regard her with discriminating eyes. They parted, as usual, at the entrance to the Bois, and a little incident occurred which gave Helen an almost childish pleasure, dominating the tumult in her heart. It was cold, and she was not very warmly clothed; she wanted to pin her veil round her throat, and Frank Lisle fastened the veil with his breastpin; it was a small cameo, a head of Apollo, very finely carved.

"My first gift," he said, "and a poor one. My second shall be a plain gold ring."

Helen hurried away toward her home; but Frank Lisle re-entered the Bois, paced one of the allées for a while in deep cogitation, and then, having apparently made up his mind on some point, walked briskly off in the direction of Neuilly.

Helen went home like a person in a dream, and yet with such acute perception of everything around her that all her life afterward she would be able to recall the look of the broad avenue, the houses, the horses and their riders, the vehicles that passed her, the sky, the feel of the air, the noises of the morning, and how, when she reached the house, she saw Zamore lying on the window-sill of the concierge's lodge, exactly where he could profit by the sunshine and escape the wind. Helen paused to stroke Zamore, who yawned and stretched himself as if he liked it, and to inquire for Madame Devrient. She was glad it was not Devrient to whom she had to put her questions, for she disliked him, but that black-eyed, handsome niece of his wife's, who always reminded her of a leopard in a cage. Delphine was happy to tell mademoiselle that her aunt was much better—so much better, indeed, that Delphine was going away on the following day. Mademoiselle was very good to notice Zamore; his mistress would be honored. And while she said those few words, Delphine had ample opportunity to observe that mademoiselle was wearing an ornament which had formed no part of her attire when she had gone out, and that the added ornament was a gentleman's breastpin.

Whether the stroke of luck that had enabled Mr. Lisle to avail himself, for the furtherance of his own purposes, of the information conveyed in Messrs. Simpson & Rees's letter to Helen, would prove to be a stroke of luck for her as well, it would be for time to tell; at the present it seemed ominous of disaster. She had no notion of its nature, though the very phrase would have conveyed one to a person only a little more skilled in the world's ways than herself. The "stroke" had come from the quarter whence Mr. Lisle was in the habit of trying his "luck"—the gaming table. He was a gambler, and had the recklessness of nature that generally accompanies that vice when a gambler is not a swindler also, and possessed of the phlegm and caution requisite for the double character. Mr. Lisle was "indifferent honest," as men are counted in a world which does not hold the thirst for unearned money to be dishonest, and living for pleasure to be unmanly. Hitherto he had not had any higher aspirations, and though he had sometimes been forced to pay the cost of his pursuits, he had never counted it. To shut his eyes to consequences was easy and natural to him, and he shut them now, when he was about to play a game on which was staked all the future of a beautiful and innocent girl. But he was in love with the girl, and that was the chief fact of the case in his eyes—the interest to which every other must give way. If he lost her, he would be in despair; by which he meant that he would feel uncomfortable, savage, and bored for a short time.

And he had the best reason for knowing that if she was left with the Townley Gores, she must be lost to him. He had never intended this; but when had he ever intended any of the foolish things he had done before this? He had only seen her twice when he reminded himself that he could not marry her, and his only idea had been to indulge in the sight of a pretty face—an amusement to which he was always partial—and to lay up materials for the satisfaction of a certain private grudge.

The coincidence of Mrs. Stephenson's letters, to which Helen frequently and gratefully resorted, was not a stronger one than that of which she knew nothing—the coincidence by which Helen enabled him to satisfy that grudge. But he had taken no account of his passions or his reckless-

ness, and they scattered his feeble and only "half-bred" intentions like chaff before the wind.

A few days later, and he was what he called "madly in love" with the beautiful girl who believed in him so implicitly; and he was not misled by vanity, of which he had his full share, when he perceived that she loved him. Then everything was forgotten, flung aside, except the passion of the moment—love—and the passion that was permanent—play. Unhappily the one came to the help of the other.

Frank Lisle had had good reason to knit his brows over his note-book on the day when Helen's destiny threw her in his way; he had seldom been in what he called "a deeper hole" than at that moment; but from that moment the luck turned, and with such safety as a gambler can ever be said to have, he was at present safe. The exhilaration of success rendered him more charming, more irresistible, than ever. The poor child's absolute belief in him, her romantic notion of him as a genius struggling with difficulty, and maybe with envy, pleased this young man of elastic conscience as if it had been founded on fact. She, too, would be wretched if they were parted. Who could tell what the chances of the future might bring about? And so the die was cast.

Mr. Lisle had changed his mind on more than one point of his former meditations. Not only did he relinquish the "safety" that he had declared to himself there was in the conviction that his marrying Helen would mean irretrievable ruin, but he ceased to believe that if he could and did marry her he would "of course" be sorry for it.

And now, after he had recklessly declared his love, and won from her a confession of her own, and a consent to a secret engagement, there had come the letter about Helen's money, and removed the great obstacle between them. He knew the people she had to deal with. If he managed it cleverly, they would not interfere, having no bonds of sheer business-like honor to her, and he would put all his mind to managing it cleverly.

As Frank Lisle walked toward Neuilly he was as busy with details of contrivance as a fabricator of plays who has an order for an adaptation in a hurry, and the reckless pleasure of the scheme mingled with and enhanced the elation of his triumph. If all, not only in the immediate present, but in the future, went well with him, his imagination pictured a day of surprise and "revanche" of the quiet and sarcastic kind that suited his humor.

Did he then mean to make Helen his wife? He believed that he meant to do so, if certain possibilities which were ahead of him just then should become realities; if they did not—why, then, at the worst, Helen should always be well cared for, and she could not fail to be far happier than she was in her present position.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

KI-MAO-FAN.

THIS is Chinese, and means "House of the Hen's Feathers."

Once upon a time, as is authentically recorded, certain humanitarians dwelling in the ancient city of Peking set on foot a charitable enterprise, wide-reaching and very peculiar.

An immense dormitory was established, where, for one-fifth of a farthing per night, mendicants, irrespective of age or sex, might secure the shelter of a roof and the unusual luxury of a feather-bed.

"Each one alone?" you ask. No, indeed; "a most promiscuous medley" entered in; privacy was a matter unthought of: indeed, the word is not essentially associated with ideas of comfort in the "Flowery Kingdom"; pre-eminently is this the case with vagrants in that far-off region.

Over the floor of a large hall a thick layer of hens' feathers was strewn. At the hour of opening, a grotesque crowd surged in, each one settling to such state of repose as was possible, literally making his own nest, and presently dropping off to dream-land, watched over, doubtless, by friendly fairies, who, out of pure compassion, tinged the troubled fancies of the wretches with tender hues than daylight experiences might warrant.

By dawn all must be astir; no delicious morning naps, no restful daylight snatches of repose, for occupants of this gigantic phalanstery. An officer received the trifling charge of one aspect from each lodger, and the place was soon vacated.

In the early stages of this oddly planned philanthropy, a spread of decent proportions was allowed for each lodger. Alas! some of these pilgrims of a night, regardless alike of honor and honesty, surreptitiously diverted them to other uses, sometimes as wearing apparel, oftener exchanging them for food.

Some new method must be devised, and again these Oriental city fathers gathered themselves together, and in solemn conclave voted for a mammoth coverlet.

An immense one of felt was fitted for the great emergency; it was lowered and raised by pulleys. When the lodgers had settled themselves for the night, this huge extent of cover was gradually let down, and poised with extreme accuracy, so that apertures cut to accommodate each head and face should fall exactly into position. A sea of faces presented itself.

At the morning signal there was need of urgent haste; delays were pre-eminently dangerous. Loiterers would experience most unhappy results; so of necessity these mendicant slumberers fell into more sprightly ways than the average Oriental beggar could understand, for even outcasts are tenacious of life.

No suggestion of bathing seems to have entered in; possibly the originators of this mammoth scheme deemed it a non-essential. At all events, as far as is recorded, this motley crowd went their several ways, a great unwashed throng, trusting, it may be, to flowing streams and cleansing fount-

ains outside, eager mainly to secure another sapeck, and to fall upon some happy chance for daily bread.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHAMP.—Shirred waists with belts, shirred fronts with a puff below and two deep pleatings put on in curves, and some simple back drapery, or else full straight back breadths, will be stylish and pretty for wash dresses.

AUDREY.—A pleated ruffle of Surah with the upper half shirred would lengthen your sacque and improve it.

NATALIE LIND.—Get black satin Surah for your dress, and trim with shirrings and pleatings of the same. Instead of chip, get rough straw for your hat, and let your pink feathers be shaded into dark red. White skirts are worn from the first spring days until winter. Brown cashmere, or else Cheviot or fonlard, will be suitable for your over-dress, and more stylish than checks. We do not publish a monthly fashion paper. A cape trimmed with Spanish lace would be pretty for you.

MISS M. C.—Any of the fancy stores whose wares are advertised in our columns will supply you with embroidery cottons.

MRS. H. S.—Your English check wool dress should be made with a hunting jacket, an apron over-skirt, and a short round skirt that has a single pleated flounce upon it. Read about travelling dresses in *Bazar* No. 23, Vol. XIV.

ELISE.—A lady should not accept an invitation from a gentleman who has never called upon her. A young girl whose forehead is low should not wear a bang. She should comb her hair smoothly behind her ears, braid it, and cross it back and forth from ear to ear quite low behind. Dark red, yellow, and bronze should be becoming to you.

SYLVIA.—A young lady's Scotch gingham dress should be a belted basque that may either be shirred or pleated in hunting jacket fashion. The skirt may be flounced up one side, and have a Greek over-skirt draped to show the side flounces.

PENSÉE.—Read reply just given "Sylvia."

IRÈNE.—Get cashmere or else foulard of the same color as your silk, and make a basque and over-skirt for a shirred skirt of the silk.

SISTER.—Your two little sisters should enter the church behind the bridesmaids and just before you and your father. Dress them in old-fashioned white muslin dresses and large poke bonnets, and let them carry immense bouquets. For day weddings the groom wears a frock-coat and dark trousers, even when his bride wears white satin. Gentlemen do not wear gloves at day weddings.

MRS. F. E. B.—Your sample of cotton goods is very stylish, and should be made in a shirred polonaise to wear with an olive or brown skirt of cotton satteen, or else of silk. The striped grenadine is also a stylish sample.

MRS. M. L.—A straight-backed full round skirt of your plain silk, with a sash bow behind and a ruche at the bottom, will be pretty with a round waist of the brocade.

VILLAGE MAIDEN.—Your sample was not inclosed.

R. E. D.—Trim your dark summer silk with bias ruffles edged with narrow black lace. Have a shirred basque, and put a good deal of shirring across the front of the skirt, with ruffles between and drapery behind.

L. L. L.—Mrs. Henderson's *Practical Cooking and Dinner Giving*, which will be sent you by Harper & Brothers on receipt of \$1.50, contains full instructions for dinners, lunches, etc. Papers on these topics have also been published in the *Bazar*. Spanish and French laces are the only kinds used for trimming satin de Lyon and satin Surah mantles.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—You will find darned net patterns in *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. XIV.—A regret is always the same thing at all parties. To regret an invitation to a wedding party, this form will do: "Mr. and Mrs. Brown regret that it will not be in their power to accept the polite invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Smith for the wedding of their daughter." It is never obligatory to send a wedding present, but if you wish to send one, the refusal or acceptance of an invitation makes no difference.

A. B. C.—In wording the invitations to the wedding of a clergyman it is proper to use his title of "Reverend"; that should never be omitted. In a wedding after the English form the best man comes out last, generally with one of the ushers, or often informally with the rest of the company. His function is at an end.

PEGGIE.—Make your striped summer silk with a shirred basque and round skirt. Put two deep flounces widely shirred across the front, nearly covering it; then have a panier scarf across the hips, and bouffant back drapery.

READER.—A shirred-yoke belted waist, fastened behind, and a full straight round skirt with three or four ruffles and a sash, will be a pretty design for your mull dress.

KATE.—We know of nothing for darkening the eyebrows that is not injurious.

JANE L.—Do not make a summer silk with a surtout. A shirred basque with a good deal of shirring all about the dress is a better plan.

LUCKIE.—The bridesmaid's dress should match the travelling costume in which the bride is married.

A FARMER'S WIFE.—You can get back numbers of *Harper's Weekly* at this office. Your black barège is not confined to mourning, and will be handsome with shirred flounces edged with Spanish lace, or the lace you have, while the waist has gay striped satin Surah with black ground for a panier scarf and on the shirred waist.

ADRIENNE.—Get a Cheviot shooting jacket of coachman's drab shades. Use this also for a spring jacket for the street with your black skirts. You can get a copying wheel at this office for 25 cents.

T. H. G.—A satin Surah costume simply made would be handsome for you for church, but is too good for wearing in the cars, unless well protected by a travelling cloak. If the material is good, you will not want elaborate trimming—merely shirred and pleated flounces of the same on the skirt, with gay stripes for retrousées on the basque.

M. B. L.—As you are leaving off mourning, your travelling dress, in which you are to be married, should be of the silver gray satin Surah now so fashionable, with steel beads for trimming. If you want something less expensive, get a fine sheer wool of this shade, and make it over silk.

FIDELIA.—You will find it safer to send your chud-dah shawl to a professional cleaner.

C. D. M.—We do not furnish addresses to our readers. Any rubber store will send you rubber gloves, or at least a list of prices.



1.—Wild Horses defending themselves against Wolves. 2.—Catching a Wild Horse. 3.—Gypsies. 4.—Gathering Wild Horses. 5.—A disagreeable Accident. 6.—Going to the Horse-Market.

LIFE IN THE PUSZTA (HUNGARIAN HEATH).—[SEE PAGE 410.]

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

See illustration on page 413.

I wait and I watch for the turn of the tide,
For then will my sailor come back to my side.
O breezes, be swift as ye ruffle the sea,
And fill the white canvas that's flying to me.
Oh dance, little wavelets, all feathered with foam,
And break in his path as he steereth for home.

I wonder what luck had my good man this day?—
The hours drag slowly while he is away;
And ah! if the gray rack scud over the sky,
And spiteful gusts mutter that tempests are nigh,
I shudder to think of the clouds growing black,
The storm swooping fierce on his perilous track.
'Tis a lone life, a sad life, my sailor, for me,
When you are afar on the pitiless sea.

But ay when the wet sand grates under the keel,
And I spring for the fish that shall burden the creel,
When, swarthy and bronzed by the wind and the sun,
My man leaps ashore, and his day's work is done,
Would I change with the lady who sits in her pride?
Not I, with my true love safe home at my side.

Ah! weary's the time when the ebb leaves the shore—
Faint-hearted I gaze from my low cabin door;
But joyous the lap of the in-rushing sea—
When the tide is at flood, it is music to me.
Then quick with the drifts, set the hearth-fire ablaze,
And sing, merry kettle, an air in his praise,
Who comes with the bread that is won from the wave,
The fisherman, sturdy and faithful and brave.

Far inland, I've heard, there are billows of corn,
And orchards that laugh in the light of the morn,
Great gardens of roses, thick hedges in bloom,
And forests that rustle in whispering gloom:—
I would rather dwell here, by the stern ocean's side,
Where I watch and I wait every turn of the tide;
Where, though storms may be fearful, yet harbor is sweet,

And the silver surf creeps with a kiss to my feet;
Where I climb to the rocks and gaze over the sea,
To welcome the sailor who steereth to me.

LIFE IN THE PUSZTA.

See illustration on double page.

FROM Pesth to the borders of Transylvania, from Tokay to Belgrade, stretches a vast alluvial plain of about twenty-two thousand square miles. The region is called the Alföld, or "lowland," or more usually the Puszta, or "steppes." The soil is fertile; the greatest river of Europe, the Danube, sweeps round two of its sides, while the Theiss traverses it from north to south. It will one day be the granary of Europe. The word "Puszta" literally means "empty space"; but it is not destitute of inhabitants, nor is it uncultivated. It has cities like Szegedin and Debreczin, and numerous towns and villages. As the traveller enters the vast expanse, his first impression is of a sea of verdure, calm, motionless, and silent, dotted with fields of corn that look like golden islands in an emerald ocean, while not a single song-bird breaks the stillness. But high overhead dozens of falcons are wheeling and screaming; enormous herds of cattle are seen browsing as they march along, and countless herds of horses career across the field of view. Countless tracks cross each other, grow fainter and fainter as they leave the neighborhood of some village, till soon no sign of a road can be seen. A shepherd's hut, the beam of a well, a prehistoric tumulus, alone break the monotonous landscape. The Puszta is the very centre of Hungarian nationality, the true cradle of the chivalrous Magyar. Monotonous as this immense plain seems when any detailed description of it is attempted, it has rare beauties of its own. Dawn on the Puszta has a tone and a color which mountain regions know not of. The rising light floods the green carpet with rays of blue, violet, and yellow, pale tinges of pink are scattered over the pearl gray of the sky, and all creation seems to awake with the calm strength of youth. More solemn than sunset on the ocean or the forest is the decline of day in these Hungarian steppes. The busy hum of insects is hushed; darkness falls after a brief twilight; the eye sees no boundary; the ear detects no sign of created being.

Almost all the inhabitants of this region are true Magyars. In all equestrian accomplishments the Magyar has no equal; he sits on his steed with a grace that comes by nature. He is a consummate connoisseur in horsemanship, and it is hard to say whether the chase of the herds of wild horses or a horse fair is more attractive to him. A fair at Raab or any of the larger towns contains a countless number of horses of every color, quality, and description, of every age, size, and character; and the human types are no less varied. The Hungarian peasant may be recognized by his large hat, his long black hair, his long mustache, and by his thin wiry frame, and open frank face, which is at once soft and proud. Compared with the majestic Magyar, the Slovak peasant looks like a slave, the German farmer like a burgomaster in a comedy, and the gypsies like wandering phantoms. The Hungarian *csikos*, or horse-jockey, is the gauché of Europe. He wears long spurs, and carries in a shoulder-strap a gourd covered with foal-skin; his whip is ornamented with leather rosettes of all colors; and he proudly displays an enormous tobacco pouch embroidered with flowers. Mounted on his fleet and hardy steed, he circles round the herds of wild horses, flogging the stragglers into the crowd, or at times lassoing some fugitive. A heavy ball at the end of his whip thong converts it into an instrument like the *bolos* of the Pampas Indian; the long lash sweeps through the air, and the weighted end curls round the victim's neck. In such horse chases the Archduke Rudolph does not disdain to join. He has all his mother's love for the horse, and all her affection for the noble Hungarian people. Her favorite abode is Gödöllo, near Pesth. The scenery is flat, but it is the very country for a gallop, and, for miles around, the Empress Elizabeth may be seen careering over the plain with a bevy of lovely Hun-

garian ladies. Rudolph loves the sports of the mountains, and he can guide his young bride into the wildest recesses of the Carpathian Mountains if she wishes to see the eagle in his native eyrie. The Archduke's favorite companion in his sporting tours is the naturalist Breken, and, we regret to say, this learned man doubts the story that wild horses defend themselves from wolves by forming a circle, with their heads to the centre and their hind-feet outward. He says that the wild horse charges, neighing loudly, on his foe, and tramples him under foot.

If the Magyar is the Brahman, the gypsy is the pariah of Hungary. The Tsiganes, as the gypsies are called, are a considerable element in the population. They have the dark eye, black hair, and olive complexion which distinguish the wandering tribe elsewhere, and follow the pursuits of fiddling, fortune-telling, horse-dealing, and tinkering. According to one of the beneficent laws of Joseph II., landlords are compelled to assign in their villages lots for gypsy settlers. In these gypsy towns, with dirt in heaps before every hut, and with swarms of naked children, the Tsiganes live in the winter. In the summer they commence their roving life wherever the love of liberty carries them. They pitch their tent wherever they can find pasture for their horses. They have no word in their language that expresses "to dwell." There are still in Hungary a hundred and fifty thousand of these perpetual vagabonds, wandering with their frail carts and their cloth tents. They know nothing of house or home, and they care little for clothes. Till they are fifteen the boys wear hardly anything, and the girls are content with a necklace of beads. The tents have no furniture; the inhabitants sit, eat, and sleep on the ground. Their bill of fare is varied. Hedgehogs, foxes, squirrels, and cats are great delicacies. The hedgehog, we may inform our readers who have a desire to try a new dish, is stuffed with onions and rubbed with garlic. The fox is kept for two days in a stream of running water, and then cooked in the ashes. One gift they have in which they need fear no rivals—the taste for music. No fête is celebrated without a gypsy orchestra. Their music is as free as their lives—no intermediate modulation, no chords, no transition; from the plaint barely heard they pass brusquely to the warrior's song; passionate and tender, burning and calm, their melodies are a faithful expression of the Hungarian character. Liszt, who has studied them, writes: "The art of music being for them a sublime language, a song mystic in itself, but clear to the initiated, they use it according to the wants of the moment. They have invented their music, and have invented it for their own use, to sing about themselves to themselves, to express themselves in the most heart-felt and touching monologues."

COUNTESS BEAUREPAIRE.

GOODNESS only knows what took possession of Mr. Vincent Maurice on the first time that he ever saw Kate Rivers. He was one of the stateliest young gentlemen that ever stepped, wedded to all the proprieties and conventionalities, with a precision of manner that would have been priggish had he not been of such superb stature and shape that it became almost majestic—had it not been for his beauty of countenance, and for an intellect more than common. Of an old family, of moderate wealth, with a good legal practice, and with a fine political outlook, what fate, asked the gossips of the air, led him to the side of Kate Rivers?

For Kate Rivers was the very opposite of Mr. Maurice in all respects: young, child-like, everybody's friend, with no perception of difference of rank or degree, full of mischief and gaiety and light good-humor—a nature utterly incompatible with that of the haughty young gentleman who stepped on the earth as if he made it.

One would naturally have supposed that it would need be something quite the antipodes of this that would have attracted Mr. Maurice, something cold, chiselled, with manners having the calm glitter of an iceberg; and one could only premise trouble if such incongruous elements as these came together. That she should have admired him was not at all remarkable; but what in the world did he see in her?

He saw—the bright May day that he went into the country to call on his step-mother, who was visiting there, and sauntering over the grounds of his hostess, found himself in those of the next place—he saw a child asleep upon a bank of violets, a rosy young girl, exquisite as a beautifully carved piece of marble, with one arm tossed above her head, rising round and lovely from its purple pillow, the nut-brown hair blowing all about the ivory brow and bosom. He seated himself on an old vine-covered tree trunk and surveyed her; and the more he gazed, the more ineffaceably that sleeping face was stamped on heart and brain; and he was just becoming aware that he was taking an enormous liberty, when she opened a large pair of half-affrayed blue eyes, and he felt that the time in which he had gazed was long enough to have given him something like familiar acquaintance.

"Can you tell me," he said, in his most reassuring manner, "on whose grounds I am trespassing?"

"On mine, sir," said the young thing, half rising.

"You are, then—"

"Kate Rivers. And I suppose you are my cousin Francis. I heard you were coming. Mrs. Stanton said she should bring you over."

"Fate did me that kindness first," said Mr. Maurice, gravely. "But—"

"Ah, well," she said, quickly, "it doesn't matter, so long as you are here. Mrs. Stanton said you would be so interested in the old manor, it has so many of your ancestors' portraits on the walls, as well as mine." And she rose, and be-

fore he quite understood it they were walking on together. "Will you come up?" she said. "How stupid of me not to have asked for your family! Are they with you? Is your wife well? Is—"

"I—I haven't any wife," said Mr. Vincent Maurice.

"No wife! What do you mean? Surely—" But here, probably lest he might have lost his wife, and her words be recalling painful memories, she stopped herself, and ran after a flower she espied. "There!" she exclaimed. "I knew there must be some left still!" coming back presently with her hands full of straw-bells. "Don't you love them?" she said. "They don't know whether they are flowers or grass, and they are so shy about it. They seem to me to be full of all the happiness that there is to be in summer."

"I suppose you find a great deal of happiness in summer, then?"

"Oh, always! The days are not half long enough. Are they for you?"

"I don't know. Sometimes, perhaps, too long."

"Ah, now, you don't mean to say you're like that Mr. Vincent Maurice who is coming to visit Mrs. Stanton—"

"May I ask what is the matter with Mr. Vincent Maurice?"

"His name, I guess. Vincent, conquering—and he sighs for more worlds."

"Blasé?"

"I hate the word! How can anybody be that in so beautiful a world as this? How does any one man suppose there is nothing more to learn or to enjoy in all this universe of beauty, of art, of the secrets of science?"

"Science really has some secrets, then, you fancy? It isn't all a vicious circle that lets us come out where we went in—"

"Do I fancy that? Why, I fancy we are only at the gate of secrets. I expect our descendants to know just how the Lord made the earth. I expect people in the next century to leave their cards on people in the planets, if they still do such stupid things as to leave cards anyway, and to hitch up a team of comets for the journey." And presently they were deep in a discussion of favorite ideas and theories, all of which the pretty creature had evidently thought for herself, whether wise or foolish, in her loneliness, for she was too young to have read or studied much; and all the time that they were talking she was darting off in pursuit of a leaf or a butterfly, or of the greyhound that had joined them, and returning to his side in a confiding way that Mr. Vincent Maurice found indescribably agreeable, with a sweet bright innocence that he had not met before—and all the time so beautiful! Here they sat down on a big rock; here they went leisurely strolling up the path, and it was all of an hour before they reached the door of the old manor. "Now," she said, "I will introduce you to your aunts and uncles and grandfathers, the pretty Priscilla in her jonquil-blossom brocade, the staid old Mrs. Margaret in her black lace. I wonder what they will think of you—somehow you are not at all like what I thought my cousin Francis would be—"

"Very naturally," said Mr. Maurice, finding it impossible to enter the house itself under his alias, "for I am not your cousin Francis."

"What! Not? Not my cousin Francis? Who, then, are you?" cried the young beauty, in a quick flame of indignation, in which, to say truth, she looked lovelier than ever.

"I am Mr. Vincent Maurice."

And for all answer Miss Kate Rivers clapped her hands upon her face, and ran away round the piazza, and behind the lattices, and out of sight, as fast as her feet could fly.

It was not a very promising beginning, but lightning falls where it will, and Mr. Vincent Maurice was very nearly in love. He came over in state next day, with his mother and Mrs. Stanton, to make his peace; and perhaps because he found the maiden refractory he became all the more in earnest, and before a week had passed it was all over with him, and he felt life was not worth living without Kate Rivers. And little Kate, who had known not a dozen men in all her life, and never had a lover, when her indignation had died out, had all her defenses down, and thought so fine, so charming, so ideal, so perfect a gentleman had never been completed on this earth as Vincent Maurice was, and returned his love with idolatry.

Well, it was a season of rapture, that summer. It seemed to Kate that happiness could go no further than sitting by Vincent's side, rowing on the river opposite him, riding through the forest ways, with all the glorious green and golden glooms and sun-lit spaces about them. Happiness made her more of a child than ever; she could hardly walk for dancing, she could hardly speak for singing; a bird, a bubble, any light and airy thing, was less light and airy, less gay and sparkling, than she.

At first, Mr. Vincent Maurice found this simply intoxicating; and perhaps it would still have been as much so, if at the end of a month of it he had not brought down Mr. Geoffrey, a peculiarly staid and elegant counterpart of himself, and all at once seen these gay, frank ways with that friend's disapproving eyes. The friend's eyes supplied a new point of view. It was the first sensation that he had had that she was not altogether faultless, but it was not the last. When he came from the city at another time, and found her trimming the chapel for some festival, sitting on the top of a pair of steps, and wrapped round and round by some of the rustic youths with the long oak-leaf garland with which the walls above were festooned, till she looked like a dryad, when, seeing him, she stood up, breaking all the green bonds asunder, and sprang down the stairs to his side, he met her with words which, under the circumstances, were a sharp rebuke. It became rather frequent after that, presently almost constant. At the end of another month it was not poetry and love that filled their entire

conversation, but Mr. Vincent Maurice was endeavoring to formulate a code of manners. Would she walk, and not skip? would she talk, and not sing? would she listen, and not laugh? would she leave her pranks, and be serious? Was this perpetual merriment only for the sake of displaying her dimples? Was she going to wear her curls in her neck forever? For Heaven's sake, what did she mean by allowing these country bumpkins to address her by her Christian name—the woman who was going to be his wife? Would she always be a rural hoyden, and never a woman of the world? Wasn't it time she cultivated some repose of manner? And did she never intend to speak without blushing? Under this pressure, Kate's gaiety became a very forced thing, and half the interim of his absences she spent in tears.

"If you object to my dimples, you are taking a fine way to smooth them out," she cried.

"And a few such speeches as that," he answered, "would make the loveliest lips disgusting."

But there was a spirit in her that made it impossible yet to give up her individuality. She would have done anything under the sun to please him; but it would have been somebody else, and not herself, had she done this—and then the sight of him made her so happy, and the moment she was happy, the old exuberance of spirits would assert itself. But the sight of him was getting to be not so frequent as it had been, and she was drooping visibly under the neglect.

One early September afternoon, however, he came, and came unexpectedly, to find her in a field surrounded by a group of children, crowned, as they were, with a coronet of ripe grains and straws, bearing strong resemblance to the head-dresses of Madge Wildfire, and tossing together with them the hay-cocks of the aftermath, in which they had all been tumbling. He stood looking on in haughty disapproval. As soon as she could she disengaged herself from the little people, and from her harvest crown, and came to his side.

"I wonder you could leave such companionship for mine at all," said he, stiffly, for greeting.

"Why, Vincent, certainly," she began, falteringly and with changing color.

"Certainly what?" he asked.

"It is their holiday," she said, taking courage from his rudeness. "And you would not wish to deprive them of it—and they are so used to me, it would not seem holiday without me."

"As much a child as they. Are you never going to be a woman?"

"I feel already like an old one when you speak to me so."

He softened a little at that. "The fact is," he said, "that you ought to go away. You ought to see the world. My mother must take you to New York this winter, and to Newport for a fortnight, now before it is quite too late, and you might learn how it is that other women conduct—women that know how to play their part in the world, which you certainly have not yet learned, and which it seems as if you never would. Do you think I shall have any pleasure in marrying and taking among my Washington friends a—"

She had been growing whiter and whiter listening to him. She saw that the end had come. But, for his part, he was as much astonished, in his supreme self-concentration, as if it had lightened out of a blue sky, when her voice rang out: "Stop! I do not think you will take any pleasure in marrying me. I understand that we are totally unfitted for each other. I hope you will find a better-bred woman for your wife. Good-by!" And then she was gone, and she had called the children round her; and whatever it cost her to do it, she was frolicking with them as before, let her heart break or not.

Mr. Vincent Maurice was speechless with indignation and amazement. But he had no idea that his engagement was broken—how could it be when he had not broken it? He turned and walked up to the house, but when, after an hour, she did not follow him, he went to the inn, and thence to Mrs. Stanton's for the evening; and receiving word that there was no answer, on sending up a card in the morning, he returned to town.

It was not till a letter, made up of equal parts of reproach, anger, and love, was remailed to him unopened, that he began to think the matter serious, and to ask himself if he had not made a mistake. When Saturday came, although badly injured, he could not help going down again; he felt, after all, as if he must see the lovely face again, again touch the sweet lips; he hardly knew how to wait longer for the pressure of the dear arms. But the house was closed. The two old servants left in charge said they had no instructions except to "stay on." And nobody could say whether Miss Rivers was gone. Nobody knew, in fact, that she had anywhere to go to, it being generally supposed she was that fortunate being born to a good estate without relatives, her cousin Francis Rivers and his wife being quite overlooked.

But it was to the shelter of her cousin Francis Rivers's Newport villa that she had betaken herself, a welcome guest, during the two months that they lingered there after the full swing of fashion was over; and when they returned to their home in Philadelphia, after a round of rather quiet if elegant gaieties there, she departed with him and his wife for a European journey, and all that Mr. Vincent Maurice heard of her for the next two years was a notice in some newspaper that Mrs. Francis Rivers and Miss Kate Rivers had been presented to the Queen by the American Minister, and the beauty and the exquisite dress of the younger lady had created a sensation at the Drawing-room.

Doubtless Mr. Maurice would have been quite pleased with Kate could he have seen her at that time. The sorrow of an almost broken heart, the loneliness following the lost love, the regret at not pleasing, the despair of being able to do so,

every thought and word of all which she kept to herself, had taken away the overflowing spirits which had been so offensive, and she had unconsciously contracted something of the more gentle ways of those about her, growing, indeed, so listless and so apathetic that at last her cousin Francis lightly reproached her indolent want of sympathy with everything—she who had sympathized with the very flies upon the pane. But the reproach, good-humored as it was, brought such a flood of tears, and the tears such a prostrate nervous reaction, that a physician was summoned, who ordered her to her bed; and once there, she did not leave it for many weeks. When at last she came out into the open air again, that fire had utterly burned out, and its ashes were cast to the winds. It seemed to be a new world about her, and she took as vivid an interest in it as if she was herself new born to it.

It was a new world—the world of art; for they were in France, and that was followed by Rome and Naples, by Venice and Dresden and Munich, by some stay in Paris, by a London season. If at the end of it all the child of nature had not been transformed into the brilliantly artificial woman of the salon, it was because of the gentle wisdom of her cousins, who knew just where to stimulate and where to repress, until the graciously developed brain and soul were evident perhaps a trifle sooner than they would have been otherwise; for Mr. Vincent Maurice need not have troubled himself with any fear that, when the bud was already so lovely, the full blossom would be less than perfect, if he had but given it time to bloom, instead of rudely tearing it open.

He was not a very happy man in those days; he remembered with increasing bitterness the brief happiness of other days. He longed now with all his heart to see Kate Rivers once again, sure that all would then soon and easily be made right.

His longing was answered; he saw her again. It was in the court of the Grand Union at Saratoga, one evening when the electric light was burning, and the fountain blushed in the hues of all the precious stones, and the trees waved their boughs through vast lights and shadows, under which the people moved fantastically while the band breathed its music. A group stepped out from among the others, and went in from the night air. He followed, and saw them again in the ball-room: Count Beaurepaire—he had seen him before—a tall, heroic-looking man, attached to the French legation, or in Washington, rather, on a special mission; perhaps it was Mrs. Rivers on his arm; just after them came General Francis Rivers, and with him—could it be possible?—Kate? His Kate. A woman whose rounded shape wore its lace and silken raiment as a hand wears its glove; whose face, with its tinting of rose and ivory, with its nut-brown hair in Raffaele locks about the snowy brow, with its great innocent blue eyes half contradicted by the archness of the smile running over in dimples, was the face of his dreams, of his ideal, of Kate Rivers as he had never dared hope to see her.

He sprang forward; but they had paused only one moment, and then Count Beaurepaire had bent before her with a questioning air, and they were gliding down the room together in a waltz that made Mr. Vincent Maurice gnash his teeth. She was taken back to her cousins presently, and the count drew about her the swan's-down wrap that Mr. Rivers had held, and they went out on the piazza, and she passed within a yard of him, without seeing him, without dreaming of the eager, pallid face, without seeing the quick movement, the half-outstretched hand, as unconcerned, lifting the spotless laces of her train, as if he were a waiter standing there, and passing on into the moonlight, in the snowy flutter of her drapery and the soft white down of her mantle, a vision of maidenly grace almost too lovely to be real. No sleep visited his pillow that night; the vision hung before his eyes; he heard, as one hears a bell in the ears, the warm rich tones, the low sweet laugh, in which she seemed to be rehearsing the scenes of a life with which he had nothing to do—scenes of a summer in France at the old château of the Beaurepaires, famous in song and story.

He was haggard as he looked at himself in the glass next day, but he could endure to wait no further; perhaps his very haggardness would fight on his side, for he began to see himself not altogether as a conquering hero. As soon as he dared he sent his card to Mrs. Rivers's parlor, and having tipped the servant, followed him boldly up.

"Maurice? Maurice?" he heard Mrs. Francis Rivers say, holding his card, the door ajar. "Put down your book, Kate. Do you know anybody of the name—Mr. Vincent Maurice?"

"Mr. Vincent Maurice? Oh yes," came the musical tones again. "I used to know him very well. We were great friends once. To tell you the truth, Mary, I used to think he was the one man in the world. Why do you ask?"

"Don't you hear? This is his card. Will you see him? You are so absorbed in that Daudet—"

"That the servant's rap didn't penetrate the atmosphere I was living in. Unhealthy stuff; I mustn't read any more of them. See him? Well, no, I think not. The horses will be at the door in half an hour, and I would like to finish this chapter—"

He did not stay to hear any more. He stood leaning against a pillar some hours later, on the return of the riders; he saw her sitting her horse like Di Vernon; saw her companion bending over her one moment too long as he lifted her from the saddle, while the grooms held the horses; saw the quick color come to her cheek with a deeper damask as he did so; and then she had swept by, and he heard this and that excited comment—what dazzling beauty! what combination of gracious ease and proud reserve! what strange union of the sweetest maidenliness with the *savoir-faire*

of a woman of the world! He turned away; his haggard face, his tortured heart, were nothing to this woman of the world. Yet he meant to see her; he meant to force the past upon her, to stir the ashes, to wake a spark from the ashes; but the next morning the party had gone.

His step-mother wrote him a month further on: "Such fine doings as there are at the old manor-house here! Kate Rivers has returned with a gay company to bid it good-by, and she has been giving the children such festas! Ah, Vincent, why didn't you follow up your fancy that summer? Anything more exquisite than she in beauty and in manner I have failed to see. She has the air of a princess just before her coronation. And so she is. For they have found coal on the old manor place, and operations are to be begun at once. They say the income will be enormous. She will not need it, with all the rest she has; still, it will do her no harm in France to have revenues of her own. She is a little sad, though, to let the old place go for all. But the Château Beaurepaire is infinitely more beautiful, she says; hundreds of years old, and historic; on an island in a lake, with wooded hills inclosing it beyond the gardens and deep glades and forests."

He did not understand the letter. Why was his mother writing to him about the Château Beaurepaire? That was the scattering way in which she always ran on. And what did he care for the revenues of coal lands? It was not money he had wanted; no one could say that. All he gathered from the letter was that Kate was going to France again. If she did, he would follow her. And he cursed the broken ankle that now was keeping him prisoner where he was. He had written to her, twice, and thrice, but he had not sent the letters; those that had come back unopened once seemed to bar the way. And then he felt as if his presence, his eyes, his voice, his words, were more effective agencies than any silent writings. He did not answer his step-mother's note, and her correspondence was always at long intervals.

Some business, however, sent him to Washington in the very early winter, although before he felt quite able to be out. And as most doors opened before him, he found himself one night at a reception at the British Minister's. Such things were old stories to him; he cared nothing for them; he did not know why he had come; because others did, he supposed—because Geoffrey wanted to be taken; and he was leaning listlessly against a pedestal under a bronze bust of Nemesis, when a party lifted the curtain, coming in from an adjoining room, and he started, for it was Kate Rivers.

If she had stepped out of the gates of sunrise, she might have looked the same—the same dimpling blushes, the same intense happiness in the royal smile, the same starry eyes; she would have worn that same palest of peach-bloom brocades, frosted with lace and with diamonds, the same great sapphires and diamonds in the nut-brown hair.

As it happened, she paused just before him, and before he knew it he had extended his hand. "Kate!" he had cried, half under his breath, pale as a sheeted ghost.

She turned and looked at him for a moment with that radiant but calm composure. "Ah, indeed!" she said then, in her low, clear tones. "It is an old friend," and she extended her hand. "Mr. Maurice, let me present to you my husband, Count Beaurepaire." There were a couple of glances, a couple of bows, a couple of brief sentences, and the party moved on, and left him. "You are changed," he had murmured between his stiff and freezing lips.

"Oh no," she had answered, lightly. "I have only become a woman of the world."

ON THE ORNAMENTATION OF BOOKS.

THE present craze for ornamentation and decoration seems almost to have exhausted both subjects and materials, so that ladies are now driven, for want of better objects on which to exercise their taste for work of this kind, to painting lilies and other flowers in their hoods, and embroidering bags for soiled linen. The suggestion, therefore, of the revival of a really beautiful sort of decorative art will probably be welcome to ladies who can draw and paint with neatness and precision, and will need no apology for its appearance. The objects to be decorated are books, and the ornamentations are applied on the front edges of the cut leaves. The painting is so executed that, when closed, it is concealed by the gilding; but when the book is open, and the edges of the leaves are placed in a slanting position, the painting becomes visible, to the surprise of the spectator, and the effect is both novel and pleasing.

The way in which this mode of decorating the edges of books was effected is described in Hannett's *Bibliopegia*. It is as follows: "When the edge of the book is well scraped and burnished, the leaves on the fore edge must be evenly bent in an oblique manner, and in this position confined by boards tied tightly on each side, until a subject is painted thereon in water-colors, according to the will of the operator. When perfectly dry, untie the boards and let the leaves take their proper position. Then place the volume in the press, lay on it size and gold, and, when dry, burnish. The design will not be apparent when the volume is closed, from the gold covering it; but when the leaves are drawn out it will be perceived easily, the gilding disappearing, and a very unique effect is produced. The time and labor employed make the operation expensive, and consequently very seldom performed. After the volume is gilt, the edges must be enveloped in clean paper by pasting tightly the extremities one upon the other, to preserve

the edge from any injury in the subsequent proceedings. This is taken off when the volume is completed."

The expense of this kind of work would, of course, be considerably lessened were the painting done by amateur artists; but the work itself seems to be especially suitable for an occasional occupation for ladies, and will be a novel style of decoration for books intended for presents. The gilding and finishing must be done by a book-binder. It will be readily understood that all books which undergo this process must be thoroughly well and firmly bound, or they will not open properly.

The subjects for painting should be selected with a reference to the contents of the books. Besides landscapes and figures, hunting and hawk-ing scenes, coats of arms, floral subjects and ornamental designs, such as are often placed as headings of chapters, are appropriate. Designs which fill the whole space pretty equally are to be preferred to vignettes, and the picture may be painted in colors or in monochrome—as in sepia, for instance; but the effect of the colors will be most pleasing.

Some little practice will be necessary with regard to the proper degree of moisture to be applied to the colors. They should be sufficiently wet to produce crisp edges where required, but not so wet as to run between the leaves of the book, which is likely to happen if the leaves are not held very firmly together in their place by boards. The painting must be executed with great care; in short, the nearer the work resembles in quality the beautiful illuminations of the old missals, the better will be the effect.

The skill required to execute these paintings, and the incident expenses, will always prevent this style of ornamenting books from becoming common, and will give them a permanent value as works of art.

PARIS GOSSIP.

A French May.—The Paris Salon.—The Medal of Honor.—Meissonier versus Dumas.—Cabanel's new Picture.—Salon Gossip.—The Monetary Conference.—Social Entertainments.—Mr. Everts in Paris.

I THINK that May is, of all the months of the year, the prettiest one in which to find one's self in Paris. It has not yet become hot with the white glare of a Parisian summer, and the spring rains are past, with the exception of an occasional shower, which serves to keep the turf and trees fresh and brilliant. Along the Champs Élysées and in the Bois de Boulogne the horse-chestnuts show themselves white with pyramidal clusters of bloom, and there are other trees with whose names I am unacquainted, one kind showing masses of lovely lilac flowers, and others clusters of blossoms of a deep rose red. And there are such quantities of crocuses and violets and lilies-of-the-valley to be purchased for a few sous, and such delicious strawberries and green peas in market, and the cafés are all gay with fresh paint and new gilding, and there are weekly races somewhere or other, and a sprinkling of pleasant entertainments at the theatre, and—and— But one's breath gives out in enumerating all the attractions of this delightful season in fair Paris.

The crowd at the Salon continues. Really the five-franc day is a boon and a blessing to any one who wants to examine the pictures. As to the free day (Sunday), there is no use in ever trying to put one's foot across the threshold of the Palais de l'Industrie unless one is prepared to undergo an amount of pushing and crushing that is well-nigh beyond endurance. On Sundays the attendance varies between 30,000 and 40,000. Mothers take their babies there, and the poor little creatures, deprived of the fresh air and spring sunshine, howl piteously, being overcome by the heat and the crowd. A thick dust rises from the boards, disturbed by the feet of such a multitude. In some of the rooms the press is so great that locomotion becomes well-nigh impossible at times. Truly a Sunday at the Salon is a curious, but by no means an enjoyable, experience. Especially is this the case during the present season, for the Salon is a great popular success. All the talk and the disputes and the downright quarrels between its organizers only served to advertise it in a fashion that the stately official art exhibition never experienced before. The doors are to be closed shortly for a few days, to allow of the re-arranging of the pictures and the final awarding of the medals. On the subject of the Medal of Honor, fresh dissensions have broken out. This crowning recompense is to be accorded by ballot, the votes to be cast by the French exhibitors, and already fierce demonstrations of party spirit are being made by the adherents of the different candidates. Of these there seem to be but three—Baudry, Bastien Lepage, and Henner. Daille was spoken of as a possible candidate before the opening of the exhibition, but his "Distribution of the Flags" is so very, very bad that nobody has ventured to name him in connection with the Medal of Honor since that great crude, confused chromo-lithograph was unveiled to public view.

I saw Meissonier in the Salon the other day. He is beginning to look very old, and his long mustache and profuse shaggy hair are as white as snow. They say that Vanderbilt has given him an order for a picture for which the highest price is to be paid that ever was given for a French work of art by a private gentleman. Meissonier and Alexandre Dumas are, as is well known, fast friends. They are both enthusiastic billiard-players, and it is recorded here that one evening the great artist got so excited over the match that he commenced (of course in jest) to bet the pictures of his own private gallery, including some of his own choicest works, on the different games. Dumas won, and won, till he had become the nominal owner of every painting in Meissonier's possession, including the painting of "The

Quarrel," which belonged to Queen Victoria, and which had been sent to the painter to have some alteration made in it. The next morning Dumas sent to Meissonier, as a fitting conclusion to the joke, a written release in full of all obligations toward him. To this Meissonier replied by sending Dumas a charming little water-color from his own magic pencil, inscribed "My losses."

I am told that when Cabanel's portrait of Miss Eva Mackay was brought before the jury of the Salon, the first and most flattering comment that was pronounced upon it was a universal "Oh!" of admiration. This involuntary tribute of applause greatly delighted Cabanel, surfeited as he is, of course, with success and praise of all kinds. It must have been quite a new sensation for him to have his work submitted to the inspection of the jury, as, under the old regulations, he has been "exempt" for years. But this season everybody had to pass through the ordeal alike. Poor Cabanel complains piteously that everything that takes place at the Salon which is distasteful to the exhibitors is laid upon his shoulders. "Last year," he said, with a comical despair, "everybody said, 'Too many pictures have been accepted; it is all Cabanel's fault.' This year the complaint is, 'The jury has been too severe by far; it is all Cabanel's fault.'" For my part, I believe that the gentle and genial artist is far more inclined to err on the side of leniency than on that of severity.

The Monetary Conference has adjourned for the present, and the American delegates are about to journey forth in quest of fresh fields and pastures new. They will need some repose after the round of dinner parties to which they have been subjected by the American colony. Now a Parisian dinner with American guests is probably the most perfect entertainment of the kind that can well be imagined, but in a long-continued succession of such dinners there lurks confusion, that is to say, gout. Consequently these numismatic representatives of our country do well to carry on their labors in less hospitable lands. The latest of the Parisian entertainments in their honor was the dinner party given by Mr. William Seligman, the banker, on Monday evening, May 23. Our brilliant ex-Secretary of State has while here given proof of a talent heretofore unsuspected by his country-people on this side of the water, namely, that of making most delightful and sparkling after-dinner speeches.

The following story, not by him, but of him, was told at one of these entertainments. The incident took place just before his retirement from office. One day Mr. Blaine came to consult him respecting the removal of a certain American official in China.

"I think you had better let him stay where he is," remarked Mr. Everts.

"But I have been waited upon by a large delegation, who came to urge his removal."

"Best let him alone. You will find it a matter of impossibility to fill his place."

"Why, any one of those gentlemen who called on me would be glad to take it."

"I think not. He's dead."

In point of fact, the news of the unpopular official's demise and burial had arrived that morning by telegraph at the State Department.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

DIALOGUE OF THE HORSES.*

FIRST HORSE.

WE are the pets of men—

The pampered pets of men.

There is naught for us too gentle and good
In the graceful days of our babyhood;
We frisk and caper in childish glee—
Oh, none so pretty and proud as we!
They cheer and cherish us in our play—
Oh, none so smilingly sweet as they!
And when a little our lives have grown,
Each has a table and room his own,
A waiter to fill his bill of fare,
A barber to clean and comb his hair.

Yes, we are the pets of men—

The pampered pets of men.

They show us, gayly dressed and proud,
To the eager eyes of the clamorous crowd;
They champion us in the rattling race,
They praise our beauty and cheer our pace;
They keep for us our family trees—
They trumpet our names beyond the seas;
They hang our portraits on their walls,
And paint and garnish and gild our stalls.

Yes, we are the pets of men—

The pampered pets of men.

SECOND HORSE.

WE are the slaves of men—

The menial slaves of men.

They lash us over the dusty roads,
They bend us down with murderous loads;
They fling vile insults on our track,
And know that we can not answer back;
In winds of winter, or summer sun,
The tread of our toil is never done;
And when we are weak, and old, and lame,
And labor-stiffened, and bowed with shame,
And hard of hearing, and blind of eye,
They drive us out in the world to die.

Yes, we are the slaves of men—

The slaves of selfish men.

They draft us into their bloody spites,
They spur us, bleeding, into their fights;
They poison our souls with their senseless ire,
And curse us into a storm of fire.
And when to death we are bowed and bent,
And take the ball that for them was meant,
Alone they leave us to groan and bleed,
And dash their spurs in another steed.

Yes, we are the slaves of men—

The slaves of brutish men.

* From *Farm Festivals*. A new volume of Poems by Will Carleton. Harper & Brothers. Nearly ready.

Ladies' Bonnets and Cravat Bows, Figs. 1-6.

See illustrations on page 405.

Fig. 1.—**SATIN STRAW BONNET.** The brim of this light olive satin straw bonnet is three inches wide in the front, an inch and a quarter wide in the back, and is faced with dark olive velvet. The facing is shirred at both edges and midway between them, and forms a puff between the outer two rows of shirring. Two ends of ombre olive satin ribbon, which extend across the front of the crown, are closely pleated at the middle, and fastened down on the middle of the crown with a knot of ribbon. A third end of ribbon is similarly pleated, and fastened on the crown, and, extending along the sides, covers the ends of the ribbon in front, and forms the strings. The front of the brim is covered by a half-wreath of yellow hyacinths. A gilt clasp is fastened in the middle of the back over a small bow of folded ribbon.

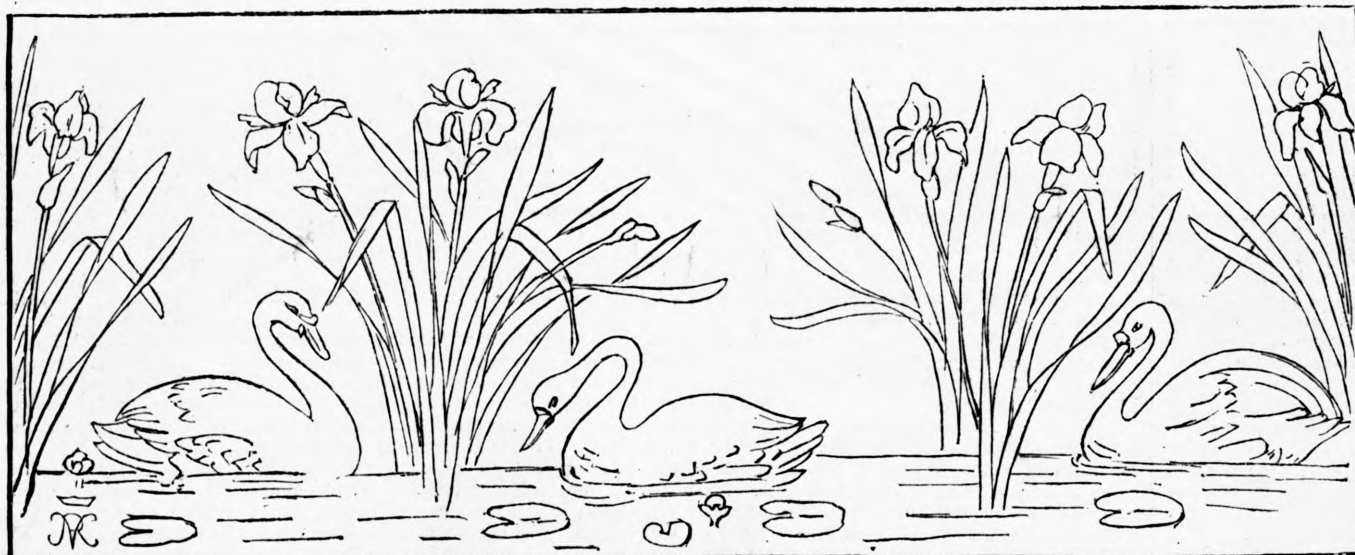
Fig. 2.—**TUSCAN STRAW AND LACE BONNET.** The Tuscan straw brim of this poke bonnet is four inches and a half wide in the front and two inches and a half wide in the back; it is faced with dark blue plush, which leaves a margin of

straw two inches wide in the front and an inch wide in the back. The stiff net crown is covered with white satin Surah, and this in its turn is covered with frills and jabots of white lace, among which a gilt filigree comb is set. The bonnet is trimmed, in addition, with two blue ostrich feathers, and with light blue satin ribbon three inches and a half wide, which forms a

place of strings. The ends of the vines are held together by a pink satin ribbon bow, as shown in the illustration.

Fig. 5.—**WHITE CHIP HAT.** The brim of this white chip hat forms a revers on the left side, and is faced with alternate bands of straw lace and plain Leghorn straw. A long straw-colored ostrich feather extends along the left side above

covers, albums, etc. It is a conventionalized wild rose arranged in trefoils. One specimen, worked on very fine écu linen, and intended for a chair back, was colored as follows: Stems, outlines of petals, and under side of petals and leaves, worked solid in reddish chocolate-colored silks. Inner side of petals in two shades of cream with a pink tinge to it, the outer part of petal of the lighter shade, gradually deepening until it reaches the centre of the flower. Centres also cream, with veinings of chocolate. The little trefoil bunches of leaves are worked in the same way; under side dark, upper light, with dark veinings. The little fluffy lines surrounding the trefoils are, for the large roses, worked in dark cream; for the small leaves, in light cream. The fringe of this chair back was only the linen itself fringed out. This design is sometimes worked over the whole surface of a table-cover. It can be repeated to any extent, as may be seen at a glance. The coloring given above is that most generally



SWAN AND IRIS DESIGN FOR WASH-STAND BACK, ETC.—FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLE-WORK.

large bow at the middle of the front, and is carried to the sides for strings, which are tied under the chin.

Fig. 3.—**CRAVAT BOW.** This cravat bow is made of white crêpe lisse, edged with white lace two inches and a half wide, arranged in a shell-shaped frill in the manner shown in the illustration on a stiff net back furnished with a safety-pin.

Fig. 4.—**LACE STRAW BONNET.** This bonnet is made of lace straw, interwoven with steel threads, and is lined with pink satin. The brim is faced with black velvet, and edged with straw lace. The trimming consists of a large triple bow of pink satin ribbon four inches wide, and vines of rose-buds and leaves, which extend from under the bow and, hanging from the sides, take the

the revers, and a scarf of straw-colored crêpe lisse, edged with lace of the same shade three inches wide, is arranged on the front and the right side. A small spray of roses is set in the back.

Fig. 6.—**CRAVAT BOW.** This cravat bow is arranged of white silk gauze, edged with white lace three inches wide, and is ornamented with a long pin with a gilt ball head.

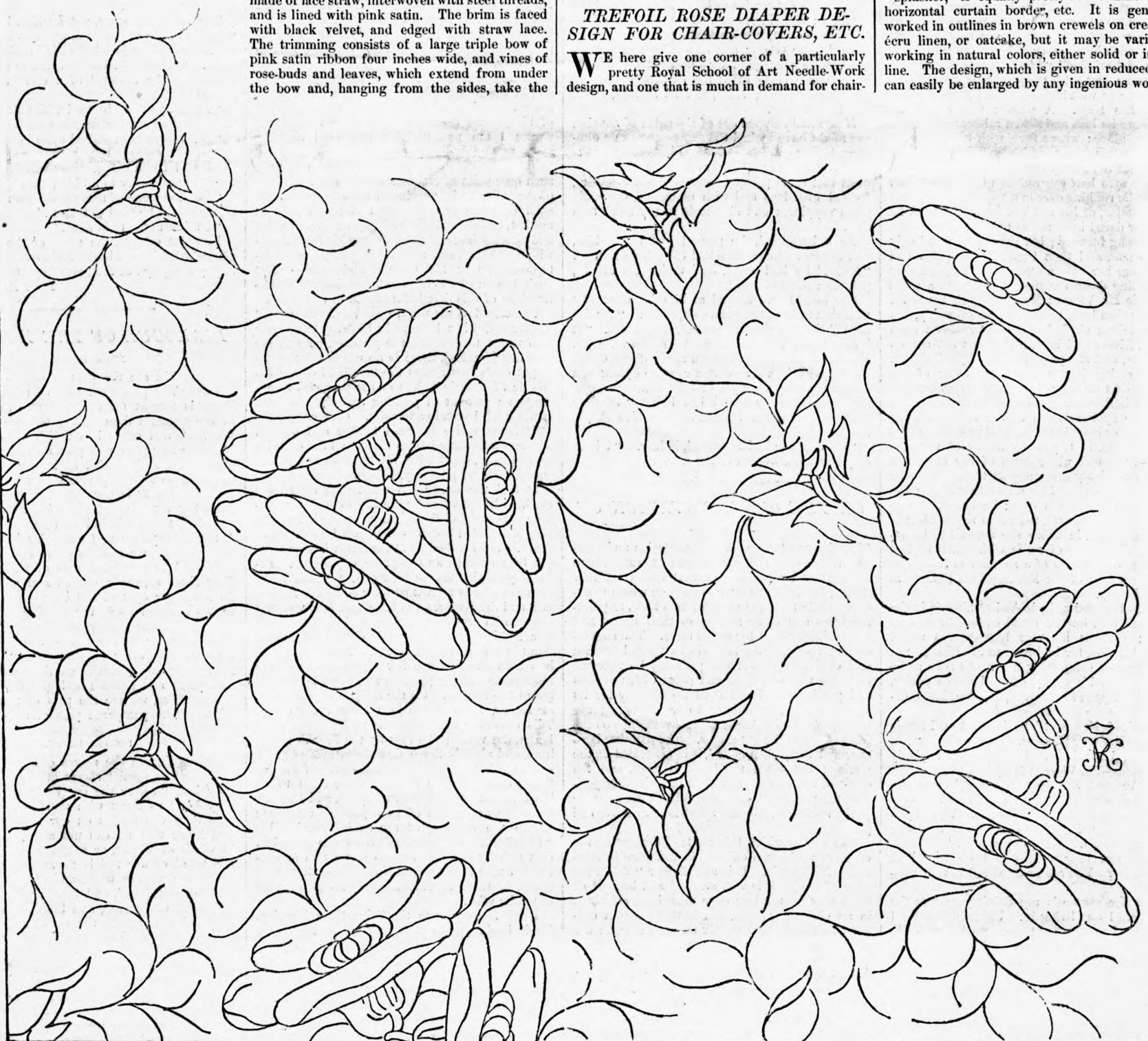
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used, as though decidedly not a rose-color, it still gives a sort of pinkish tint when viewed as a whole.

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TREFOIL ROSE DIAPER DESIGN FOR CHAIR-COVERS, ETC.—FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLE-WORK.



THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

[SEE POEM ON PAGE 410.]

NOTICE.

We beg to announce that one W. SCHOTTE, who, we are informed, has been taking orders for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, is not now and never was our agent.

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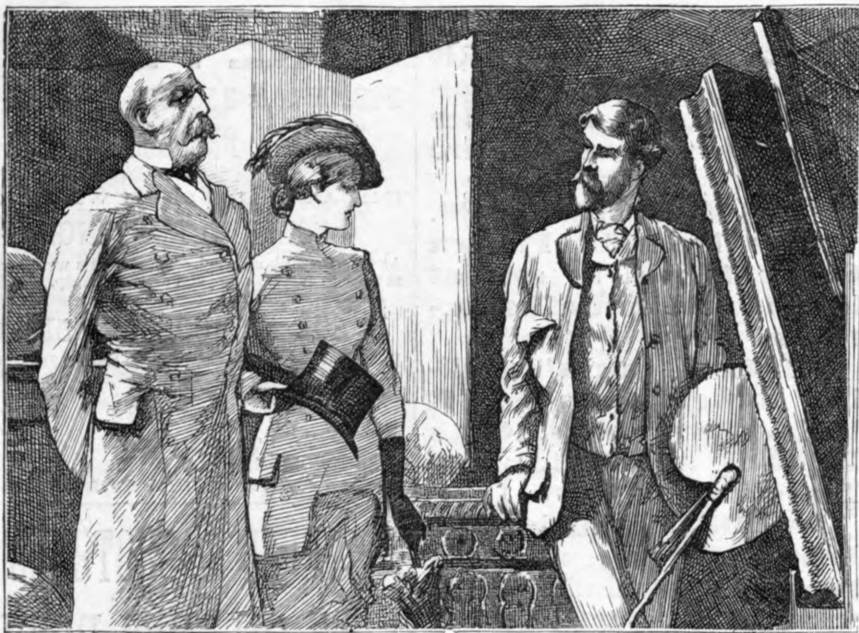
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THE GLORIOUS FUTURE.

LADY CUSTOMER (come to buy a picture or two). "Yes, the fact is, we are furnishing, and want something that will match the draperies; and, in fact, something of an enduring nature."
HUSBAND. "Ya-as, ya-as, to be sure! Something that will wash."

FACETIÆ.

THERE is a language of umbrellas, some one has said, as well as of flowers. For instance, place your umbrella in a rack, and it will indicate that it is about to change owners. To open it quickly in the street means that somebody's eye is going to be put out; to shut it, that a hat or two is to be knocked off. An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship; when the man has the umbrella, and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage. To punch your umbrella into a person and then open it means, "I dislike you." To swing your umbrella over your head signifies, "I am making a nuisance of myself." To trail your umbrella along the foot-path means that the man behind you is thirsting for your blood. To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man who follows you. To open an umbrella quickly, it is said, will frighten a mad bull. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a nice silk one signifies, "Exchange is no robbery." To purchase an umbrella means, "I am not smart, but honest." To lend an umbrella indicates, "I am a fool." To return an umbrella means—never mind what it means; nobody ever does that. To turn an umbrella in a gust of wind presages profanity. To carry your umbrella in a case signifies that it is a shabby one. To carry an open umbrella just high enough to tear out men's eyes and knock off men's hats signifies, "I am a woman." To press an umbrella on your friend, saying, "Oh, do take it; I had much rather you would than not!" signifies telling a fib. To give a friend half of your umbrella means that both of you will get wet. To carry it from home in the morning means, "It will clear off."

WHAT ONE OF THE SEX SAYS.—A little old maid confesses that the smallest women look hopefully to Hy-men.

HOW TO BECOME A FAVORITE.—If you wish to make yourself a favorite with your neighbors, buy a dog and tie him up in the garden before you go to bed. They won't sleep all night for thinking of you.

Monsieur Prudhomme lauds the advantages of gymnastics. "There is nothing like it for health," he says; "it increases a man's strength, prolongs his days."

"But our ancestors did not practice gymnastics, and yet—" interrupts a pupil.

"They did not," returned monsieur; "and what is the consequence? They are dead, every man of them!"

An officer of one of the military organizations that went to Galveston to receive Momus brought his wife and child along. There were quite a number of ladies and gentlemen present, when somebody asked the child, "When you grow up, don't you want to be an officer like your pa, and order the soldiers about?"

"No," said the little fellow; "when I get big I want to be a mamma, and boss papa about."

The little scoundrel would have been subsequently arrested and punished by papa, if it hadn't been for mamma, who happened to be in command at the time.

Mark Twain says, "None but the brave deserve the fair, and none but the brave can live with some of them."

THE SHOP-MAN'S LAMENT.

She stood beside the counter—
The day he'll ne'er forget;
She thought the muslin dearer
Than any she'd seen yet.
He watched her playful fingers
The silks and satins toss;
The shop-man looked uneasy,
And felt a little cross.

"Show me some velvet ribbon,
Barège, and satin ture,"
She said; "I want to purchase!"
Then gave the goods a jerk.
The shop-man, all obedience,
Brought satins, silks, and crape;
At length, with hesitation,
She bought a yard of tape!

Why should the theatrical stage be considered angelic?—Because it has wings and flies.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR COAT LAST.—Make your trousers and waistcoat first.

Hahnemann, the founder of the homœopathic school, was one day consulted by a wealthy English earl. The doctor listened patiently to the patient. He took a small phial, opened it, and held it under his lordship's nose.

"Smell! Well, you are cured."

"How much do I owe you?" said the earl, in surprise.

"A thousand francs," was the reply. The earl immediately pulled out a check-book, and held it under the doctor's nose.

"Smell!" he cried, and then added, "Well, you are paid."



"OPTICS."

LECTURER. "Now let any one gaze steadfastly on any object—say, for instance, his wife's eye—and he'll see himself looking so exceedingly small that—"
STRONG-MINDED LADY (in front row). "Hear! hear! hear!"

This is the way in which a South-sea Islander settled a case of conscience. The missionary had rebuked him for the sin of polygamy, and he was much grieved. After a day or two he returned, his face radiant with joy.

"Me all right now. One wife. Me very good Christian."

"What did you do with the others?" asked the missionary.

"Me eat 'em up."

BELOW THE COMMON.—MIDGERS.

ONCE TOO OFTEN.—"Young man," said a college professor to an under-graduate who had asked for and obtained leave of absence to attend his grandmother's funeral—"young man, I find, on looking over the records, that this is the fifth time you have been excused to attend the funeral of your grandmother. Your leave of absence is therefore revoked. Your grandmother must get herself buried without you this time."



OUR ANNUAL SENSATION.

GREAT SEA-SERPENT. "The Senate adjourned, and nothing in the papers. Dear me! Now I shall have to show myself somewhere. What a bother!"



AN EXAGGERATED VIEW.

COUNTRY GENT. "As big as a Hoss, and comin' right at me."

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

ANN ARBOR Mich
22 Register
1881

Vol. XIV.—No. 27. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1881. TEN CENTS A COPY. \$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

AMONG the elegant toilettes prepared to be worn at a grand wedding that is to take place in a few days I will cite the following, of very light dust gray Surah and brocaded satin. The front of the skirt, from the belt down, and the bottom, are covered with very narrow pleated flounces, all of Surah. The train, which is thrown very far back, so as to hide none of the skirt trimming, is made of satin, brocaded with sprays of flowers, pink, white, garnet, and dark gray, all in very soft tints, on a dust-colored ground. The corsage, of the same brocaded satin, is trimmed with a mass of white lace, lined with pale pink silk gauze. Bows and pipings of pale pink and garnet enliven the somewhat sombre effect. Under the bottom of the skirt, to serve as a balayouse, are set two narrow pleated flounces, one pink and the other garnet, the latter being placed undermost. A Louis XV. mantelet of brocaded satin, covered all over with a profusion of white lace lined with pale pink gauze, completes this toilette of rare elegance.

Another dress is made entirely of white satin and white Spanish lace. The skirt is trimmed on the bottom with a Spanish lace flounce, surmounted by a very wide puffing, eight inches deep, which is folded back in the middle, the pleats being fastened in such a manner as to form V's, facing each other. The overskirt is composed wholly of Spanish lace, and is draped by a loose sash of white satin ribbon, tied at the side. At the back of the corsage are Watteau pleats, extending from the neck to the pouf, absolutely the same as those in the last century portraits. The front of the corsage is trimmed with a profusion of clusters of loops of Spanish lace. This lace is still the rage; it is made not only in black and white, but also in colors, such as *café au lait*, and *ficelle*, or twine. The novelty in the details of fashion is decidedly in the domain of lace; it is made of all colors; pink, pale blue, and Valenciennes laces are seen for the trimming of printed muslins; and twine lace is in preparation—very fine, it is true, but still twine—in its natural color, designed to trim linen dresses. This is often rather fringe than lace, and is called Spanish fringe, after the pack-thread ornaments used in Spain on the trappings of mules. English embroidery is also made for the trimming of satteen dresses; this is worked with cotton of the same color as the satteen. This kind of embroidery will also be manufactured for summer woollens (nuns' veiling and mouseline de laine), as well as for those of autumn, such as cachemire de l'Inde. As an example of its use on silk stuffs, I will describe a charming toilette of pale lilac satin Surah. The skirt is quite straight, and is covered all over with English embroidery, worked on violet faille. The work being open, the lilac skirt shows through the interstices. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with two or three plaited flounces. Short overskirt, drawn back, and corsage of deep violet satin Surah.

Each day witnesses the appearance of new fabrics. Dark colored muslins, with printed borders designed to serve as trimmings, will be much

used; these borders are also made of chenille stripes on a muslin ground, or else brocaded in colored silks or open-work. Transparent stuffs will be worn over light summer silks to match for elegant toilettes, and over cotton satteens for simple dresses. There is also a kind of thick foulard with a multitude of original designs; miniature harlequin checks, Indian, Arabic, and Persian figures, etc. For handsome country-house toilettes there are magnificent silks, with flowers not brocaded but woven in the fabric; large bunches of pinks on a *vert d'eau* ground compose, among others, one of the most admired styles of this kind. We will also note, among the new stuffs, the gauzes and tulles woven with jet beads, both dull and lustrous; these are used both for the trimming of dresses and for small mantles, jackets, and short capes; the jackets are very long, and look like cuirasses and coats of mail.

Fancy jewelry is devoted to the representation of all objects of the animal creation; it draws from everything, in which it is right, and some-

times makes an unhappy choice, in which it is wrong. What interest can possibly be attached to the wearing as a brooch of a hammer or hatchet, a mason's trowel, a small clock, etc.? Charming things can be made after insects—I mean pretty insects, of which there are many; as to hideous spiders, ugly flies, and nauseous earth-worms, their representation is a proof of bad taste, which should be protested against by all persons of refinement. Brooches, abandoned for a time for medallions, which never could render the same service, are again in favor, and are worn more than ever, of all kinds and all sizes.

The extravagance in stockings is almost incredible. They must always match the dress both in color and embroidery. Silk stockings are made with appliqué coins and columns of Chantilly lace, black for black stockings, red, gray, old gold, etc. The same ornaments are made of Brussels lace; white on light-colored stockings, pale blue, pink, lilac, sulphur, etc. Sometimes these ornaments form an integral part of the stockings, being woven therein. There

are also silk stockings with lace insertions extending from the instep half way to the knee.

All kinds of bonnets are worn, from the pancake to the sugar-loaf; from that of the Parisian charcoal man to that of the Spanish muleteer. Some have straw brims with soft silk crowns; others are composed of a simple disk of soft straw fastened on the top of the head by a multitude of pins and a large arrow, barbed with precious stones, forming a Catalan coiffure rather than a bonnet.

Among revivals may be mentioned that of *moiré* or watered silk, which was abandoned for a time almost as unjustly as satin. It was through the white French *moiré* that this forsaken fabric crept timidly into fashion. The discovery having been made that the combination of very light white wool or muslin with white *moiré* produced a charming effect, people began at once to rave about *moiré*. Elegant bridal dresses were made of white *moiré*, muslin, and lace, and the connoisseurs of the day, who are enamored with bizarre and picturesque lights and shades, were charmed with the shimmer of the *moiré* under the muslin. In the coming autumn and winter we shall witness the return of this unlucky fabric, disdained without cause. Indeed, whole dresses are already beginning to be made of pale *café au lait* *moiré* (with more milk than coffee), entirely covered with Spanish lace of the same color, with here and there large bows, and a broad sash with enormous loops, of purple ribbon, or seal brown or maroon for quieter toilettes. Many silk gauzes are worn with brocade figures on a ground of the same, or else a lighter or darker shade.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

THE NOVEL-READER.

THERE is no gainsaying the fact that novels sometimes teach quite as effectually as history or biography. What is the good novel but an epitomized history of the manners and customs of the age in which it was written, in popular form? The style of conversation in vogue, the fashionable airs and graces, the political or religious bias, even the progress of the sciences, are embalmed there as securely as an insect in amber, or the fossil fern in the coal formation. This is true only of the best, however, while there are hordes of those which misrepresent society and distort facts, and leave the reader's mind more vacant than they find it. But the chief trouble lies in the fact that the confirmed novel-reader is bent mainly upon finding out whether Angelina and Augustus overcame destiny and their rivals, or who inherited old Ormolu's money, while the masterly characterizations, the pictures of the age, are lost upon her; she only receives a negative impression of something familiar in the surroundings of Angelina and Augustus, if it is a story of her own day. She flatters herself that she has mastered the noble art of skipping, but the novel one is content to skip is not worth reading at all, unless one is blockaded in the cars; and even then she might study the character and situation about her to more profit. The original novels, outside the works of the greatest novelists, would absorb but a fraction of time in perusal in comparison with the host which are chiefly caricatures or plagiarisms of the



Fig. 1.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—SATIN SURAH DRESS. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—INDIA MUSLIN DRESS. For description see Supplement.

latter class, and which offer the reader the same materials, with nothing new to give them a charm. To be sure, the novel-reader keeps the circulating library alive, but it is doubtful if she does not become saturated with love-making and scheming, and grow to consider herself more or less of a heroine, and expect to be treated accordingly. It is quite probable, however, that she does not like the poor novel any better than the rest of us, but takes it as a last resource, and because she is in search of the masterpiece of the age, and is willing to wade through a morass of nonsense and trash in hopes of stumbling upon it. Yet one would think that after making the acquaintance of such creations as *Romola* and *Dorothea*; after hobnobbing with the crowd who jostle each other in the pages of Dickens, and whose identity starts out as plainly as that of our next neighbor; after following Jane Eyre in her flight from Rochester; after meeting Lucy Snow and Madame Beck; after studying Henry Esmond and Mistress Beatrix—it must be an unexpecting mind that can be satisfied to spend a lifetime, so to speak, among the crudities and superficialities of inferior writers. Yet, in the nature of things, the poorest novel possesses a fascination, because it deals with the "eternal verities," however unsuccessfully, and we are always hoping the author may blunder upon some solution of the riddle that puzzles us.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 85 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued June 14, opens with a bicycling article, entitled "On Wheels," with a front-page illustration by ROGERS that will prove very interesting to boys. The number also contains an article on Postage Stamps, "The Apprentice's Leap," and "How Tom Ran the Engine without Wood or Water"; capital stories by DAVID KER and CHARLES BARNARD; Part I. of "The Daisy Cot," a two-part story for girls, by LILLIAN C. DAVIDSON; Chapter VI. of "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'"; and a great variety of novel attractions.

DAISY MARCH, THE PRISON FLOWER.

A charming Novelette, entitled "DAISY MARCH, THE PRISON FLOWER," by a distinguished novelist, author of "Female Life in Prison" and "The Memoirs of Jane Cameron," is begun in this Number of the BAZAR, and will be continued without interruption unto the end. The English press has been loud in its praise of the works of this author, in notices of which the London TIMES has said, "A prison matron who writes throughout with good sense, good taste, and good feeling." THE QUARTERLY REVIEW says of "Female Life," "An interesting and evidently a truthful work." THE EDINBURGH REVIEW: "The life of the criminal class is thus, as we see, strongly analogous to the life of other people, involving some of the strongest and deepest joys as well as sorrows of which human nature is capable." THE ATHENÆUM: "This book ["Female Life in Prison"] should have many readers amongst our social reformers of both sexes, and few, if any, will close it without serious thought having been stirred by the details and suggestions contained in it."

SMALL THINGS.

KNOWLEDGE of many little facts that are not always to be had systematically laid down in books, but which descend traditionally from mother to daughter by word of mouth, as the unwritten music of the songs of SHAKESPEARE descends from actress to actress, is often more useful to the sorely bestead young house-mistress than all the Latin and mathematics that she learned at school can be. She may know how to play BEETHOVEN'S sonatas so as to hold a drawing-room breathless and entranced, but it stands her poorly if, while she plays, a great ink spot on the drawing-room carpet stares her in the face, that she does not know how to wash out with milk, and clean up afterward with warm and nice soap-suds, or a grease spot that could have been absorbed out of existence by frequent applications of magnesia or of buckwheat flour, if she had only known enough to sprinkle it abundantly on the spot, and brush it off afterward. What does it benefit her that her wit and ready repartee can keep a whole dinner table gay, while the fine cookery, that at no end of trouble she has taught her cook, keeps them contented, if the company are forced all the time to be nervously flirting fans and napkins and adjectives against the pestiferous flies that she could have driven away by leaving in the room, an hour or so beforehand, a little preparation of equal quantities of cream and brown sugar, and half as much black pepper, had her mother ever known as much, or thought to tell her of it? Of what use is it to her,

living possibly far from bakeries and bread shops, to keep crackers, for instance, in the house, if she has never learned how to freshen them by leaving them for three minutes in a hot oven, or to prevent their being nibbled all over by ants by strewing the store-room shelves with a few cloves, occasionally renewed? Such things are trifles, each one by itself, of course, but half a hundred such things can contribute very materially to comfort and good-nature in a family.

If the knowledge that the steam of green tea will revive her rusty black lace, and make it as fresh as new, has not descended to her, of what good is it that the lace has? Or why should she have a costly bit of the beautiful Brussels lace in her keeping if nobody has ever told her to shut it away from the air or from any peculiarly strong perfume? She will spend more presently in frequent repairs and redressings than the lace cost in the first place. She can afford possibly to wear gold embroidery, in an era of gilding, if she knows enough to clean it, when it tarnishes, with a brush dipped in burned and pulverized rock-alum; and she may be splendid and graceful in long white ostrich plumes that would need as long a purse to provide frequently, if she had never seen them dipped and dipped again in the thick warm lather of curd soap, then rinsed and dried, and curled over a knitting-needle before the fire. She may be the best of cooks, and know how to make twenty different omelets, but if she is not acquainted with the fact that a little salt rubbed on the discolored egg-spoon will restore its silver tint, she had better not serve eggs in any shape; and if they that had the care of her youth never let her see that hot water took peach stains out of the table-cloth, or that port and claret stains were rendered null by an immediate handful of salt, wet with sherry, she might as well buy gray and party-colored damask to begin with.

What right has she to be the head of a family if she is not sufficiently mistress of herself and of a few surgical facts to arrest the bleeding of a cut limb by a tight ligature between the cut and the pulsing heart?—if she does not know that always handy mustard and water will empty the stomach that has received poison, or that the white of an egg when administered internally will transform swallowed corrosive sublimate with its deadly torture into the simple salivation of blue mass?—if she can not distinguish between apoplexy and drunkenness by knowing that the whole limb will convulsively withdraw in the former case if the sole of the foot be tickled, and does not then further know that the clothing must be at once loosened, and blisters be applied to the calves of the legs, the pit of the stomach, and the back of the neck? If she be a pioneer's wife, it would be a useful thing for her to remember that when her grandmother was a pioneer's wife before her, she found pine sawdust nearly as good as soap with which to wash her linen. And if she is in the heart of civilization, her husband can with a better relish set choice wines before his guests if she has learned, so that she may understand whether or not it is well done by her servants, that port should be carefully decanted, and that warmth brings out the flavor of claret instead of ice.

A myriad such small things as these might be supposed to form necessary parts of the education of all women; but in reality not even a small fraction of either facts or women are acquainted with each other. Few wives know how to take the white spots out of their old mahogany, the stain of their artificial roses from their light silks, to clean their filigree silver, to choose a genuine silk, to make their own bandoline, or even more imperative things than any such as these.

Of course they may never have light silks or filigree silver, or use bandoline, and of course it is impossible all at once to make one's mind an encyclopædia of practical facts and small recipes; but it would seem as if, so long as all these trifles form essential features of good housekeeping, and women are to be housekeepers, that women should, in some way or other, be made familiar with all the processes by which their possessions are well used and well kept, and turned to the best advantage, and that if their own mothers and guardians do not teach them orally and by example at the time when the mind most readily accumulates facts, then somebody else should teach them. Doubtless in the next generation a dozen scholarships may be founded in women's colleges for the knowledge of the unknowable, but none will ever be founded for the treasuring of these and similar small facts of useful knowledge; and it therefore becomes the part of all young women who have graduated in trigonometry and the musical glasses, to hunt up for themselves the things that it may be bitter for them some day not to know, when they have the management of a household, and a husband to whom to render account, and

for want of tradition and teaching are obliged to be their own instructors and pupils at once, and to learn the facts that were known by other women ages ago, when it was all but unlawful for them to learn to read, and one in common life who knew how to work out a problem in the rule of three was held by men in general to be a person of too much knowledge, who, if given the rein, would soon be looked on by them as questionably as the Athenians looked on ASPASIA.

THE SILK GOWN.

IT is mentioned as a great extravagance of HELIOGABALUS that he had a garment entirely of silk. Shade of royalty, what would your critics think of us moderns, who believe ourselves badly off with only one, when not a cook or scullion in America but has or means to have a gown of silk? Silk, which was once sold for its weight in gold, has become an every-day sort of affair with us—not an extravagance, but a necessity; and yet in FRANKLIN'S time the article was not produced in England, and the Queen graciously deigned to wear a gown from the manufactures of the provinces. Indeed, England is said to be indebted for the introduction of this manufacture to a brace of public-spirited monks, the last people in the world one would naturally suspect of catering to the feminine love of dress and finery, who, however, took the trouble to carry the silk-worms' eggs from China in a hollow cane. Had they never heard of HELIOGABALUS, or did they think the English nation superior to such frivolities? Or were they emulous of those other two monks who, ages before, brought the means of teaching the craft of silk-making from the Indies to Constantinople? Or are they the same doughty pair, whom a slight anachronism has uprooted from the sixth and set down in the seventeenth century? Indeed, the history of silk is wrapped in romance and mystery. It is a Chinese empress who invents it twenty-seven hundred years before the Christian era; it is the monks who come out of their cells, leave their vespers and visions, in order to introduce the silk culture to the nations. When Miss Furbelow puts on her gown of satin brocade, which once signified a stuff woven entirely of gold and silver with silk, do the wraiths of the almond-eyed empress and the cowed priests pursue her, seem *en rapport* with her? The monks being the most learned people of their age, were perhaps also the thinkers, and foresaw the advantage the culture would prove to whatever country it was introduced into, the employment it would give. Workmen completed the work of the priests by carrying the industry into Italy and France, which latter country once held a monopoly of silk. In fact, the silk gown is far descended; all the nations and civilizations of the world seem to have labored to bequeath it to womankind, with some new device or lustre added. It is an heirloom which once, it may be, only queens and nabobs could secure, but which progress is daily bringing within reach of maid as well as mistress. Its popularity is not owing only to its expense; it is due chiefly to an innate love in the human heart of soft and lustrous fabrics, and as much as anything to its durability. One is always well dressed in it, but not too well, and even a shabby one carries in its cracks and shininess an air of respectability and refinement.

ENGLISH LUNCHEONS.

By MRS. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

THE prevailing fashions in America for formal luncheons, and whether and in what way they differ from those obtaining in England, we do not know, but as questions are often asked in the *Bazar* as to the "right" thing to do on such occasions, a short notice of the last thing on this side the water may not come amiss. The invitations must be issued at least a week beforehand; more usually two and sometimes three weeks' notice is given, the length varying with the greater or less "height" of the season. No cards are sent, but notes not quite so formal in tone as would be the case for a dinner invitation, as luncheon guests are usually more intimate friends than those at the larger entertainment. Refusals, if necessary, must be sent immediately on receipt of the invitation, in order that fresh invitations may be issued by the hostess: hence the prudence displayed by a three weeks' notice, as it enables her to fill her table in spite of refusals, the second issue giving two weeks' notice. In London, where the men are at leisure during the day, the guests are of both sexes in equal proportions. Men go in morning dress, cut-away coats, etc. Ladies wear visiting costumes, and retain their bonnets. Usually a loose outer mantle is worn, which is taken off in the entrance hall, and left with the footman. There are two or more men-servants, as required by the size of the party, a butler and two footmen being sufficient for a luncheon of eighteen. After your wrap is removed, the butler precedes you up stairs, after asking your name, opens the drawing-room door, and announces, "Mr. and Mrs. Blank," in a

distinct voice—not "Mrs. and Mr.," as we have twice heard done by uninstructed servants, who doubtless wished to be "polite to the lady." Your hostess greets you upon your entrance, and after a few remarks introduces you to the gentleman next to whom you are to sit at table, but no other introductions are made, unless by special request. When all the guests are assembled, where the number is large, the hostess often asks each gentleman to take down the lady whose seat is next to his at table; though it is more correct (a luncheon not being so formal as a dinner) for the company to go down irregularly. A small paper menu, bearing the guest's name on one side, is usually put by each place, or a very tiny card, with the name plainly written on it, is laid before it, and people wander along until they find their seat, or it is pointed out to them; this, though it sounds confusing, is not so in reality.

The table is set precisely as for dinner, and the menu differs little from that of the later meal, except that soup is not always given; the number of dishes and of courses is smaller, and the food rather lighter in quality. Various wines are served, sherry with soup, hock and sherry with fish, Champagne with the joint, then claret, and afterward hock, claret, or whatever you prefer. Apollinaris is the mineral water most commonly taken, but the butler can usually procure you whatever other you may prefer. Plain water stands in Venetian carafes on the table, but is rarely called for. We give one menu for a party of twelve, which will serve as a specimen. "Huîtres natives. Potage aux tomates. Filets de saumon à la Joinville. Suprême de volaille aux truffes. Gigot de mouton. Macédoine de légumes. Crème vanille aux marrons. Gelée au Marasquin. Dessert."

It is usual to have two dishes of everything prepared, and the two footmen pass down the sides of the table simultaneously, beginning each time at a different point; thus, if the soup started on the left at the host's end, and on the right at the hostess's, the fish would reverse this, and start on the left from the hostess, and on the right from the master. The butler stands at a side table, and serves the soup, fish, etc., to the footmen. These three men never leave the room; the dishes are brought to and carried from the room by under-servants. Where there is no serving-room attached to the dining-room a screen is usually placed before the door used for this purpose, as it has to be kept open. As soon as the guest has finished with his plate, it is removed, and a fresh plate, knife, and fork are placed before him. During each course the butler passes round with the appropriate wine.

Now a word as to the manner of eating different things which we have noticed in England, which seems often to trouble Americans accustomed to a different method at home. In eating soup it is now the custom to take it up with the side of the spoon farthest from you, and to lift it out toward the edge of the plate that is furthest from you, thus making the whole motion *from* and not *toward* you. It is also quite customary to slightly lift your soup-plate in order to assist in filling your spoon, but this must also be tilted *away* from you by slightly lifting the side next to you, never by tipping it toward you. The whole effect of the outward motion of the hand and slight curve in bringing it to the mouth is undoubtedly more graceful and not so greedy-looking as the inward scoop. For fish it is universally the custom to have silver fish-knives, thus avoiding the piece of bread with which one used to eke out the fork. We have often seen Americans who have not been long in London chasing after a piece of fish with fork and bread, their fish-knife idly reposing beside their plate, they thinking it a dessert knife. The English also use the ordinary knife and fork differently from Americans, as Charles Reade has already noticed. Here the fork is never changed to the right hand. Vegetables and such things are carried to the mouth by the fork in the left hand, the knife in the right hand cutting the meat and aiding in putting the vegetables on the fork. Entrées such as sweetbreads, croquettes, and such soft dishes, are eaten with the fork alone, and it is then used by the right hand; but where knife and fork are employed, the former is never laid down in order to take the latter in the right hand. Pudding, jellies, creams, etc., are eaten with a fork when at all possible, though sometimes both fork and spoon (which are always brought for them) are used together. After them come salad, biscuits (what we call crackers), butter, and cheese. A dish divided into three compartments is usually provided for the three last-named articles: the butter is in tiny little rolls, and the cheese is cut into very small dice. After this course the dessert is passed round; plates holding the finger-glasses, containing a very little water, and resting upon square doyleys about as large as the middle of the plate, are placed before the guests; upon these are also the dessert knife and fork, and a silver pick, if nuts are on the table. When ices are given, a glass ice-plate matching the finger-bowl is placed upon the china plate, and a spoon accompanies the knife and fork. When the ice is brought round, the guest removes the spoon, etc., and lifts out the doyley and bowl, which he places beside his plate. After the fruit, nuts, bonbons, etc., have been handed round, the servants place the decanters of various wines, spirits, etc., on the table in front of the host, and leave the room, and after a longer or shorter period the party breaks up, gentlemen and ladies rising together and passing into the drawing-room, where coffee is at once brought in. Some of the guests do not return to the drawing-room, as the time for afternoon engagements is approaching, and they must economize their moments. Those that do remain do not seat themselves, but stand and chat for a few moments before taking their departure, cloaking themselves in the hall before leaving.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

BATHING SUITS.

FRENCH bathing suits imported for ladies by the furnishing houses are made without sleeves, as any covering on the arm interferes with the freedom necessary for swimming. The suit consists of two pieces—trousers made in Turkish fashion, or else straight and wide, and a jaunty over-dress fitted to the figure in the back like a polonaise, but as loose as a blouse in front, and confined at the waist by a belt. These are made of white serge, embroidered with blue cotton, or else of blue wrought with white. The embroidery is on the deep collar, on the epaulet that surmounts the armhole, and on the belt, and is done in an effective thread that resembles chenille. Wide white Hercules braid is on some suits in rows, and sometimes a white sash striped with gay colors is provided. For gentlemen black or blue serge suits are imported, with white collars on which anchors are embroidered. The imported bath robes to be put on when leaving the surf are very long cloaks of white or of écaru Turkish towelling of the heaviest quality, trimmed with Turkey red embroidery, and bound with braid. Those for ladies have hoods, while those for gentlemen merely have collars. Striped flannels are also used for such robes. The bathing suits made here retain the long sleeves, and consist of a belted blouse with Turkish trousers, or else the long princess garment is used, with the waist and trousers in one piece, while an overskirt to conceal the figure is buttoned on at the waist line. The newest blouses have no yokes, but are double-breasted and straight in front, while the back has a single broad box-pleat like that of hunting jackets. Some of these are made of the gay handkerchief patterns of heavy serge lately worn for dresses. These are shown in peacock blue, maroon, olive, etc., with very gay borders on the handkerchief squares. Among the prettiest suits are those of écaru flannel for the blouse, and striped écaru and brown flannel for the trousers. The stripes also make the large turned-over collar and belt, and border the sleeves and skirt. Maroon red flannel blouses are very pretty with striped trimmings. The heavy striped cottons used for skirts and for boating suits are employed in the gayest colors on white for trimming blue and black flannel suits. Pleated ruffles of striped flannel trim the sleeves and ankles of suits of solid color. White flannel or serge suits with blue trimming are still popular.

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

English styles still prevail for gentlemen's clothing. Coats remain short and trousers are narrow. The suit for business, for travelling, and for general morning wear is made entirely from one piece of English cassimere or Scotch Cheviot in neat mixtures of color without any defined pattern, or else in very small checks. It is *de rigueur* that this suit be all alike, and as trousers show wear soonest, an extra pair of trousers made from the same piece of goods is provided with the suit. This suit may have either an English cut-away coat or a single-breasted sack, buttoned by one, three, or four buttons, according to the wearer's fancy. Such coats are shorter than those of last season; the vest has no collar, and is very high; the trousers are narrower in the legs. The semi-dress suit for church, for visiting, for day weddings, afternoon receptions, and indeed for all ceremonious occasions in the daytime, consists of the Prince Albert double-breasted frock-coat of black or blue diagonal cloth, with a vest of the same, and trousers of neat gray stripes of medium shades, neither too light nor too dark. This coat has silk facings, and this suit is worn by the bridegroom, his best man, ushers, and guests at afternoon weddings of the most formal kind, where the bride appears in full-dress toilette of white satin. Gentlemen's full-dress suits (with swallow-tail coat) are now literally what they claim to be—evening dress—and are never worn before a late dinner. With the English wedding suit another English custom of dispensing with gloves is adopted here, and the groom at ceremonious weddings at Grace Church, or St. Thomas's, or St. Bartholomew's, receives his bride at the altar without gloves; of course the best man, ushers, and guests are also without gloves. The narrow white folded neck-tie is replaced on such occasions by a flat scarf of satin foulard with white ground; this fills up the small space visible inside the high coat, which is buttoned close about the figure. An innovation recently at the marriage of an Englishman to a New York lady was the use of white detached gaiters over the shoes of the bridegroom and his attendants. There is no change to note in full-dress suits other than that coats are shorter and pantaloons narrower. This suit is the only one for which lustrous broadcloth is now used by men of fashion. Besides the regulation suits just described, gentlemen provide themselves with a morning coat of black or blue diagonal cloth, cut to button from one to four buttons, and with these are separate trousers of dark quiet colors. For midsummer wear there are also suits of Scotch heather or of serge, either blue or brown, made with a sack coat, either single or double breasted, but never with a fitted coat. White double-breasted duck vests are worn in summer with Prince Albert frock-coats. Summer overcoats are short sacks with silk breast facings; these are made of Melton or diagonal cloth of a dark gray or brown shade; light brown is the most fashionable color. Smoking jackets imported from London are of English homespun cloth made up in short skeleton sacks. For travelling are Ulsters of English tweed, or dusters of checked homespun cloth, or else of gray or black twilled mohair.

SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, ETC.

Perfectly plain shirt fronts are used for all occasions, even for those of full dress, when the

shirt bosom is visible in the low-cut dress-coat; sometimes two pairs of eyelets are necessary, as two studs of white enamel may be worn, but for those who wear a gem, only one pair of eyelet-holes is made. With the high vests and coats and wide flat scarfs worn in the daytime, the shirt front is never seen. Standing linen collars are now made to lap in front. Turned-down collars are worn narrow, and do not meet in front, leaving a space an inch and a half wide at the throat. Cuffs are square, and are made to meet, not lap, so that they can be worn with linked sleeve-buttons. Nègligé flannel shirts for gentlemen to wear in the mountains, for hunting, or boating, are in Cheviot patterns and colors, or else with polka dots of white on blue, or blue on white, etc. Balbriggan under-wear is in solid colors this season, in shades of fawn or tan; this costs from \$8 50 to \$12 a suit. Pajama lounging suits are shown in pure white China silk, in écaru or gray pongees, in gauze flannel, and also made of Scotch gingham. Long dressing-ropes of Vicuña cloth as soft as camel's-hair are imported from London, and sold for \$27. Bath jackets of Turkish towelling, bound with red or blue, are sold for \$6.

SCARFS FOR THE NECK.

The flat folded scarf is now worn in the summer as well as in winter. It has been improved of late by being made over a corrugated shield that fits closely to the wearer, as it is curved slightly instead of standing outward, as those with stiff straight linings are apt to do. White satin foulard strewn with small figures in colors is very fashionable for dressy scarfs. Then there are dark wide De Joinville scarfs to be tied by the wearer in a sailor knot, or else passed through a ring. Quaint shades of blue are popular for Windsor scarfs of foulard that may be dotted or else have many Japanese figures upon them; similar mottled effects are liked on white and cream-colored grounds. Madras colors are pretty in bars, checks, and stripes, and there are some checks of white with a single color, especially blue, black, or brown. While the Windsor scarfs of grenadine and of foulard are wider than ever, there are also many narrowly folded scarfs of satin or of foulard with "banged" ends, as the dealers call the straight fringed edges. Gingham neck-ties narrowly folded are still worn, but in larger plaids than those of last summer; these are 25 cents apiece, or \$2 50 a dozen.

HANDKERCHIEFS AND HOSIERY.

Large French linen pocket-handkerchiefs used in the morning have narrow hems of gay colors, or else the entire centre of the handkerchief is in blocks of écaru with white, while the corners are tipped with red or blue. Ombré stripes of red, blue, or olive on the hem are new and popular. English handkerchiefs of silk, either white or colored, have dots in the centre and gay hems of contrasting color, on which are large balls, or else stripes, or it may be birds or animals. For dress are handkerchiefs of sheer linen with medium hem hem-stitched and a white embroidered initial or monogram.

Balbriggan and lisle-thread socks for general wear have dots or fine horizontal stripes, or else are of plain dark color. Very dark blue socks for day wear have embroidered spots or rings of black or red done with silks, or else they are gray rings on lighter blue, or old gold is wrought on very dark red, or pale lemon-color on peacock blue. Similar contrasts of color are shown in very narrow stripes. For full dress to be worn with low shoes are plain black silk socks with black clocks at the sides. Long Knickerbocker stockings of ribbed wool, to be worn on bicycles or with hunting suits, are \$2 25 a pair.

SHOES.

Round narrow-toed shoes have superseded those with broad square toes. For street wear and for business are buttoned boots—not Congress gaiters—of calf-skin, made with good substantial soles, low heels, and narrow toes more pointed than formerly. For gentlemen who are great walkers laced shoes are commended. Dress shoes for the house, the carriage, and for evening are of patent-leather. The English dress gaiters with light écaru kid or cloth tops and black patent-leather foxing, made with narrow round toes, are worn here by fashionable young men. The Oxford ties—very low shoes laced on top—are worn with separate black cloth gaiter tops by gentlemen with English tastes. Low pumps of patent-leather are chosen for dancing.

HATS.

The dress hat for summer is of dark gray cassimere, with very marked bell crown, broad at the top, and six and a fourth inches high; the brim has the D'Orsay curl, and is about an inch and a half wide. The price is \$6. Business hats are of the same blue-gray cassimere as dress hats, but are low round crown Derbys in shape. The crown is worn as low as the face of the wearer will permit, and ranges from three and a half to five and a half inches in height; the brim has the English round curl. These are \$4 50. The fashionable straw hat remains the rough yet soft and light Mackinaw straw, in sailor shape, with low crown and stiff brim. Higher crowns are on the Mackinaw hats worn by elderly men; \$2 50 to \$15 are asked for the real Mackinaws, of which there are many imitations that lose their shape when exposed to the weather. Manila hats for old gentlemen are \$5 or \$6. The only soft négligé hats shown are the soft crushed felt travelling hats to match suits in color. These may be folded up and put in the coat pocket; they come in white, gray, blue, black, olive, and brown. Youths and small boys wear small Mackinaw sailor hats with wide bands of fancy-colored ribbon.

GLOVES, CANES, ETC.

English kid gloves of heavy quality, with wide stitching on the back, and undressed kid gloves

fastened by two buttons, are those most worn by gentlemen. Tan and mode colors are chosen for driving, promenading in the fashionable streets, and for going down town to business in the morning; these are the few occasions on which gloves are worn, as it is far more usual at present to see gloves thrust in the breast of the coat or carried in the hands than worn upon them. As we have already said, they are not worn at day weddings, nor are they usually seen at receptions, either in the day or evening. Ceremonious calls in evening dress are made without gloves; they are seldom worn even at dancing parties—a fashion greatly detrimental to the dresses of young ladies, of which they complain bitterly. Driving gloves of lisle-thread, with kid in the palms and inside of the fingers, are \$1 50 a pair. The fashionable cane is of very light bamboo, with a crook of hammered silver; this crook is sterling silver, and the cane costs \$5. Very heavy long shawls of genuine Scotch manufacture, in dark plaids of green with blue, are for gentlemen to use on board steamers and on long journeys to the West; they cost \$25. Lap robes of plain colored cloth are shown for gentlemen's wagons, and there are also gay striped robes of mixed silk and linen for summer drives; the latter are \$7 50.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. JAMES W. BELL; SAMUEL BUDD; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; D. D. YOUMANS; and GLAZE & MCCREEDY.

PERSONAL.

A GRANDDAUGHTER of the famous beauty, the Marquise de Minute, of whom LOUIS XV. once said, "Cette Minute est sans seconde," is just dead.

—Madame GERSTER knits all her husband's stockings.

—Mrs. ROSE TERRY COOKE has been invited to deliver the poem at the Groton centennial celebration.

—The Grand Duke NICHOLAS CONSTANTINOVITCH is said to be very handsome and fascinating, brave as well as clever, and, against the late Czar's orders, he married the lovely daughter of a postmaster when he was in exile at Orenburg.

—The announcement of the death of Mrs. SAMPSON LOW, wife of the veteran London publisher, occasioned profound sorrow among a very large circle of friends and acquaintances at home and abroad. The deceased lady was nearly eighty-four years of age, and had been married for sixty years. Until very recently she had never had a day's illness. On the 15th of May last she suddenly became unconscious. The family physician, Sir WILLIAM GULL, was immediately summoned, and everything was done for her that human skill could suggest, but in vain. Eleven days afterward she quietly passed away. Mrs. Low was highly esteemed on account of her many estimable qualities of character. She was a warm-hearted friend, was very charitable to the poor, and was scrupulously careful to exemplify her religion in the walks of every-day life. She leaves four children of the ten she has borne, the youngest surviving son being at present connected with the house of HARPER & BROTHERS.

—RISTORI, who has now mastered the English language, is desirous of playing Lady Macbeth with Mr. IRVING.

—It is thought that alpacas are likely to become fashionable again, as the Yorkshire manufacturers appealed to the Princess of Wales the other day to help them sell their goods, and she, obliging soul, sent for patterns.

—The creed of the modern æsthetic maiden runs in this wise, according to her critics: "I believe in the wholly lovely preciousness of wan weird woman; I believe in BURNE-JONES and WALTER CRANE; I believe in the Grosvenor Gallery 'Higher Culture'; I believe in the 'School of Impressionists'; I believe there are few 'Impressionists'; I believe I am an 'Impressionist'."

—Mr. JOHN ALLNUTT, who has just died in England, was father of Mrs. BRASSEY, and son of that Mr. JOHN ALLNUTT who aided in bringing DAVID COX into notice at a time when R.A.'s refused even to hang that artist's pictures, and who practically made TURNER's reputation by buying most of his now famous works, being an excellent judge of art as well as a generous patron.

—Among the coins at a numismatic sale at London recently, belonging to Mr. HALBURTON YOUNG, of Lee, Kent, a penny of ALFRED brought over seventy-five dollars, and a two-shilling piece of CROMWELL sold for one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

—The president of Cornell University, Minister ANDREW D. WHITE, at Berlin, has given to the college a collection of casts and medallions relating to the history of art.

—LESSING's fable of the "Knight in Chess" grew out of his inveterate love for chess, his competitors usually being LAVATER or MOSES MENDELSSOHN, while the chess scene in *Nathan the Wise* was drawn from an incident in the play at MENDELSSOHN's house.

—The Emperor WILLIAM has appointed Professor WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY, of Yale College, a Foreign Knight of the *Ordre pour le Mérite* for his knowledge of Sanskrit.

—The English nurse who often risked her life on the battle-field and in hospital during the Crimean war, MARY SEACOLE, lately died in England.

—The tulip is the fashionable flower with the "unutterables" of to-day.

—Mr. RUSKIN is in better health, and at work upon the series of papers entitled "Proserpina."

—No one who pauses near the lawn of Mr. BANCROFT, the historian, in Newport, is permitted to depart without a bunch of his roses, which he attends to personally.

—A young locksmith from Havre, named HENRI PREVOST, is surprising Paris with a remarkable tenor voice, which gives the high C with as great ease as other singers give a note half an octave lower. He is unacquainted with the science of music, and entirely untrained, and is a boyish-looking fresh-faced youth, who is highly delighted with his success at the Théâtre du Château d'Eau.

—Mr. RUSSELL MCCOY, a descendant of the mutineers of the *Bounty* who settled at Pitcairn Island, the first inhabitant who has ever left the

island, has been in London lately, where the unsuspecting man was placed on exhibition, greatly to his discomfort.

—When General GRANT visited the Queen, she sent him away with a cold breakfast, as she often serves her guests, and though the British snobs may feel that it is being treated like one of the family, Americans, who are used to being fêted, hardly enjoy this sort of flattery.

—At the last Drawing-room, Lady ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL must have resembled a volume of heraldry, with her silver gray satin train embroidered with the ARGYLL coat of arms and the motto, *Ne obliviscaris*, the shield being only five feet long; the quarterings of the ARGYLL CAMPBELLS and the CALLANDERS of Ardkinglas and Craigforth emblazoned with proper heraldic tints on the shield-shaped pockets of the black velvet gown, and the device of the shield in silver on black satin slippers; while the boar's head above the motto, and the rampant lion supporters, might have suggested to the ignorant mind the approach of a menagerie.

—At the last soirée given by the Queen of Spain her dress was of changing shades of old gold and coral, and a young American lady wore a white gown brocade with gold thread.

—Cardinal NEWMAN is going to London to sit for his portrait to Mr. MILLAIS.

—Dom FERNANDO, cousin of King LEOPOLD I., and his wife, THERESA, the sister of FANNY ELSSLER, have a charming home in Paris, delight in flowers and music, and live the life of turtle-doves, as Mrs. U. S. GRANT discovered when she visited them.

—Rheumatic gout has attacked the eyes of Mr. WILKIE COLLINS.

—It is reported that Professor HUXLEY is coming to the States on an angling tour.

—The Archduke RUDOLPH himself designed STÉPHANIE's Henri II. robe, after an old painting. What a convenient husband!

—Lord MORLEY has sent a number of English pheasants to a friend settled among the Rocky Mountains, hoping to introduce them there; and now the English are hankering after our Thanksgiving turkey.

—Speaking of his picture of "Christ in the Pretorium," MUNKACST says, "I wished to paint a God who has assumed human form, and who could only assume it in its most perfect aspect"—as the critics had accused him of modernizing the face of Christ.

—Mr. BARRETT BROWNING and the son of the late Mr. TOM TAYLOR—Mr. W. TAYLOR—made a successful appearance lately at the Grosvenor, the first with flower painting, and the last as an animal painter.

—RUBINI, it is said, once broke his collar-bone in his effort to reach and prolong a high note. No mention is made of the effect on the drums of the ears of his listeners.

—At the Museum of the French Revolution, opened at the Hôtel Carnavalet, one finds the palette of DAVID, queer fans and Phrygian caps, the fauteuil in which VOLTAIRE died, a contemporary bust of MURAT, and everywhere the bundle of rods surmounted by the Phrygian cap—the device of the Revolution.

—Rye Beach, New Hampshire, is a favorite summer resort with Secretary LINCOLN's family.

—European ladies in Cairo are trying to establish a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, where it is thought to be greatly needed.

—M. DE GIRARDIN wrote sometimes standing, sometimes sitting, using 12mo or 18mo sheets of paper, in a study the walls and chairs of which were covered with black cloth or velvet, trimmed with yellow.

—"The Vally Prize of Astronomy," together with a valuable gold medal, has been presented by the French Academy of Sciences to Mr. L. TROUVETOT, the astronomer, of Cambridge.

—At Paris the other day a library chair of MARIE ANTOINETTE sold for twelve hundred dollars, and a little chair in which the Dauphin used to sit brought still more.

—ROSA BONHEUR's picture, "A Lion and her Progeny," which she has nearly completed, is destined for the gallery of M. GAMBART at Nice.

—The title of the original edition of WALLER's poems, published during his exile in 1645, runs, "Poems, etc., by Mr. EDMUND WALLER of Beconsfield," the manor of Beconsfield having been in his family at one time.

—Ex-President HAYES, WALT WHITMAN, and Mr. EMERSON go abroad in the autumn; in return, PÈRE HYACINTHE is to pay us a visit, and Madame LOYSON will accompany him.

—A vender of second-hand clothes was the ambitious occupation with which HOBART PASHA began his career. He fitted out a ship, and interested himself in the coasting trade in the East, in order to sell them, and was made a Turkish admiral, having secured a little knowledge of navigation.

—Three thousand dollars has been offered for the sledge belonging to Colonel DJORDJITSKY, in which he conveyed the dying Czar to the Winter Palace.

—A bronze statue of Mr. GLADSTONE has just been finished by Mr. BRUCE JOY, who has also completed a statue of heroic size of HARVEY, in the costume of CHARLES I., holding a heart in his left hand.

—The wife of BENJAMIN CONSTANT is the daughter of M. EMMAUEL ARAGO, Minister Plenipotentiary at Bern, and the great-niece of the famous astronomer. She and her husband live in a suite of rooms in Paris furnished after the Mohammedan style; the doors are rich carpets, the walls are hung with beautiful stuffs, piled cushions take the place of sofas, and one's feet sink into luxurious mosque carpets, while paintings of Arab and Moorish inspiration confront one everywhere.

—An epigrammatic French beggar importunes the pious at the church door in this fashion: "I am a good Catholic, monsieur. I have some of the virtues, but not all: I have faith; I have hope; but, *hélas!* as regards charity, I have it not. Will you give it me?"

—No well is safe from contamination, says Dr. CHANDLER, of the New York City Board of Health, if there is a cess-pool within five hundred feet of it.

—A cloth of silver and moss velvet, made for the palace of a doge three hundred years ago, covers the ceiling of the dining-room of VICTOR HUGO, the windows of which are curtained with moss green plush and silver; a Venetian mirror reflects the soft splendor from the mantel, and the apartment is lighted by a sixteenth-century candelabrum of chased steel. Embossed leather of Cordova, dating nearly from the time of the Moors, embellishes one of his sitting-rooms.

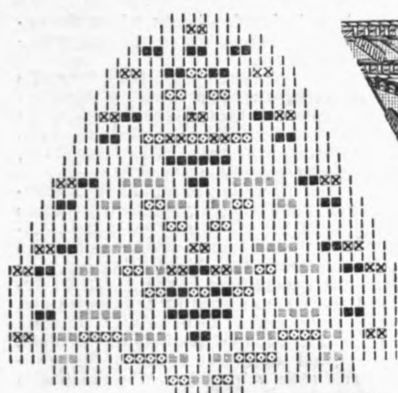


Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR BATHING SLIPPER,
FIG. 1, PAGE 429.

Description of Symbols: ■ Dark Red; ✕ Light Red; □ Dark Blue; ■ Light Blue; † Foundation.

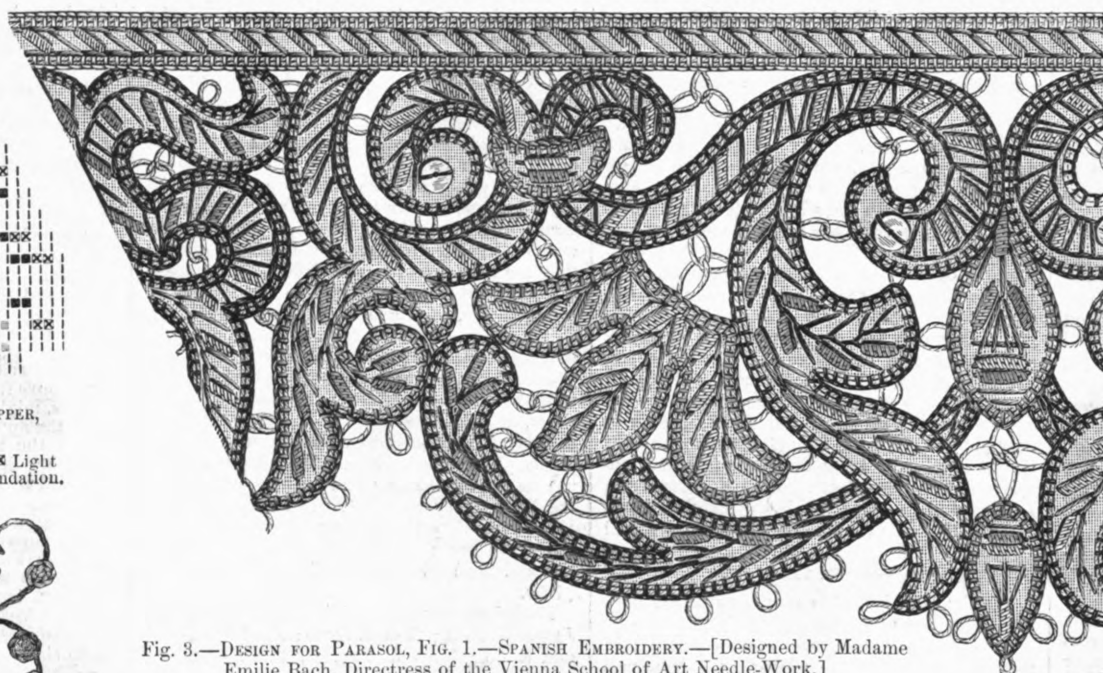


Fig. 3.—DESIGN FOR PARASOL, FIG. 1.—SPANISH EMBROIDERY.—[Designed by Madame Emilie Bach, Directress of the Vienna School of Art Needle-Work.]

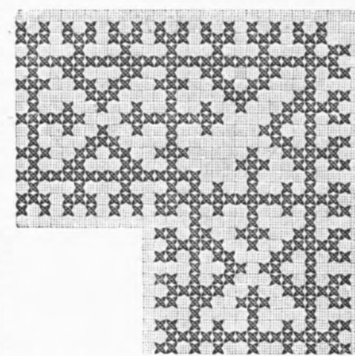


Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR TIDY, FIG. 1.
CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.



Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR TIDY, FIG. 1.
CHAIN AND STEM STITCH EMBROIDERY.

ble crochet) in the following 2d loop and 1 ch. (chain stitch). 2d round.—* 1 sc. (single crochet) around the next ch. in the preceding round, 6 ch.; to form a picot work 1 sc. on the 2d of the 6 ch., 2 ch.; repeat from *. 3d round.—Work at the other edge of the braid alternately 1 sc. in the next loop and 1 ch.

For Fig. 2 begin at the lower edge, and work in the following manner: 1st round.—Alternately catch together the next 2 loops with 1 sc. and work 4 ch. 2d round.—Work 1 sc., 1 short dc., 4 dc., 1 short dc., and 1 sc. around every 4 ch. in the preceding round. 3d round.—Alternately 1 sc. in the next loop on the other side of the braid and 1 ch.

Tidy.—Chain Stitch Embroidery.—Figs. 1-3.

This tidy consists of a square of écar cheese-cloth, in the



Fig. 4.—CARNATION DESIGN FOR FAN, FIG. 2.

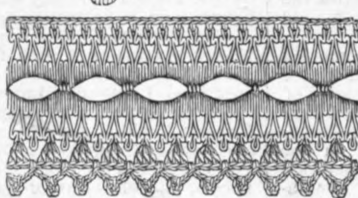


Fig. 1.—WOVEN BRAID AND CROCHET
EDGING FOR LINGERIE.

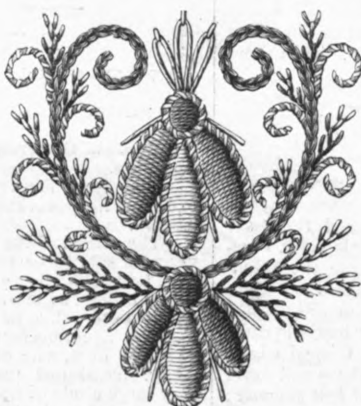


Fig. 2.—BEE DESIGN FOR KEY BASKET, FIG. 1.

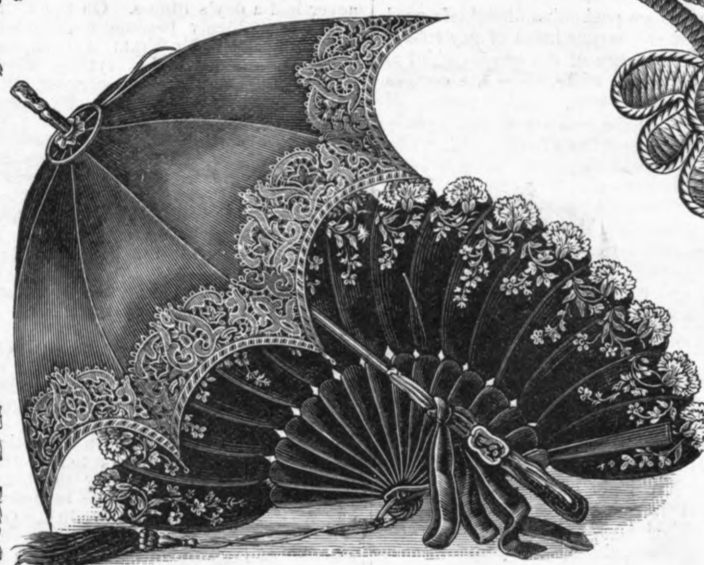


Fig. 1.—PARASOL WITH BORDER IN
SPANISH EMBROIDERY.—[See Fig. 3.]

in forms puffs. The tabs, which are three inches long, two inches and a half wide, and sloped to a point at the lower end, are edged with gold-lace three-quarters of an inch wide, in which the pattern is outlined with maroon silk, and embroidered in the de-



Fig. 1.—KEY BASKET.—[See Fig. 2.]

sign given in Fig. 2. The central figure is worked with blue and pink silk in satin stitch, edged with gold bullion that is twisted with silk, and ornamented with chain stitches and point Russe in gold thread. The pendant is worked with pink silk in several shades, and also edged with bullion. The arabesques are worked with olive silk in three shades in herring-bone and chain stitch, and with bullion. The basket is trimmed with maroon silk cord arranged in loops on the satin, and twined about the handle; a bow of maroon satin ribbon an inch and a quarter wide is set on the latter.

Work-Basket with Tidy.—Janina Embroidery.—Figs. 1-3.

This work-basket is of light willow-ware and black cane, and is covered with a square olive velvet tidy, which is ornamented with Janina embroidery in ombre embroidery silks. This kind of embroidery is an imitation of Orient-



Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERY
FOR WORK-BASKET
TIDY, FIG. 1.

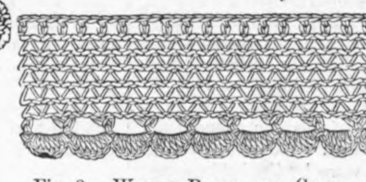


Fig. 2.—WOVEN BRAID AND CROCHET
EDGING FOR LINGERIE.



Fig. 1.—TIDY.—CHAIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.—[See Fig. 2;
and Fig. 3, Page 421.]

are ornamented with chain stitch embroidery worked with fine silk according to Fig. 2. The flowers are worked with blue, the dots with pink, and the leaves and stems with olive green in three shades of each. The border, of which the design is given in Fig. 3, is worked to match with the embroidery in the squares. The outer border is worked in chain stitch with écar cotton. The edge is secured in button-hole stitch, and the cheese-cloth is cut away around the scallops.

Key Basket, Figs. 1 and 2.

The basket is of gilded and ebonized willow-ware, and rests on a gilded cane stand; it is covered on the outside with old gold satin, and ornamented with four maroon velvet tabs, between which the sat-



Fig. 3.—DETAIL OF WORK-BASKET
TIDY, FIGS. 1 AND 2.

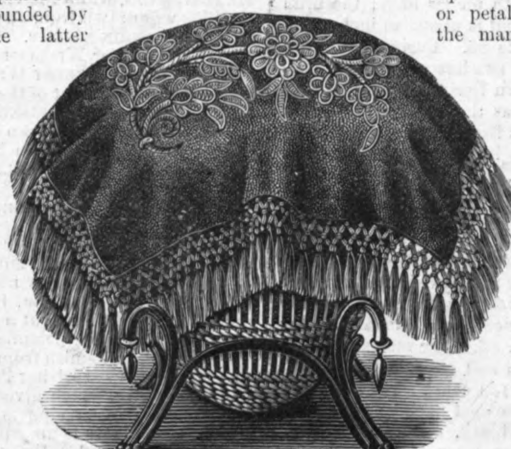


Fig. 1.—WORK-BASKET WITH TIDY.—JANINA EMBROIDERY.—[See Figs. 2 and 3.]—Designed by Madame Emilie Bach, Directress of the Vienna School of Art Needle-Work.—[For design see Suppl., No. IV., Fig. 31.]

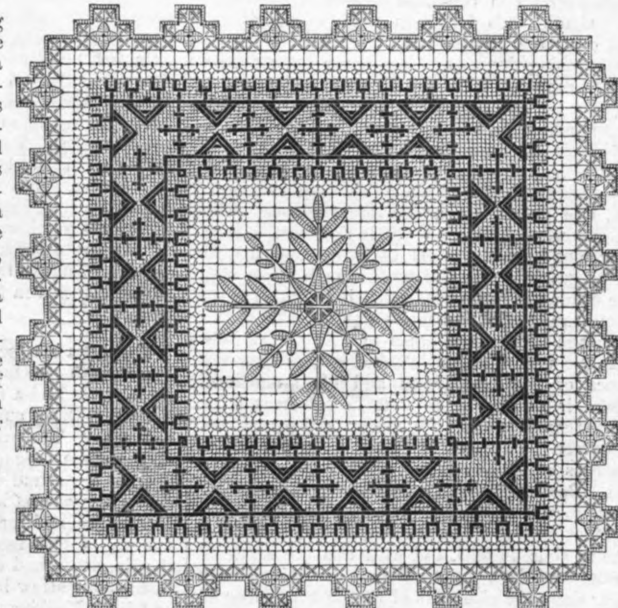


Fig. 1.—TIDY.—NETTED GUIPURE AND CROSS STITCH
EMBROIDERY.—[See Fig. 2.]

shown in Fig. 3, which gives the details of the stitch magnified. The needle is brought to the upper side of the work at 1 on the right side of the leaf, and a stitch is taken through 1 on the left side; the needle is brought up again at 2 on the right side, and the next stitch is taken through 2 on the left side; the needle is now brought up at 1 on the left side, down through 3 on the right, up at 1 on the same side, and down through 4 on the left, and the work is continued in this manner, somewhat resembling a cross seam. For the large flower, pink and brown silks are used, and for the smaller ones, blue, pink, and gray; the centres are worked with red silk, and are edged, as are also the petals, with gold cord or fine bullion in the manner shown in Fig. 2. The leaves are worked with olive and brown silks, and are edged in a

similar manner. Brown silk is used for the stems and tendrils. The tidy is lined with thin silk, and edged with fringe, which is worked with olive crewel wool; the heading is knotted, and strands of red silk are added to the tassels, which are tied with red silk.

Border for Handkerchief.—White Embroidery.

THIS border is worked on batiste with fine embroidery cotton in satin and in overcast stitch.

Tulle and Lace Fichu.

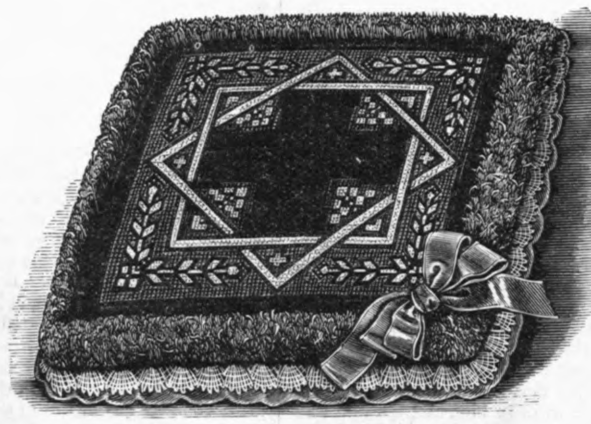
THIS fichu is made of a piece of white dotted tulle, taken on the bias, sixteen inches wide and forty-three inches long. The lower edge is sloped from the middle of the back to the upper



INDIA MUSLIN SURPLICE BASQUE.
For description see Supplement.



TULLE AND LACE FICHU.



EMBROIDERED SACHET.—[Designed by Madame Émilie Bach,
Directress of the Vienna School of Art Needle-Work.]

The top is edged with moss trimming of red silk and gold thread, and a bow of satin ribbon is set at one corner in the manner shown in the illustration.

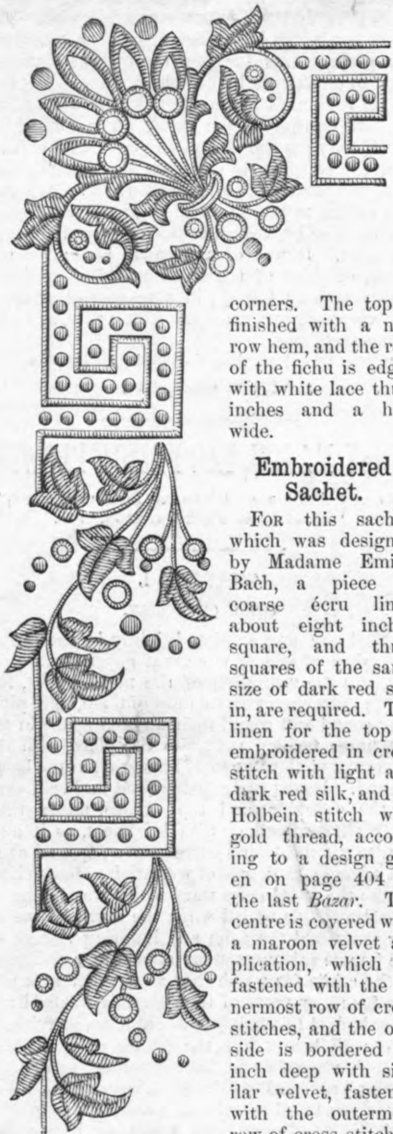
Tidy.—Netted Guipure and Cross Stitch Embroidery.—Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 420.

THE foundation of this tidy is worked in straight net with coarse linen thread. The centre is ornamented with a star and with sprays of leaves worked in point de reprise. Around this the tidy is bordered with a row in point d'esprit, and the corners are filled in in the same stitch. In the heavy border the net is darned in point de toile with coarse white cotton, and the foundation thus formed is embroidered in cross stitch



NUNS' VEILING SURPLICE BASQUE.
For description see Supplement.



BORDER FOR HAND-
KERCHIEF.—WHITE
EMBROIDERY.

corners. The top is finished with a narrow hem, and the rest of the fichu is edged with white lace three inches and a half wide.

Embroidered Sachet.

For this sachet, which was designed by Madame Émilie Bach, a piece of coarse écarlin about eight inches square, and three squares of the same size of dark red satin, are required. The linen for the top is embroidered in cross stitch with light and dark red silk, and in Holbein stitch with gold thread, according to a design given on page 404 of the last *Bazar*. The centre is covered with a maroon velvet application, which is fastened with the innermost row of cross stitches, and the outside is bordered an inch deep with similar velvet, fastened with the outermost row of cross stitches. The two satin squares composing the lining of the sachet are quilted over wadding

with white silk, and one of these is joined to the remaining plain square of satin to make the bottom of the sachet, which is edged with gathered satin ribbon in the same shade an inch and a quarter wide, over which narrow gold-lace falls. The other quilted square is joined to the embroidered top, after which both halves of the sachet are united along one of the sides.



Fig. 1.—STRIPED CLOTH MANTLE.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—PLAID CLOTH TRAVELLING CLOAK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 32-39.

with blue cotton according to Fig. 2. The border is edged with a row in point d'esprit. One row of squares is left plain, and beyond this the lace is worked in point de reprise and in lace stitch. The edge is button-hole stitched, and the surplus net is cut away.

Parasol with Border in Spanish Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 3.

See illustrations on page 420.

THIS black satin parasol is ornamented with a border in Spanish embroidery after a design given in Fig. 3 by Madame Émilie Bach, directress of the Vienna School of Art Needle-Work. The piece for each gore of the parasol is worked by itself. The design given by Fig. 3 is transferred to écarlin, after which all the design figures are edged with a double row of gold cord, fastened down with long button-hole stitches of red or olive silk. Loops or picots are formed at intervals with the outer row of cord, which are either caught down with a button-hole stitch in the opposite outline, or linked with one or more adjacent picots. The surface of the design figures is embroidered in herringbone stitch and point Russe with embroidery silk of the color with which it is edged, and with gold or silver bullion. When the embroidery is completed the linen is cut away



Fig. 3.—DESIGN FOR
TIDY, FIG. 1, PAGE 420.
CHAIN AND STEM STITCH
EMBROIDERY.

from around the design figures in the manner shown in Fig. 3, and the border is applied on the parasol.

Embroidered Fan, Figs. 2 and 4.

See illustrations on page 420.

THE sticks of this fan are of ebonized wood, each one being covered with an oval piece of black satin, taken double, with foundation interlining, and embroidered in the design given by Fig. 4. The work is executed with colored embroidery silks in feather, satin, and stem stitch. A black silk cord and tassel completes the fan.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 16, Vol. XIV.]

THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

By MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

AUTHOR OF "ALL OR NOTHING," "THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE," "A GOLDEN SORROW," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

MON DIEU! MADMOISELLE!

MR. HORNDEN was worse; the improvement that had taken place so conveniently for Mrs. Townley Gore proved to be only temporary. In the course of the very day on which Helen had consented to place all her future life in the power of Frank Lisle, a letter from the housekeeper at Horndean conveyed the news of Mr. Horndean's relapse into a condition which rendered it advisable for Mrs. Townley Gore to see him without delay.

"I'm afraid it is not a false alarm this time," said Mr. Townley Gore, shaking his head gravely over the letter. He was more sympathizing than usual, for he had just gone through a good deal of pain himself. "You will have to start at once, Caroline, and I will follow you as soon as MacGavan will let me."

"I suppose I must. I don't like leaving you, but there's no help for it. It is very provoking. A few days later would have made all the difference to me."

"True; but you see a few days may make all the difference to him in a far more serious sense. And I shall soon get right again, now that the pain is gone. You will take Helen with you, I suppose?"

Mrs. Townley Gore particularly disliked her husband's calling his protégée by her Christian name, which she herself superciliously avoided using, and his doing so made her answer him with sharp emphasis:

"Certainly not; I shall only take Bennet. Miss Rhodes can come with you; she need be no trouble to you; but I could not possibly have the charge of her. Besides, I shall make hardly any delay, but go on to Horndean as soon as possible."

"Then, as she would otherwise be alone in the house, it would be best," said Mr. Townley Gore, and the subject of Helen dropped.

It was agreed that Mrs. Townley Gore should start on the following morning, and without giving Helen any information as to the cause of her change of plans, she told her in the fewest possible words that she intended to leave Paris for London next day, and that she (Helen) was to be prepared to travel home with Mr. Townley Gore.

Helen heard the first part of this communication with a beating heart, and a deadly dread of what was to come. Was she to be taken away in the morning without having any means of communicating with Frank Lisle? What should she do if this were so? She had time for no more than to feel her hands turning cold, and a peal of bells ringing in her ears, when Mrs. Townley Gore's sharp words of direction came to reassure her.

"You will be prepared, if you please, to leave Paris on Monday evening; if Mr. Townley Gore is well enough, he intends to start for London then. You will not be in the compartment with him; he will have a coupé for himself and Moore. You will be placed in the carriage for 'Ladies Only,' and Moore will look after you at Calais."

Helen did not attempt to make any answer; the conflict of her feelings deprived her of the power of speech. Here, several days before she expected it, had come that which she had thought of with the greatest distinctness, amidst the whirling in her brain—the last time she was to see and speak with the woman whom she so much feared; the last time her enemy was to deal with her according to her good pleasure. It was all over—the cold, sickening misery of her life, the hopelessness, the perpetual fear, and constant effort to escape from scornful depreciation and words that cut like a whip; the bitter sense of dependence, the obligation to be grateful for that against which her whole soul rose in revolt. All this was over forever, and instead of it all there had come into her life—Frank. As she stood before Mrs. Townley Gore timidly, and with her hands clasped in the way that was habitual to her when she was troubled, she could not resist the terrified conviction that her secret must be read in her face by the keen dark eyes which scanned it with a look such as Mrs. Townley Gore never let her admirers or the public see. The girl felt as if her mask had been torn off, and she stood detected in the presence of an implacable judge. It all passed in a minute or two, and she was briefly dismissed by Mrs. Townley Gore.

"I am busy," she said. "You can go, Miss Rhodes."

Restraining her tears with difficulty, Helen made her the school-girl courtesy of her Hill House days, and left the room. Mrs. Townley Gore threw one glance of dark disfavor after her, and then applied herself to the settling of a number of business matters. To judge by her aspect, these were not all of a pleasant nature. There was an inclosure in the letter from Mr. Horndean's housekeeper, and this she read two or three times before she tore it up carefully.

"Whom the gods mean to destroy, they first set mad," she thought. "Is not the phrase something of that sort? It's true of Frederick, if it was ever true. The obstinacy of him, the ingratitude of him, are nothing in comparison with his tremendous folly."

When Helen looked out of her window on the following morning, she was forced to relinquish the hope of seeing Frank Lisle that day. The rain was pouring and sweeping, sputtering and hissing, as it only does in Paris, and the sky was sullen and black. They had made no account of such a contingency, but had been sure of their meeting, and Helen did not know what to do. It was evident that she could not go out, and Frank would have to do without news of her until the morrow. She remained in her room, listening to the stir which preceded and accompanied the departure of Mrs. Townley Gore; but she was not sent for, and she would not have ventured unbidden into her presence. It was a relief not to have to say good-by, and yet so much of the sweetness of the girl's nature remained unspoiled that she felt a pang of regret as the rumble of the carriage passing under the porte cochère reached her strained ears.

The morning wore on, and still the rain continued to fall pitilessly; the hour of the customary rendezvous came and passed; Helen had nothing particular to do, and no one to speak to. She had seen Moore, the valet, and learned that Mr. Townley Gore was better; and she had also learned, to her great surprise, that he wished to see her by-and-by. This was the first effect of his wife's departure. Helen would be glad to see him, but again dread seized hold of her. Would not he detect the difference in her, and suspect her of something? Here again her fears proved to be unfounded. Mr. Townley Gore had nothing particular to say to her; he had merely acted on a good natural impulse; and after a short interview, in which he talked of their return to London, but said nothing of the cause of his wife's preceding them, she was dismissed, to amuse herself as best she could.

This trifling occurrence had, however, disturbed her mind again. Whatever might be the explanation of his strange conduct with respect to the matter of which Messrs. Simpson & Rees had informed her—and, of course, Frank Lisle, who knew everything, must know best—she did not venture to doubt his wisdom even in her inmost thoughts. She knew Mr. Townley Gore meant to be kind to her, and she was distressed and uncomfortable at the idea of inflicting any distress or discomfort upon him. She could only console herself by thinking that it would not be for long—that she would write to him, and tell him that she knew how kind he had really been, and that he must not worry himself about her, for that she was perfectly happy, and at some future time he should know where, and how.

Helen was confident that Frank would allow her to do this; he had not said their secret was to be always a secret. So she persuaded herself out of all doubts and misgivings, and returned to the blissful contemplation of the future which was so very near now. She had no idea of what Frank's plans were; of when or how she was to leave the house; nor did she feel much anxiety about that. Her complete inexperience, and her habitual obedience to directions, rendered her as amenable on the actual as her innocence and submissiveness of mind rendered her on the moral side of the transaction. The immediate question was, how was she to receive instructions from Frank? She could not answer it; the best way was to trust him to do so.

It was late in the afternoon, and the weather was still unchanged, when Helen descended to the lodge of the concierge for the purpose of bestowing a collar on Zamora. This decoration was blue netted silk, the work of her own hands. She disliked Devrient, and did not like his wife, but she had taken to the big white Persian cat, chiefly because his perfect at-homeishness, his freedom, his supreme content, his easy mastery of the situation, presented such a contrast to her own position.

In the lodge she found Devrient; but his wife was in the inner room, and Zamora was then taking a siesta in a blue-lined basket (blue was "his color," Madame Devrient had on a former occasion explained to Helen) at the foot of her bed. To disturb Zamora, even for the purpose of investiture, was not to be thought of for a moment, and Helen entered the inner room to deposit her testimonial by his side. While she was talking to Madame Devrient she heard the clicking of the bell, a quick step, and a voice she knew. It was that of Frank Lisle.

He asked for Mrs. Townley Gore, and was informed that she had left Paris for London. He inquired for Mr. Townley Gore, and whether he had accompanied Madame. Being told that Mr. Townley Gore, who was still confined to his room, was unable to travel, and that mademoiselle remained with him, Mr. Lisle went away, and Helen, in profound amazement, took leave of Zamora and withdrew to her room.

Frank had solved the difficulty, indeed; but in what an extraordinary way! It was, after all, perfectly simple, but to Helen it seemed the height of audacity.

In the evening a letter was brought to her. She knew the handwriting on the envelope well, although it was the first time Frank Lisle had written to her; for the copies of Mrs. Stephenson's letters in his hand, inclosed in a silken cover, were carefully placed, with her father's, in her desk.

She was dining alone when the letter arrived; it was not easy to put it unopened into her pocket, and make believe to finish her dinner as if this novel and amazing thing had not happened. All the time she was hoping this letter might tell her that the necessity for secrecy was at an end; that something had happened to enable Frank Lisle to make himself known to Mr. Townley

Gore without compromising his friend; that the blessed future opening before her might be cleared of the one cloud which obscured its radiance.

But when Helen could read her lover's letter unobserved, she found she must not look for the perfection of bliss; the situation in respect of the necessity for secrecy remained unchanged; he wrote only to tell her that Mrs. Townley Gore's departure without her had greatly facilitated matters for him, and to ask her to meet him next morning at the usual place, whether the day was fine or not.

"Come in a carriage," he added; "it is nobody's business, now that Mrs. T. G. is gone, what you do."

The next morning was a beautiful one, and Helen left the house on foot, and met Frank Lisle at the entrance to the Bois.

Their interview was a long one, and the whole art of the lover was exerted to cheer and tranquilize Helen. She was only too ready to be cheered, to believe that all would be well, that henceforth she should know no sorrow, but be forever surrounded with the delightful atmosphere of a perfect and solicitous love.

Frank Lisle looked handsome and gallant as he poured these promises and assurances into the girl's ear; and to tell the truth of him, he believed them too. In the full tide of the new passion to which he had unscrupulously given way, and under the excitement of extraordinary good fortune in his favorite pursuit, he felt so elated that he gave destiny credit for having any amount of luck of the brightest kind in store for him, and was brimful of confidence in his own good intentions.

Helen listened to him with all her soul. The beauty of her face—and it had never been so beautiful in his sight—was exalted and intensified by feelings pure and elevated far beyond anything that it was in his mind to conceive; the child and the woman were strangely blended in the simple faith that accepted all he said as the one perfect and absolute truth that existed on the earth, and the exquisite smiles and blushes which gave him assurance of it.

"But I must be business-like," he said at length, "and tell you what I have done. You know that I have to leave you; I shall return as quickly as possible, and explain all to you, and bring you, I hope and believe, very good news. So I have secured and arranged a home for you, and found a nice maid to wait on you. It is here in Paris, or rather quite close to Paris, at Neuilly, on the borders of the Bois"—he pointed in the direction of Neuilly—"a pretty little apartment, all freshly done up and cheerful. My darling will not have to pine for very long in her prison bower; and by great good luck I thought of asking the concierge whether she knew of any young woman who could wait on a lady, and it turned out that her own daughter wanted an engagement of the kind. You see I am very practical," he added, laughing, but a little uneasily; "for I remembered that you must not be installed as Mademoiselle Anything, and I have given myself the dear delight of anticipating the time when you will bear my name. You will take possession of your little realm as Madame Lisle."

"Oh, Frank, will that be right?"

"Of course, my dearest; how should it be wrong? It is only a matter of a very short time, and it will prevent all suspicion and unpleasantness."

She made no further objection, and he continued, with many deviations into eloquent and persuasive love talk, to tell her how his plan was to be carried out.

"I had it all settled yesterday in quite a different way, but you did not appear, and I made up my mind to call at the house."

She interrupted him by telling him she knew he had called, and expressing her surprise.

"There was no risk in it," he said, "and my object was to find out whether I might write to you with safety; I might have done that if I could only have made sure of that woman's absence for a couple of hours; it was beyond my hopes that she was actually gone. This changed everything. Now tell me exactly what are the arrangements made for your journey."

Helen told him; he listened with a triumphant smile.

"Nothing could be better," he said. "If you will only do exactly what I tell you, you will be safe in your own little home, while Mr. Townley Gore is travelling unsuspectingly to Calais."

"I will do anything else you bid me," she answered, "but I can not leave him without a word; I must let him know that I am not really ungrateful to him, and that no harm has come to me."

"Of course you must; I would not think of your doing anything else," said Mr. Lisle, soothingly, "and I see our way to managing that perfectly. It shall be made all right with him, and a few weeks, or a few months at the farthest, will see us through our troubles."

It was hard for her, notwithstanding the strange trembling excitement that had possession of her, to believe in the existence of troubles in a life to be shared with him.

Before their interview terminated, Frank Lisle became convinced that he would be wise to exercise self-denial in the matter of seeing Helen before the appointed time. She was very nervous, and she might break down if there was much more strain put upon her. The appointed time was the coming Monday; this was Thursday: he would leave her undisturbed in the interval. She had the fullest instructions, and he would write to her every day.

In good time on the following Monday evening Mr. Townley Gore, accompanied by Miss Rhodes, and attended by Moore, alighted at the Gaze du Nord. Helen wore her usual mourning dress, and was closely veiled. Mr. Townley Gore, always sedulously devoted to his own ease and comfort in travelling, and with the additionally active selfishness produced by a recent fit of the gout to

stimulate his solicitude, did not trouble himself at all about Helen. The party was not detained in the Salle d'Attente—a gratuity procured them that privilege—and Helen speedily found herself deposited in the compartment for Dames Seules, with her travelling bag and her railway ticket, while Moore went on to the engaged coupé with his master.

A few minutes later the doors were opened, the platform was crowded, and the bustle of departure set in. A gentleman presented himself at the carriage in which Helen was seated, and she handed him her bag; she then stepped out, and without looking to either side, crossed the platform and re-entered the waiting-room. The gentleman took her, without any appearance of haste, to a carriage, and they were driven away from the station.

"Take off your left-hand glove," were Frank Lisle's first words to the trembling girl. She obeyed; he placed a plain gold ring on her finger, and held the hand long and closely to his lips. She was crying, and he made no present attempt to check her tears.

"To the nearest bureau télégraphique," had been his order to the coachman. In a few minutes the carriage stopped, and Mr. Lisle went into the office.

"This is the message I have sent in your name," he said, as he resumed his place by Helen's side, having given the coachman another order: "For Mr. Townley Gore, passenger by the mail-train for London, occupying a first-class coupé from Paris.—I am safe under the protection of my best friend. Take no trouble about me; it would be useless. My resolution is fixed. I will write after some time." This will be sent to the Chef de Gaze, and delivered to Mr. Townley Gore as soon as he reaches Calais, and before Moore has begun to look for you."

"My best friend," said Helen. "Ah, how little they will dream who that means! When you can let me tell Jane all about it, I know she will not mind their thinking it was she who helped me, one bit."

"Of course not. And you may be able to tell her sooner than we think. And now, dearest, our parting for a little while is very near. The people at our house think you are to arrive from England, and have left me there; so that I must not go with you even for the dear delight of seeing you installed. You will find everything ready, and I shall be with you at the latest in a week. You will not fret or be too lonely for that time?"

"I shall have you to think of, and the hours to count."

The carriage stopped. Frank held her for a moment in his arms; the next, he had stepped out, and she left him, with a sudden keen remembrance of that first day when he had put her into a carriage at the Louvre, and looked after her as she was driven away.

Madame Lisle was civilly received at the house at Neuilly by the concierge and his wife. The latter conducted her to her apartment, where all the preparations for her comfort, commanded with so much care by monsieur, were made, and where madame's femme de chambre was at that moment lighting up the rooms. The wife of the concierge rang the bell at the door, and looking over the staircase to ascertain whether her husband was following with madame's travelling bag, and calling to him to make haste, did not witness the meeting between madame and her femme de chambre. It was of a peculiar kind; for madame, at sight of the handsome dark-eyed girl who presented herself, in a respectful attitude, and very neat attire, turned deadly pale, and Delphine exclaimed,

"Mon Dieu! mademoiselle!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DAISY MARCH, THE PRISON FLOWER.

By THE AUTHOR OF "FEMALE LIFE IN PRISON," "MEMOIRS OF JANE CAMERON," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

CHILD OR WOMAN.

THE sun was shining brightly in the airing-yard of one of our great government prisons, and the "children of the night," poor, forlorn, purposeless women, most of them, were plodding round and round their allotted space in the mill-horse fashion patent to the place, with the matron, a vigilant atom of humanity, in the background. It was early spring-time, and cold even in the sunshine, and the women, under their thick shawls, walked with briskness, as if anxious to get the hour's exercise over, as well as to put some extra degree of warmth into their veins. It was the penal class ward which was taking its exercise at this period when the curtain rises on our story, and the grim and lowering visages of the female prisoners stood almost as a warranty of the crime for which they were under lock and key for many years of their terribly wasted lives. They looked like beings without hope, or faith, or love, with hearts like the nether millstone, and on their rugged countenances was marked "Dangerous," as clearly as though it were imprinted as a warning to all better folk brought into contact with them. Round and round, in Indian file, went the prisoners, stolid and silent, the rules against them as to conversation with each other. These were new-comers, of the worst class, or old offenders, or "returners" from other prisons, where the lighter duties or the privileges of "association" had been abused, and so they were back again to the first and worst estate of penal servitude.

They were, taken altogether—taken mayhap without an exception—"a bad lot," and the matron was wary of her black sheep. The prison was out of gear—"out of sorts"—that day, as it had been for weeks past, for the matter of that. Things had gone wrong generally; matrons and

financed and secluded, the privileges of the society are by no means limited to these. To teachers and students in all positions they prove inspiring and helpful, and there are generally more than a hundred teachers on the membership list.

The last two terms have witnessed the organization of two branch departments, one for deaf ladies, and one for gentlemen. The former grew out of the success attained in previous years by a few of that class, and has made a good beginning. The latter was organized in January, 1881, has now about fifty pupils, and is very similar in arrangement to the main society.

Of the six courses of study, History and English Literature are generally most popular. The former includes four sections—Ancient, Mediæval, Modern, and American History. The latter has two departments, one devoted to standard English authors, and the other to the study of Shakespeare. In both courses ample provision is made for illustrative reading, the list of works in history, fiction, biography, and travel being large and carefully selected.

The Science course comprehends three sections. Each of the first two subdivides into two branches, Botany and Zoology, Physical Geography and Geology. The exchange of seeds and botanical collections by the students, and the loan of geological specimens, add much to the fascination of this course. The third section is devoted to Astronomy.

"A large collection of Art Illustrations, comprising the history of Art from Assyrian and Egyptian to that of the present day," is the most notable feature in the Art course.

In the German department facilities are afforded for correspondence in that language, while the French course gives much attention to the study of French literature.

Hitherto pupils have been allowed to take one, two, or three courses, as they might prefer, and in such case a separate teacher is assigned them in each. But a rule has just been passed requiring beginners to take but a single course, and concentrate their efforts upon that.

The Lending Library has increased from twenty-nine volumes to 1055, and constantly receives additions. Access to valuable works, which students might not be able or willing to purchase, is by this means afforded them at a charge of one cent per day and return postage. Special library privileges are now accorded to students of more than three years' standing, and branch libraries in New York and New Orleans serve to make them more accessible.

The head-quarters of the Boston library, as well as those of the society itself, are found at the home of the Secretary, Miss A. E. Ticknor, No. 9 Park Street, Boston. To her a lady wishing to join applies for a programme of studies, and to her gives information of the course selected, at the same time inclosing the annual fee of two dollars, the only equivalent required for tuition. Her name is sent to the head of the department chosen, by whom a few inquiries are made as to age, previous advantages, and opportunities for study. The reply to these enables her to fix upon the person best fitted to aid the prospective student. By this latter lady the pupil's work is assigned.

Supposing her to take the History course, Section 3, her first text-book will probably be Seebohm's *Era of the Protestant Revolution*, one of the concise yet comprehensive "Epoch Series." This she either procures for herself, or it is ordered for her, at a discount, by her teacher. She reads a portion daily—the amount being decided by time and inclination—and the next day, before consulting her text-book, writes from memory the main points of the passage read the day before. Extracts from these notes are sent monthly to her teacher, and any assistance asked which may be needed. The reply is usually full of aid and inspiration; mistakes are corrected, illustrative reading suggested, practical life-lessons drawn from the subjects studied, and close and warm sympathy shown with her efforts. After such a letter the pupil is apt to return with renewed zest to her work, and in the case supposed she will soon be deep in the history of the grand and prolific sixteenth century. When a book is completed, an abstract of its contents is written from memory, and an examination is passed. This is usually a fair test of the work done, and, since consultation of the book is forbidden, it will also test the pupil's integrity of character.

One young lady who joined in January, 1880, has since that time read, in English Literature, sketches of the lives and works of all the principal English authors, while in Physical Geography she has found such works as Tyndall's *Glaciers of the Alps* and Maury's *Geography of the Sea* really fascinating.

Hundreds of others who had but slight interest on entering the society have become enthusiastic ere the term was over. By their correspondence with teachers and classmates they find their acquaintance most pleasantly enlarged. In many cases warm friendships are formed in this way. Those, too, who are able to attend the annual meetings at Park Street are always inspired to fresh effort. A large and deeply interested company listened to the exercises of this year on the 2d of June.

It can not be denied that the mental discipline is severe. Real advance in knowledge, by this or any other method, is never gained without labor—earnest, concentrated, and persevering.

Nor are the students the only ones with whom persistent effort is necessary. The amount of work performed by the teachers may be inferred from the fact that during the term just closed, 1880-81, 8200 letters were written by them to their pupils, while the Secretary annually receives fully half that number. Besides this, the teachers correct monthly reports, abstracts, and answers to examinations; keep a tabular record of each student's work; send monthly reports to head-quarters; and give much time to the study

of the subject in which they teach. All this they do cheerfully, since it is a means to the higher ends at which they aim—to make the knowledge thus imparted a source of power in practical life, and a means for the development of character. The whole influence of the society seems comprised in one word—*encouragement*. It tends to secure, not cultivated minds alone, but noble hearts, contented tempers, and thoroughly useful lives.

THE MILK-TREE OF SOUTH AMERICA.

TROPICAL climes afford many helps in "home-ly living" with which dwellers in temperate regions have no practical acquaintance.

A milk-tree at one's door, yielding abundant supplies of delicious drink, must be a treasure indeed.

People dwelling in Caracas enjoy to the full this rich blessing. Very little outlay is demanded to secure the refreshing beverage; a bowl and hatchet, a few sturdy taps, wounding the tree, a little patience in waiting, and reward is certain.

At Humboldt's request, the peculiar properties of this tree were carefully analyzed by M. Bous-singault, who unhesitatingly stated that "its physical qualities are exactly similar to those of cows' milk, except that it is a little more viscous."

It is also stated by this learned Frenchman that "it is remarkable for containing an enormous quantity of wax; that it constitutes the half of its weight; and he proposes to cultivate the tree in order to extract the wax."

[Continued from page 406, No. 26, Vol. XIV.]

THE PUPIL OF AURELIUS.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "MACLEOD OF DARE," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.

DOUGLAS escaped from the crowd, and got away. He was greatly bewildered and excited. Not often in his life had he come through so much in so short a time. He walked hard, and did not stop until he sat down in his own little room, in the cold and dark.

Hour after hour he sat there, himself fighting with himself; or rather his consciousness of what was right fighting with his great desire to do something to help that luckless child lying there, a few streets further off, friendless, poverty-stricken, fever-stricken, with the most hopeless of futures before her. He argued with himself that no doubt the gate-keeper's guess was correct; the money had belonged to some sailor or pilot, who had been drowned, and his personal effects, whether found on his dead body, or perhaps in the hold of a derelict, sold. Certainly these notes did not belong to the old-clothes man in the Minories. It almost seemed as if a special act of Providence had placed this money at his disposal, to succor this helpless one in her sickness, and support and strengthen her in her convalescence. As for himself, he never dreamed of touching it for his own uses. He had found out at last one way of earning his own living. But even if he were to be permanently employed at twenty-four shillings a week, how could he save enough out of that to give this girl generous nourishment, and a little wine, and country air when she should get well enough again? In the mean time, were her mother and sisters to starve? And it never occurred to him to ask why he should take this sudden interest in this strange girl or in her family. The fact was, he had never before been confronted with so clear a case of hardship and distress. The solitariness, the helplessness, of this child appealed to him: it was as if he had seen a wren threatened by a hawk, or a rabbit seized by a weasel; he could not help interfering, and doing his utmost.

And how could this money of a dead and unknown man be put to a better use? Was he to go and bury it in Scotland Yard? Was he to advertise, for a crowd of impostors to claim it? He lit the gas and examined the notes. There were seven—£35—a fortune! He saw the girl in a little cottage, the window open to let the first of the spring air into the room, she lying well wrapped up on a couch, a few wild flowers on the table, daffodils and primroses from the woods, pink-tipped daisies from the banks, the red dead-nettle from the hedge-rows, and perhaps herself, to please him, and out of gratitude, as it were, reading some of Tannahill's songs, "London's bonnie woods and braes," "Langsyne, beside the woodland burn," "Keen blows the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer," "We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn-side." Poor child! she had probably seen but little of the country during her hard life. Would she be surprised when all the hawthorn came out, and the lanes were scented? Perhaps he would be able to teach her a little of the beauty of simple things, and remove from her mind the poor ideas about what is great and admirable and desirable begotten in a large city. "Consider the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, they spin not: and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." No doubt her notion of what was most beautiful and desirable in the world was to be dressed in satin, and driving in a coach, with powdered footmen behind, to a royal Drawing-room.

All this was so specious and plausible. The money lying there seemed to belong to him more than to any other. And what good might be done with it! Even if the real owner were alive, surely he would assent. Thirty-five pounds! ten pounds to be put into a savings-bank in her name, the rest to clear off the doctor's bill, give a weekly allowance to her people, and enable her to get a couple of months, or even more, with strict economy, in the country, before returning to the hard, dull work of London.

"I did not know," he said aloud, in his slow, deliberate Scotch way, "that money could have such value."

By-and-by he rose, put the money into the bag again, and that in his pocket; then he turned off the gas and went out, thinking he would walk round and see how the girl was getting on. That is to say, he tried to make himself believe that that was all there was in his mind; but he knew very well that there was something else. There was a haunting, uneasy consciousness. Suddenly, at the corner of the street, instead of turning eastward as he should have done, he abruptly turned in the other direction, and began to walk quickly. "The money is not mine; I will have none of it," was his ultimate and fixed decision. "No dreams, man; no temptation. The first step to perdition is no doubt smooth enough. If I can do the lass a good turn, it must be with my own money."

He walked to Scotland Yard, finding it without difficulty, for he knew all the familiar features of London on the map; and there he told his story, and delivered up the money, and left his address. He departed with a light heart. Nay, when he had crossed Westminster Bridge again, he looked out for a poor-looking coffee-house, and went in and had some coffee and a roll, and thought he never had enjoyed any dinner more. He looked at the evening paper, too, and then went out again into the wet streets, and continued his way. He was further cheered by hearing that the sick girl, though still feverish and perfectly weak and prostrate, had not, in the doctor's opinion, caught any serious malady, and only wanted time and care, and afterward some better nourishment, to bring her round.

So with courage and patience, and with a final gulp about that searching business, he returned to his work at the docks, and very soon got engaged as a permanent hand. He was a favorite with the foremen, for he was industrious, and minded his own business; but he was greatly disliked by his companions. They would not believe, and he was at no pains to convince them, that he had not kept the found money; and they had expected him, if ever he returned to the docks, to stand treat liberally. They were angry at Scottie's stinginess, and took to taunting him. These casual jeers he heeded no more than the idle wind; they could not hurt.

His savings slowly increased, his only serious expenditure being his weekly rent. When, each morning at twelve o'clock, the great bell rang in the docks, and the men and women came in with their baskets and barrows, his dinner consisted of a couple of penny sausage rolls ("bags of mystery," his mates called them), and these were really quite fresh and clean and wholesome-looking. In the afternoon or evening he generally went round to the house where the girl, Mary Ann Ellis, was now so far recovered that she could sit propped up in bed for an hour or so; and he would have a chat with her and her landlady, and a cup of tea, with bread and butter—for which he privately paid. He found this girl interesting, simple, and intensely grateful, but ignorant to a degree that he had not thought possible in a human being capable of reading. In one respect this was lucky, for she believed any nonsense he told her; and the quite imaginary associations of ladies and gentlemen for the dispensing of needful charity received her most earnest thanks for those little sums that were sent to her mother, or that enabled her to pay off her doctor's weekly bill.

One day John Douglas was leaving the docks as usual, when he was overtaken by a tall and handsome young fellow, whom he knew to be connected with the Customs department.

"I say, aren't you the man that found a lot of money?"

Douglas had grown sulky, or rather suspicious of foolery, and was inclined to keep his own counsel. But the accent of this stranger went straight to his heart: he had not heard the Scotch way of speaking for many a day. So he turned and regarded the young man, and frankly told him what he had done with the money. This led to further questions, for the younger man's curiosity was aroused. It was the City of Glasgow Bank, then? But why take to such work as this? Couldn't he get into some office? Did he know a little of book-keeping?

The upshot of all this was that, about a week after that, John Douglas found himself installed as clerk at a tall desk in the back room of a co-operative store connected with the docks, at a salary of two pounds a week; and the first and immediate result of this was that the mysterious charitable associations of which he was apparently the agent commissioned him to inform Mary Ann Ellis that she need not try to get any situation for at least two months' time, because fourteen shillings a week would be paid to her during that period, to enable her to get thoroughly well again.

John Douglas grew to be a proud man. He was proud of having paid off that five pounds, and standing free of all the world; he was proud of his gradually increasing account at the government savings-bank in Cheapside, as a guarantee against future ill; but he was proudest of all of his patient, whose convalescence he in a measure attributed to himself. The days were longer now, and the weather fine; on the clear evenings, or Saturday afternoons, these two would get into an omnibus, and go away out to Camberwell Green, or Kennington Park, or Clapham Common, and sit on a bench, and watch the young folks enjoying their sports and diversions. He was better dressed now, and she had got into the way of calling him "sir." He told her a great deal about Scotland, and the mountains and the glens, with the birch-trees and water-falls; but he always got into a difficulty when he came to the sea, which she had never seen. She could not understand that.

"Now, lassie, look at that piece of water

there," he would say to her, at the pond on Clapham Common. "Can not you imagine its going out and out until it gets far beyond the trees and houses yonder, until it gets beyond everything, and meets the sky?"

"I see what you mean, sir," she would say; "but I can't understand it; for I can't help thinking, if there was nothing on the other side to hold it up, it must tumble down. How can water hold itself up in the air?"

"Dear, dear me, lass!" he would say, impatiently, "have I not explained to ye how everything in the world, land and hills and everything, is held together?"

"Yes, sir; but water shifts so," she would say; and he would take to something else.

The two months went by, and she got stronger and stronger, though sometimes she grew a little anxious about her chances of getting another situation. During this constant companionship he had become much attached—in a compassionate sort of fashion—to this child whom chance had thrown in his way. He could see her good points and her weak ones. She was of a kindly disposition; truthful, he thought; with no very distinct religion, but she had a general desire to be good; simple and frugal in her ways of living, though this was a necessity, and she had no idea of frugality being in itself a virtue. On the other hand, her views as to what was most to be desired in life were simply the result of the atmosphere in which she had lived, and she confessed to him that the most beautiful thing she had ever seen was the arrivals at a Mansion House ball—the colored stair-cloth, the beautiful ladies, the brilliant uniforms. Her knowledge of politics was entirely derived from the cartoons of the comic journals in the shop windows; and she had any quantity of vague and vulgar prejudices about Catholics, Radicals, and Jews. But this patient listener, who seemed interested in her foolish little opinions, was a largely tolerant man. Such things were: let us make the best of them—that was what he seemed to say. And as all the phenomena of the universe appeared to him to be worthy of respectful attention, even if one did not go the length of vexing one's self about any one of them, he was willing to learn that, in the opinion of this profound observer, the Catholic priests were bad men, who would let you do anything that was wrong if you only paid them enough money for absolution.

One evening, when he went round as usual, he found Mary Ann in great excitement; she had evidently been crying, and now she was laughing in a half-crying way.

"What is the matter, lassie?" said he, severely, for he did not like "scenes."

"Oh, sir, Pete has written—at last—at last!" she said, crying all the more, but in a glad sort of way, and looking again at the letter she held in her two hands.

"But who is Pete?"

"My sweetheart, sir. I never said anything about him—I thought he had forgotten us; but now he says he wouldn't write until he had good news, and now there is good news enough—oh yes, there is! there is! For he has got a good place, and good prospects; and here is money to take me out, and my mother and sisters too—all except fifteen pounds, Pete says, and that he'll send in three months' time. Oh, sir, you don't know what a good fellow Pete is!"

John Douglas sat down. His heart felt a little heavy; he scarcely knew why. But he began to ask a few questions, in a slow, matter-of-fact way; and he did not remain long. He saw that the girl wanted to read and re-read the good news to herself, and draw pictures of all that was coming.

The next afternoon Mary Ann got a note from him, with an inclosure. Thus it ran:

"DEAR CHILD,—You need not wait through three months of uncertainty. I inclose for you what will make up the passage-money, and also pay the expenses of your mother's and sisters' coming to London. Accept this quietly and sensibly, and do not make any fuss about it, nor when I see you. I shall be busy this evening, and may not call. Your friend,

"JOHN DOUGLAS."

But all the same Mary Ann came round quickly, and with her the tall, gaunt, dark, composed landlady; and there was a great scene, Mary Ann crying and accusing herself of unheeded stupidity for not having seen that he all along had been her benefactor; and he, on the other hand, sternly bidding her hold her peace, and not talk foolishness.

"Ye did me a great service, ye foolish lass," he said; "ye made me take to actual work when I was merely idling and loitering about. Ye gave me an object to work for, and pleasant companionship for a space, and now, if I must find something else, that is as it has been ordered; and I maun bide my time."

A few days afterward he saw the mother when she arrived, a poor, limp sort of creature, and the two bewildered little girls. He could not go with them, because of office work, as he had wished, to Southampton; but he accompanied them to the railway station early in the morning, and bade them farewell. And as he turned away, he said to himself:

"These poor creatures I shall doubtless see no more in this world; but they will have a little regard for me, perhaps, while they live, and that is something. And now I will consider myself free to spend a little money on myself, when I get it saved again; and I will use it during the holidays they speak of to take a trip back home again, and see the old place, and that the graves of my people are taken care of. And maybe I may be able to make dispositions, too, so that when I am taken I may be placed there also, for it is natural that one should wish to rest among one's own."

THE END.



"WITHERED FLOWERS."

FROM A PAINTING BY C. PERUGINI.

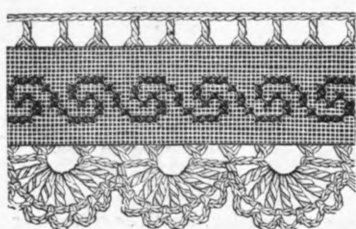


Fig. 1.—EDGING FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES.—RUSSIAN BRAID, CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY, AND CROCHET.

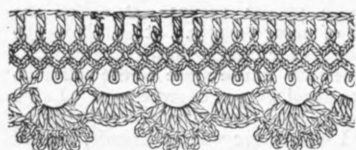


Fig. 1.—WOVEN BRAID AND CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE.

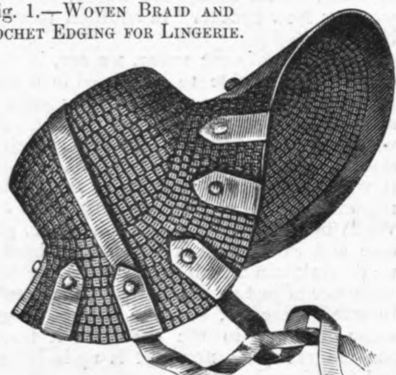


Fig. 2.—BATHING HAT FOR SUIT FIG. 1.
For description see Supplement.



Fig. 1.—RED FLANNEL BATHING SUIT.
[See Fig. 2.]
For description see Supplement.

which is finished at the ends with tassels, and is arranged in loops on the front as seen in the illustration.

Lady's Crochet Slipper.

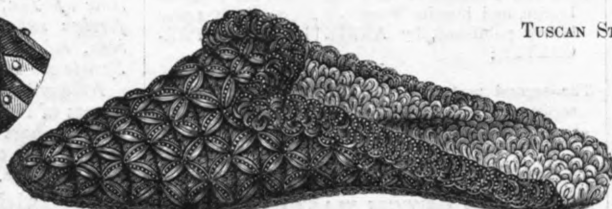
THE upper part of this slipper is worked with blue zephyr wool in single crochet, over which a diapered pattern is formed in the course of the work with the working thread and an additional thread of brilliant wool, which is wool that is twisted with a metal thread. The sole is made of white leather, with a pasteboard interlining. The lining of the slipper is worked with salmon-colored zephyr wool in two parts, one for the sole and the other for the upper. Figs. 53 and 54, Supplement, give the pattern for the slipper. Begin the upper at the toe on a foundation of the requisite length, and work in rounds back and forth, following the outline of the pattern, and widening and narrowing as may be required. 1st round.—Pass by the first st. (stitch), and work 1 sc. (single crochet) on every following st. of the foundation. 2d round.—1 ch. (chain stitch), then 1 sc. on every st. in the preceding round. 3d round.—Work on the right side 1 ch., 2 sc. on the next 2 st. in the preceding round, fasten the end of the brilliant wool, * keeping the st. on the needle, insert it in the first st. in the round before the last, and pull through in one loop both the zephyr and the brilliant wool, pass by 3 st. in the round before the last, and take up a similar loop through the next st., work off the 2 loops together, and then with the zephyr wool alone work off the remaining veins

Turkish Towelling Bathing Slipper, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS bathing slipper, which is designed to match the bathing cloak which is illustrated on this page, is made of Turkish towelling, and cut from Figs. 53 and 54, Supplement. The front is embroidered in tassel stitch with red and blue wool according to Fig. 2. The work is executed over canvas basted on the material, the threads of which are drawn out after the work is completed. The top is edged with cord,



TUSCAN STRAW POKE BONNET.



LADY'S CROCHET SLIPPER.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 53 and 54.

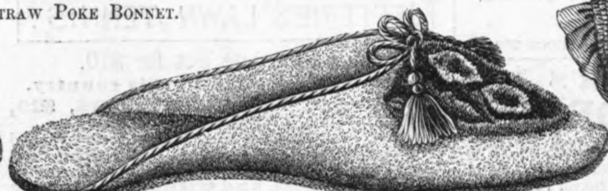


Fig. 1.—TURKISH TOWELLING BATHING SLIPPER.—See Fig. 2, Page 420.

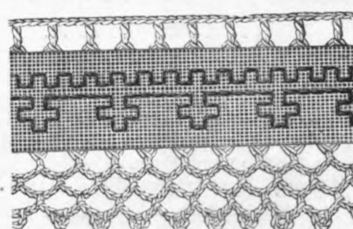


Fig. 2.—EDGING FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES.—RUSSIAN BRAID, HOLBEIN WORK, AND CROCHET.

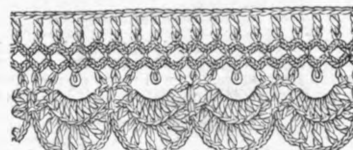


Fig. 2.—WOVEN BRAID AND CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE.



Fig. 4.—BATHING CAP FOR SUIT FIG. 3.
For description see Supplement.



Fig. 3.—FLANNEL BATHING SUIT.—[See Fig. 4.]—CUT PATTERN, No. 3107.
PRICE 25 CENTS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 40 and 41.

instep are finished off singly in turn. Take up next the lining for the upper, and then work a piece in the same manner of the shape of the sole. Use salmon-colored wool, a double and a single thread alternately, and work back and forth as follows: 1st round.—Take a single thread of wool, crochet a foundation of the requisite length, pass by the first st. of it, and work 1 sc. on every following st. 2d round.—Using the double thread, work 1 ch. and 1 sc. on the next st. in the preceding round, place a mesh an inch and a half in circumference on the under side of the work, and alternately wind the working thread around it, over and then under, and work 1 sc. on the next st. 3d round.—Work with the single thread 1 sc. on every st. in the preceding round. Work as in the 2d and 3d rounds alternately. For the border around the top of the slipper use three threads of zephyr and one of brilliant wool; wind this strand about the mesh once, then work a button-hole stitch around the loop with a needle threaded with black cotton, wind the wool about the mesh again, and fasten this loop like the preceding one, and proceed in this manner until the border has attained the required length. The border may also be worked in the manner shown by Fig. 2 on page 132, Bazar No. 9 of the current volume, substituting fine flower wire, which is twisted between every two loops, for the needle and thread. Overhand the border to the edge of the slipper.



Figs. 1 and 2.—TURKISH TOWELLING BATHING CLOAK.—FRONT AND BACK.
For description see Supplement.

MARIE LITTA.

MESSRS. WM. B. RIKER & SON: Booth's Theatre.
I have tried your American Face Powder, and am very much pleased with it; will take pleasure in recommending it to my friends. I have at last found a powder that suits me. I send you an order for two more boxes.
—[Com.] Very respectfully, MARIE LITTA.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

Imparts an additional zest to a glass of soda water. Ask your druggist to put a teaspoonful in your next glass.—[Adv.]

WHEN you go home late, take a bottle of German Corn Remover to your wife, and tell her you have been to the drug store. It will make a great difference in her remarks. All druggists have it. 25 cents.—[Adv.]

THE Baking Powder, mentioned week before last, is made by GEO. C. HANFORD, Syracuse, N. Y., who will furnish sample of pure powder, and also test to detect filling, free by mail. Sold by all leading grocers.—[Com.]

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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

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CORALINE CORSET.

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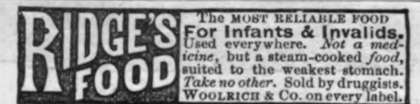
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A poem by JULIA C. R. DORR, entitled

"THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER,"

Illustrated by FREDERICKS;

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A biographical sketch of

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The inventor of the Eccentric Lathe;

"HAWTHORNE AMONG HIS FRIENDS,"

Containing a characteristic unpublished letter from Hawthorne to his friend W. B. Pike, and other new matter;

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By a recent invention, starch or corn sugar (more generally known as *glucose*), heretofore quite extensively used by confectioners, brewers, etc., has been made sufficiently dry and white so that it can be powdered and mixed with yellow sugars. It raises the standard of color largely, but not being so sweet reduces the saccharine strength, making it necessary to use more of the article to attain the usual degree of sweetness. Large quantities of this mixture are now being made and sold under various brands, but all of them, so far as we are aware, bear the words "New Process" in addition to other brands.

As refiners of cane sugar, we are, in view of these facts, liable to be placed in a false position before the public, as the results of analysis of sugar bought indiscriminately, will seem to confirm the false and malicious statements of interested persons, who alleged it was the common practice of the leading refiners to mix glucose with their sugars. While not intimating that a mixture of glucose and cane sugar is injurious to health, we do maintain that it defrauds the innocent consumer of just so much sweetening power. In order, therefore, that the public can get sugar pure and in the condition it leaves our refineries, we now put it up in barrels and half barrels.

Inside each package will be found a guarantee of the purity of the contents as follows:

We hereby inform the public that our refined sugars consist solely of the product of raw sugars refined. Neither Glucose, Muriatic Acid, nor any other foreign substance whatever is, or ever has been, mixed with them. Our Sugars and Syrups are absolutely unadulterated.

Affidavit to the above effect in New York papers of November 18th, 1878.

Consumers should order from their grocer, sugar in our original packages, either half or whole barrels.

Consider well the above when purchasing sugar for preserving purposes.

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NOTICE.

Having reorganized our PATTERN DEPARTMENT, we have assigned to Mr. J. G. CROTTY, 62 Cliff Street, New York City, the sole right to establish Agencies, on his own account, for the sale of our Cut Paper Patterns throughout the United States.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

FACETIÆ.

ONE night a woman was trying hard to get her drunken husband home, and as she pulled him along the street her words and actions were so tender that a by-stander said, "Well, all drunkards' wives haven't your disposition."

"S-h-h! don't say anything," she replied, in a whisper; "I've got to call him pet names to get him home; but wait till he drops in the front passage—be there then!"

A poor Irishman applied for relief, and upon some doubts being expressed as to whether he was a proper object for relief, he enforced his suit with much earnestness.

"Och, yer honor," said he, "I'd be starved long since but for me cat."

"But for what?" asked the astonished magistrate.

"Me cat," replied the Irishman.

"Your cat! How so?"

"Shure, yer honor, I sould her eleven times for a quarter a time, and she was always home before I could get there meself."

A Welshman claimed that nobody could truthfully deny that his countrymen are men of letters, "for," said he, "just see how many of 'em we get into one word!"

"Hurry up, barber," said the customer in the chair; "this soap on my face itches terribly."

"Just have a little patience, sir; I shall commence scratching you immediately," was the reply.

"Do you see that lovely girl over there, Tom? Well, she is called Elaine, after Tennyson's heroine."

"Is she, though? When she is in one of her tantrums, I should call her Madeline."

A man who was formerly a night-watchman refers to his "late occupation."

A girl heard her father criticised severely across a dinner table. The careless critic paused a moment to say, "I hope he is no relation of yours, Miss L—?"

And as quick as thought she replied, with the utmost nonchalance, "Only a connection of my mother's by marriage."

OH, WHAT A WORLD IS THIS!

"How much is that?" said a mourner in a flower shop, pointing to a wreath of immortelles, inscribed, "To my mother-in-law."

"What you like," replied the florist. "I have had it for fourteen years, and no one has ever offered to purchase it."

A WORD TO LAWYERS.

Two weasels found an egg. "Let us not fight for it," said the elder weasel, "but enter into partnership."

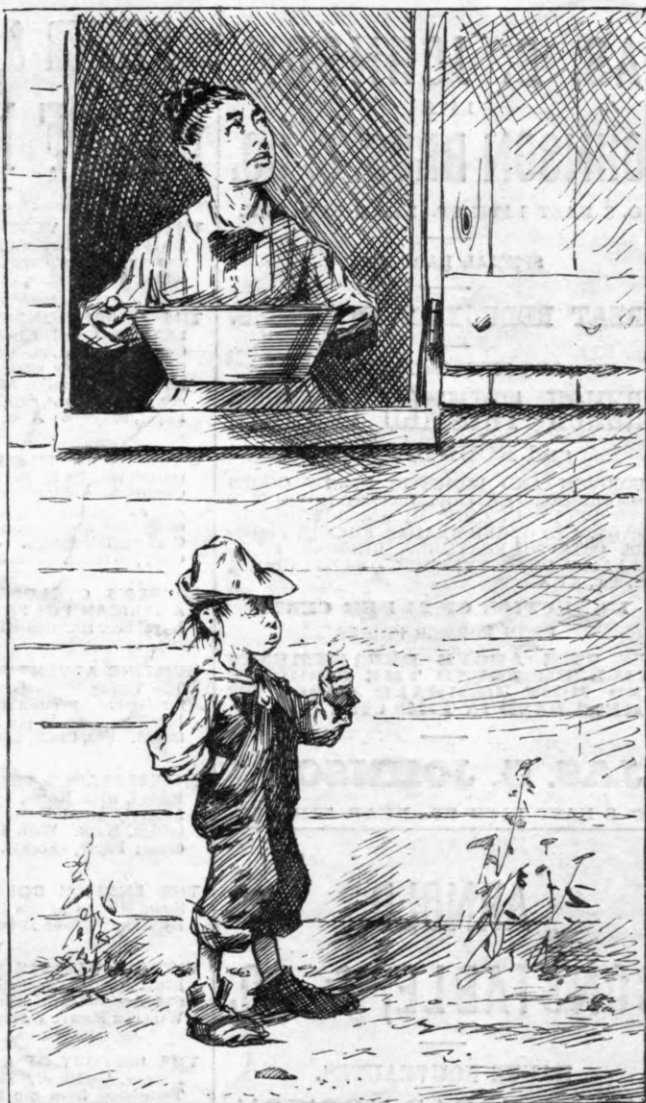
"Very good," said weasel the younger.

So taking the egg between them, each sucks at an end.

"My children," said Redtapes, the attorney, "though you have but one client between you, make the most of him."

ACTUAL FACT.—An English daily has this item among its advertisements: "A table-maid who has had four and a half years' experience in present situation, and is leaving through death, recommends herself for any similar position." And yet she can not tell why nobody sends to engage her.

LOVE AND LITERATURE.—This was the sort of apology the editor of a contemporary had to make to his readers from time to time, during the three months that his head compositor was over head and ears in love: For "Fleshy brown noses," read "Freshly blown roses." For "We shall be hanged," read "We shall be changed." For "The enemy was repulsed with great slaughter," read "The enemy was repulsed with great slaughter." For "Eating a coachman," read "Beating a coachman." For "Small ox in a lady's pocket," read "Small box in a lady's pocket." For "The lot of horses," read "The lot of her sex." For "With bending step and light-house form," read "With bounding step and light-house form." For "Sunbags flag," read "Sunbeams play." For "Is the broom to mammy given," read "Is the boon to memory given." For "Ne'er to face a gander," read "Ne'er to fade again." For "The bison is no drum," read "The vision is no dream."



YOUNG PROPHET (who has been reading the papers). "Southerly winds: will pour in less than a week."

"My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?"

"Is it betraying you call it? Sure, when I found I wasn't able to kape it meself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody that could?"

A millionaire who was looking at a level tract of land which he had just bought at an extravagant price, said to the agent who had sold it to him, "I do admire a rich green flat."

"So do I," significantly replied the agent.

What is the difference between seasickness and putting a bankrupt's property under the hammer?—When you put a bankrupt's property under the hammer, it is a sale of effects; but seasickness is the effects of a sail.

A married gentleman, every time he met the father of his wife, complained to him of the temper and disposition of his daughter. At last, upon one occasion, the old gentleman becoming weary of the grumbling of his son-in-law, exclaimed: "You are right. She is an impetuous jade, and if I hear any more complaints, I will disinherit her." The husband made no more complaints.

YOUNG CLERGYMAN (at a clerical meeting). "I merely throw out the idea."

OLD CLERGYMAN. "Well, I think that is the best thing you can do with it."

When is a man like a looking-glass?—When he reflects.

SCENE: Restaurant.

MAJOR. "Er-ah, waitah, I wish two chops; the one to be made ready befawh the othah. Do you heah?"

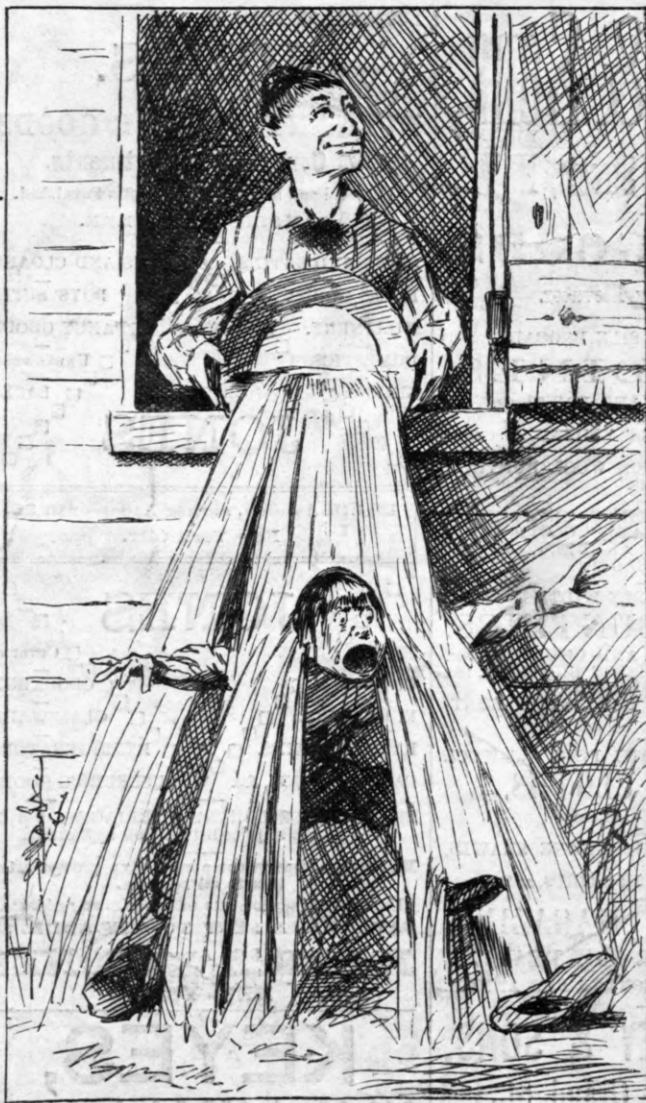
WAITER. "Yes, sir. An' which chop will ye have first?"

BY A MOTHER-IN-LAW.—"You can deceive your guileless little wife, young man, but her father's wife—never!"

"I wouldn't care to be the prettiest girl alive," simpered a swain as he sat in a drawing-room the other day.

Indeed! Why not?" was the response.

"Because," said he, "I'd rather be next to her."



AND HE WAS RIGHT.

"If the red-haired and squint-eyed woman who sits under one of the galleries, wearing a green shawl, and a large yellow flower in her bonnet, doesn't stop talking," said the preacher, "she will be pointed out to the congregation."

QUID PRO QUO.

JONES. "How on earth, Robinson, could you vote for that fellow Smith for the town council? He knows a precious sight more about coats and trousers than town business."

ROBINSON. "Well, you see, he gives me any amount of credit, my dear friend, so I thought I might as well give him a little."

A lady lately had her likeness taken by a photographer, who executed it so well that her husband prefers it to the original. It is quiet.

"Sir," said a vainglorious actor to Charles Kean, at the Brighton Theatre, during a rehearsal, "you need not trouble yourself about me; I know the play backward."

"Probably you do," was the reply; "but that is not the way I play it."

"You make me think," John Williams said, dropping upon a sofa beside a pretty girl last Sunday evening, "of a bank whereon the wild thyme grows."

"Do I?" she murmured. "It is so nice! but that is pa's step in the hall, and unless you can drop out of the front window before I cease speaking, you'll have a little wild time with him, my own, for he loves you not."

His descent was rapid.

"Sir," said a fierce lawyer to a witness, "do you, on your solemn oath, declare that this is not your handwriting?"

"I think not," was the cold reply.

"Does it resemble your handwriting?"

"Yes, sir, I think it don't."

"Do you swear that it don't resemble your handwriting?"

"Well, I do."

"You take your solemn oath that this writing does not resemble yours in a single letter?"

"Ye-e-s, sir."

"Now how do you know?"

"Cause I can't, and never could, write."

There are eight thousand and sixty-four distinct languages, and yet the man who smashes his nose on the edge of a door, in the dark, finds difficulty in expressing himself. The same is true of the man who finds the rocking-chair in the dark where he least expected to.

A couple of lawyers engaged in a case were recently discussing the issue. "At all events," said the younger and more enthusiastic, "we have justice on our side."

To which the older and warier replied, "Quite true, but what we want is the Chief Justice on our side."

A prisoner who has been convicted at least a dozen times is placed at the bar.

"Your honor, I should like to have my case postponed for a week. My lawyer is ill."

"But you were captured with your hand in this gentleman's pocket. What can your counsel say in your defense?"

"Precisely so, your honor. That is what I am curious to know."

"Come here, Johnny, and tell me what the four seasons are."

YOUNG PRODIGY. "Pepper, salt, mustard, and vinegar."

Not many days ago, at one of the English rowing matches, our friend Brown, under the influence of a spring evening, moonshine, and other romantic surroundings, was led on to ask a pretty but somewhat strong-minded young lady to row in the same boat with him for life.

"On one condition," she answered promptly; "and that is—steer."

Brown instantly backed water.

"How flagrant it is!" said Mrs. Mixer, as she sniffed the odor of a bottle of Jamaica ginger. "It is as pleasant to the oil factories as it is warming to the diagram, and so accelerating to the cistern that it makes one forget all pain, like the ox-hide gas that people take for the toothache. It should have a place in every home where people are subject to bucolics and such like melodies; besides, a spoonful is so salubrious when run down like a boot at the heel in walking, one feels like a new creature."

"You are charged with stealing this man's watch," said the judge to a prisoner from Cork. "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Shure an' how wud I know, yer honor," replied Pat, "till I hear the evidence."

During the examination of a witness as to the locality of the stairs in a house, the counsel asked him, "Which way did the stairs run?"

The witness, who, by-the-way, was a noted wag, replied that "one way they ran up, but the other way they ran down."

The learned counsel winked both eyes, and then took a look at the ceiling.

"Know one woman by these presents, greeting—" read the lawyer.

"Hold on there," said his client, interrupting; "that isn't right, is it? I thought it was 'Know all men.'"

"Doesn't make a pin of difference," replied the man of the law, as he resumed the reading; "if one woman knows it, all men will know it."

An impertinent fop made sport of an old farmer's large nose, mouth, and chin; but the old farmer silenced him by saying, "Your nose, mouth, an' chin all had to be made small, so 'at there'd be material left for your check."

PROPHECYING MADE EASY.

A country clergyman, who on Sundays was more indebted to his manuscript than to his memory, called at a cottage while its possessor, a pious parishioner, was engaged reading the prophecies of Isaiah.

"Weel, John," familiarly inquired the clerical visitant, "what's this you are about?"

"I am prophesying," was the prompt reply.

"Prophecying!" exclaimed the astounded divine. "I don't you are only reading a prophecy."

"Weel," urged the religious rustic, "if reading a sermon be preachin', is na reading a prophecy prophecying?"



MORE EASILY SAID THAN DONE.
"Come and sit on Grandmamma's Lap, darling!"



A CONSCIOUS MARTYR.

"Why are you so cross, Angela?"

"Oh, because I hate selfishness, aunt. And they're all of them so selfish!"

"What have they done?"

"Why, they all want to go on the River, just when I want to play Lawn Tennis!"

"Well, you needn't go with them."

"Of course I needn't; but how am I to play Lawn Tennis all by myself?"



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BOURGEOISE BONNET.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Bourgeois Bonnet.

See illustration on front page.

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SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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No. 86 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued June 21, opens with one of BENSON J. LOSSING'S interesting historical stories, entitled "The Fair Messenger," with a full front-page illustration. It also contains "How Tom Jones Lost His Promotion," a story for the close of the school year, by MRS. FRANK MCCARTHY; Chapter VII. of "The Cruise of the 'Ghost,'" in which the "Ghost" becomes a wreck; "Reckless Sparrows," a story by JAMES OTIS; "Landing a River-Horse," a story of hippopotamus-hunting in Western Africa, with a full-page illustration; Part II. of "The Daisy Cot," with two illustrations; a page of "Wiggles"; and other attractions.

Our next Number will contain a Pattern Sheet with a rich and varied assortment of full-sized patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' Summer Dresses, suitable for travelling, the sea-side, watering-places, and the mountains; Children's Country Suits; Boys' and Girls' Under-Clothing; Ladies' Collars, Cuffs, and Fichus; Embroidery Patterns, etc., etc. The same Number will contain a continuation of the serial stories "The Question of Cain" and "Daisy March," a charming Fourth-of-July story, choice poems, essays on manners and customs, and other topics, etc.; with fine art illustrations and humorous sketches.

THE GUSHING GIRL.

THE gushing girl would seem to be almost altogether an Anglo-Saxon product, for we do not find her in the pretty playthings of Spain and Italy; in the refined and intelligent young girl of France, or in her sister who has too much *chic* to gush; in the German Fräulein, whose life, if it is not in the kitchen of her future husband, is on the road to it; in any of the Oriental or tropical countries, where women do but vegetate. We find her solely among the English-speaking people, who allow their maidens a freedom which they now and then improve by cultivating all sorts of innocent ardors, till at last they can get up a rapture for nothing at all, and show us the gushing girl in perfection.

This young lady begins her gushing early, some school-mate, or else the school-teacher, being the first and unconscious *causa causans*, and the ears at home being the victims. She is usually quite genuine, and not altogether displeasing, until she finds herself out, cultivates her powers in that direction, and gushes to be admired—when she becomes as disgusting as she is artificial.

In the first stages, the perfections of her bosom-friend are sufficient for her, the minutiae of her little studies, the delights of her occupations. She progresses into ecstasies over sunsets, and sails, and songs, and pictures; she is taken to the play, and raves over the players—and thenceforth she either uses all her actions and attitudes, her gestures and glances, in accordance with her dramatic idea of an audience, or else she has discovered that gushing is her forte, plays it as a part by night and day, and fairly throws herself into it.

It makes no difference to her what she gushes about: a fly's leg answers for want of an archangel's plumes. If it is worth while, so much the better; if it is not worth while, what she can not do in hot blood she can do in cold blood. All that is necessary is a subject; her volubility can bear it along on a torrent of words. And if she is at all pretty, has a peachy skin, and radiant eyes, and on occasion a pair of dimples, her gushing is, in a measure, as effective as she wishes. A man listens to it as to the twitter of a bird; she half amuses him; he believes that she believes in it, and he pauses to consider the condition and state of mind of anybody that can make so much out of so little. He wonders then at her innocence, and she begins after that, very likely, to occupy some space in his thoughts. But a woman listens to her as to a thing of idiotic artifice; she knows that, if it is not all gotten up for effect, it is the result of an empty head, an abundant vanity, and a weak intellect; she looks at it as throwing a certain discredit on her sex; she despises the gush and the gusher. For, after all, whatever

effect her pretty affectations, her bright face, and musical tones may have on the individual man on whom their charm is exercised, it is the gushing girl, even more than the slow, silent, and stupid woman, that injures womankind in the general estimation. The gushing enthusiast is supposed by the blinded admirer to be woman raised to her highest power; that is, with all her sentiments and thoughts, imaginations and knowledge, at the best and brightest. And when the highest power proves on examination to be only a silly chatter of inane words, general estimation abandons the case as hopeless, and sets womankind down where it was in the beginning, and many a more earnest and worthy young woman finds herself disregarded, and her opinion held of no account, because the pretty and affected simpleton has grimaced and gushed her and all her sisterhood into contempt.

But if the gusher will let the fountain of her fancies still flow on, it behooves her to keep ever young and fair. A single gray thread in her tresses will betray her, a wrinkle will be her death-warrant. For when she has ceased to be an alluring picture, to wear a bright face, and there is, it may be, a crack in her musical tones—when she is a middle-aged woman affecting youth and innocent freshness of interest and marvel—then the disguise of her gushing becomes so transparent that all her trivial art is to be detected, and the most easily blinded man alive listens no longer even to her sincerest raptures. Perhaps it is because a woman arrived at middle age should have seen too much of the heaviness of the world and of the sorrows of life, even if not called upon to bear them herself, to rave lightly over every note in the air, and repels by the very idea that she may be sincere in her rhapsodies; perhaps it is because the loveliness of lovely flesh covers over a multitude of sins and makes one forget the skeleton under all the roses. Whatever it is, it is certain that while one tolerates and sometimes admires the young and blushing and starry-eyed creature, the woman who dares to gush after the first moth-patch darkens her fine complexion is doomed to deaf ears and disrespect. For it is only to the great, the original, and the sincerely thoughtful that hearing and respect are given when beauty ceases to catch the eye; because genius, shot through and through the woof and warp of words, makes of them a thing as different from idle talk as the flying spray of sun-smitten billows, with the seven colors flashing in every foam-bow, is from the dull and eternal colorless drip, drip, drip, of a rainy day from the eaves.

CHAPERONS AND THEIR DUTIES.

IT is strange that Americans, so prone in their conduct of society to imitate the English, have been slow to follow that most pronounced of all English fashions—the establishment of chaperons.

The readers of *Little Dorrit* will recall the exceedingly witty sketch of Mrs. General, who taught her young ladies to form their mouths into a lady-like pattern by saying "papa, potatoes, prunes, and prism." Dickens knew very little of society, and cared very little for its laws, and his ladies and gentlemen were pronounced in England to be as great failures as his Little Nells and Dick Swivellers were successes, but he did recognize the universality of chaperons. His portrait of Mrs. General (the first luxury which Mr. Dorrit allowed himself after inheriting his fortune) shows how universal is the necessity of a chaperon in English society and on the Continent to the proper introduction of young ladies—how entirely their "style" depends upon their chaperon. Of course Dickens made her funny, of course he made her ridiculous, but he put her there. An American novelist would not have thought it at all necessary; nor would an American papa, with two motherless daughters, have thought it necessary, if he travelled with them, to have a chaperon for his daughters.

Of course a mother is the natural chaperon of her daughters, and if she understands her duties and the usages of society, there is nothing further to be said. But the trouble is that many American mothers are exceedingly careless on this point. We need not point to the wonderful Mrs. Miller, Daisy's mother, in Henry James, Jun.'s photograph of a large class of American mothers—a woman who loved her daughter, knew how to take care of her when she was ill, but did not know in the least how to take care of her when she was well, and who allowed her daughter to go about with young men alone, to "get engaged," if so she was pleased, and who arrived at a party after her daughter, rather apologizing for coming herself at all. All this is notoriously true, and comes of our crude civilization. It is the transition state.

Until we learn better we must expect to be laughed at on the Pincian Hill, and we must expect English novelists to paint pictures of us which we resent; we must expect French dramatists to write plays in which we see ourselves held up as savages. Europeans have been in the habit of taking care of young girls as if they were the precious porcelain of human clay. The American mamma treats her beautiful daughter as if

she were a very hard piece of delf indeed, and as if she could swim down the stream of life, knocking the other jars to pieces, but escaping any injury to herself.

Owing to the very remarkable and strong sense of propriety which American women innately possess, their truly healthy love of virtue, the absence of any morbid suspicion of wrong, this rule has worked better than any one would have dared to hope. Owing, too, to the exceptionally respectful and chivalrous nature of American men, it has also been possible for the American girl to travel unattended from Maine to Georgia (or we must extend now the geographical limits). Mr. Howells founds a romance upon this principle, that American women do not need a chaperon.

Yet we must remember that all the black sheep are not killed yet, and we must also remember that propriety must be more attended to as we cease to be a young and primitive nation, and as we enter the lists of the rich, cultivated, luxurious people of the earth.

Little as we may care for the opinions of foreigners, we do not wish our young ladies to appear in their eyes in a false attitude, and one of the first necessities of a proper attitude, one of the first demands of a polished society, is the presence of a chaperon.

She should be a lady old enough to be the mother of her charge, and of unexceptionable manners. She must know society thoroughly herself, and respect its laws. She should be above the suspicion of reproach in character, and devoted to her work. In England there are hundreds of widows of half-pay officers—themselves well-born, well-trained, well-educated women—who can be hired for money, as was Mrs. General, to play this part. There is no such class in America, but there is almost always a lady who will gladly perform the task of chaperoning motherless girls for nothing. It is not considered proper for a widowed father to put an unmarried daughter at the head of his house, without the companionship of a resident chaperon, in England, and there are grave objections to its being done here. We all know instances where such liberty has been very bad for young girls, and where it has led to great scandals, which the presence of a chaperon would have averted.

The duties of a chaperon are very hard and unremitting, and sometimes very disagreeable. She must accompany her young lady everywhere. She must sit in the parlor when she receives gentlemen; she must go with her to skating rink, ball, party, races, dinners, and especially to theatre parties; she must preside at the table, and act the part of mother, so far as she can; she must watch the characters of the men who approach her charge, and try to save the inexperienced girl from the dangers of a bad marriage, if possible.

To perform this feat, and not to degenerate into a Spanish duenna, a dragon, or a Mrs. General, who was simply a fool, is a very difficult task. No doubt a vivacious American girl, with all her inherited hatred of authority, is a troublesome charge. All young people are rebels. They dislike being watched and guarded. They have no idea what Hesperidean fruit they are, and they object to the dragon decidedly.

But a wise, well-tempered woman can manage the situation. If she have tact, a chaperon will add very much to the happiness of her young charge. She will see that the proper men are introduced; that her young lady is provided with a partner for the German; that she is asked to the proper places; that she goes well dressed and properly accompanied; that she gives the return ball herself in proper order.

"I owe," said a wealthy widower in New York, whose daughters all made remarkably happy marriages—"I owe all their happiness to Mrs. Constant, whom I was so fortunate as to secure as their chaperon. She knew society (which I did not) as if it were the inside of her pocket. She knew exactly what girls ought to do, and she was so agreeable herself that they never disliked having her with them. She was very rigid, too, and would not let them stay late at balls; but they loved and respected her so much that they never rebelled, and now they love her as if she was really their mother."

A woman of elegant manners and of charming character, who will submit to the slavery of being a chaperon—for it is little less—it is hard to find. Yet every motherless family should try to find such a person. In travelling in Europe an accomplished chaperon can do more for young girls than any amount of fortune. She has the thing they want; that is, knowledge. With her they can go everywhere—to picture-galleries, theatres, public and private balls, and into society, if they wish it. It is "etiquette" to have a chaperon, and it is the greatest violation of it not to have one.

If a woman is protected by the armor of work, she can dispense with a chaperon. The young artist goes about her copying unquestioned; but in society, with its different laws, she must be under the care of an older woman than herself.

A chaperon is indispensable to an engaged girl. The mother, or some lady friend, should always accompany a young fiancée on her journeys, to the various places of amusement, and to the watering-places. Nothing is more vulgar in the eyes of our modern society than for an engaged couple to go travelling about alone with each other, and to the theatre by themselves, as was the primitive custom. This will, we know, shock many Americans, and be called a "foolish following of foreign fashions." But it is true; and, if it were only for the "looks of the thing," it is more decent, more elegant, and more correct for the young couple to be accompanied by a chaperon until marriage. Society allows an engaged girl to drive with her fiancé in an open carriage, but it does not approve of his taking her in a close carriage to an evening party.

There are non-resident chaperons who are most

popular and most useful. Thus, one mamma or elderly lady may chaperon a number of young ladies to a dinner at Delmonico's, or a drive on a coach, a sail down the bay, or a ball at West Point. This lady sees to all her young charges, and attends to their propriety and their happiness. She is the guardian angel, for the moment, of their conduct. It is a care which young men always admire and respect—this of a kind, well-bred chaperon, who does not allow the youthful spirits of her charges to run away with them.

The chaperon, if an intelligent woman, and with the sort of social talent which a chaperon ought to have, is the best friend to a family of shy girls. She brings them forward, and places them in a position where they can enjoy society; for there is a great deal of tact required in a large city to make a retiring girl enjoy herself. Society demands a certain amount of *handling*, which only the social expert understands. To this the chaperon should be equal. There are some women who have a social talent which is simply Napoleonic. They manage it as a great general does his *corps de bataille*.

Again, there are bad chaperons. A flirtatious married woman who is thinking of herself only, and who takes young girls about merely to enable herself to have a gay life (and New York is full of such women), is worse than no chaperon at all. She is no protection to the young lady, and she disgusts the honorable men who would like to approach her charge. A very young chaperon bent on pleasure, who undertakes to make respectable the coaching party, but who has no dignity of character to impress upon the party, is a very poor chaperon. Many of the most flagrant violations of propriety in what is called the fashionable set have arisen from this choice of young chaperons, which is a mere begging of the question, and no chaperonage at all.

Too much Champagne is drunk, too late hours are kept, vile stories are circulated, and appearances are disregarded by these gay girls and their young chaperons, and yet they dislike very much to see themselves afterward held up to ridicule in the pages of *Blackwood* by a clever Englishman, whose every sentiment of propriety, both educated and innate, has been shocked by their conduct.

A young Frenchman who visited America a few years ago, formed the worst judgment of American women because he met one alone at an artist's studio. He misinterpreted the profoundly sacred and corrective influences of art. It had not occurred to the lady that if she went to see a picture, she should be suspected of wishing to see the artist. Still, the fact that such a mistake could be made should render ladies careful of even the appearance of evil.

A chaperon should in her turn remember that she must not open a letter. She must not exercise an unwise surveillance. She must not suspect her charge. All that sort of Spanish finesse has been always outwitted. The most successful chaperons are those who love their young charges, respect them, try to be in every way what the mother would have been. Of course all relations of this sort are open to many drawbacks on both sides, but it is not impossible that it may be an agreeable relation, if both parties exercise a little tact.

If parents or guardians are selecting a chaperon for their young charge, let them be very particular as to the past record of the lady. If she has ever been talked about, ever suffered the bad reputation of flirt or coquette, do not think of placing her in that position. Clubs have long memories, and the fate of more than one young heiress has been imperiled by an injudicious choice of chaperon. If any woman should have a spotless record, and admirable and respected character, it should be the chaperon. It will tell if she have not. Certain needy women who have been ladies, and who still have some hold on society through their families, are always seeking for some young heiress whom they can batten upon. These women are very poor chaperons, and should be avoided.

It is a point which demands attention on the part of careless American mothers, this business of chaperonage. No mother should be oblivious of her duties in this respect. It does not imply that she doubts her daughter's honor and truth, or that she thinks her daughter needs watching, but it is proper and respectable and necessary that she should appear by her daughter's side in society. The world is full of traps. No one can be too careful of the reputation of a young lady.

And it improves the tone of society vastly if an elegant and respectable woman of middle age accompanies every young party. It goes far to silence that ceaseless clatter of gossip; it is the antidote to scandal. It makes the air clearer, and, above all, it improves the character, the manners, and elevates the minds of the young people who are so happy as to enjoy the society and to feel the authority of a cultivated, wise, and good chaperon.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

CHENILLE MANTLES.

BLACK silk chenille netted in large meshes is fashionable for summer wraps of various shapes. It comes in round capes of different depths, perhaps only covering the shoulders, or it may reach far below the waist, and recall the Talma capes of the last generation. Sometimes jet, steel, or gilt beads in loops are combined with the chenille. These cost from \$10 upward. The fitted mantillas of chenille are very elegant and costly, and are used to complete the richest black toilettes, just as thread lace mantles formerly were. Sometimes only the side pieces that cover the arms are of chenille, while the back and front of the mantle are of satin Surah. A great deal of Spanish lace is then used for edging the wrap. Among other light mantles are those of thinnest

black net, embroidered with steel in designs like those of Spanish lace. A most youthful-looking and dressy wrap is the shirred fichu of black satin Surah. This is very short and straight in the back, not reaching to the waist line, and is fully shirred at the back of the neck. The fronts are narrow, but very long, reaching to the knees, where they also are shirred, and finished with a lace tassel. The only seams are the short darts on the shoulders, and a seam down the middle of the back. Around the neck are very full frills of Spanish lace, and there are two full ruffles on the edge. More stately-looking mantles have the sides and arm covering of Spanish net, while the back and fronts of satin Surah have a great deal of jet upon them.

SPANISH LACE MANTLES AND SCARFS.

The only lace mantles that find great favor are those of Spanish lace in large fichu shape, or else the regular scarf shape. Both white and black Spanish lace mantles are worn, the former with dresses of white Surah, or nuns' veiling, or muslin, and the latter with black or colored costumes. The fichu-mantles twenty inches deep in the back are large enough for ladies of medium size, and may be had from \$22 upward. This is what is called in the stores "real Spanish lace," but is not hand-made, and is called real merely because it is of silk. The large rose patterns peculiar to this lace are closely and evenly woven, and the entire outlines of these roses have a thread of silk run by hand to give the appearance of real or hand-made lace. The imitation Spanish laces are of mixed silk and worsted or cotton, and are very thick and clumsy when contrasted with those of silk. Scarfs of Spanish lace, entirely of silk, and large enough to wear as mantles, cost from \$20 to \$40. Smaller fichus and narrower scarfs, at \$10 to \$20, are worn in the house. They are arranged in soft folds drawn down by the wearer to a knot low on the bust, and are fastened there, leaving a low pointed opening at the throat, or are pinned closely across the neck by a long scarf pin like those worn by gentlemen. With black lace fichus worn in this way nothing white is added about the throat, and this thin black drapery is found to be very becoming to most ladies. Sometimes the white fichus have the ends carelessly drawn up high on one side, and fastened there with an ivory satin bow, or with a bunch of natural flowers.

CHINA CRAPE FICHUS.

Small three-cornered shawls or fichus of white China crape, richly embroidered and finished with the netted Chinese fringe, are again restored to favor, and are worn with black, white, or colored toilettes for afternoon drives in the Park or at the country resorts. These cost only \$3 or \$4, and have suddenly become the fashion. Pale blue or yellow crape fichus are also used. The Canton crape shawls, covered with the beautiful Chinese needle-work that is the same on both sides, are also carried again as light wraps to be put on after a reception, or as a carriage wrap at any time. Very elegant Canton crape shawls are now sold for \$50. For wraps for cool mornings in the country and for driving, the chuddah shawls imported from India remain the favorite in plain colors, though many with embroidered corners and borders are shown. Pale blue, dark red, cream, and many shades of drab and gray are the range of colors for these. The small square chuddahs cost from \$10 to \$15, while the double long shawls are \$20 to \$40.

WHITE DRESSES.

Short white dresses are the most elegant costumes of the season, and are worn with or without bonnets at the most fashionable entertainments. White satin Surah is the material most used, and in some instances this is covered entirely with white Spanish net, and has flounces of Spanish lace. White gros grain dresses that have been worn a season, and lack the lustre of the satin-finished fabrics, are also veiled in this way with the Spanish net in close small figures, or else in large figures that are very thickly wrought. Pearl passementerie is the trimming that combines best with Spanish lace, and is sometimes seen on the fine white wool dresses as well as on those of silk or satin. A surplice basque with transparent lace sleeves and a bouffant skirt drapery is the design for such dresses. The fine white wool stuffs such as nuns' veiling, or the slightly heavier French bunnings, are more simply made. For instance, a pretty blonde, with reddish gold hair, wears a pleated white nuns' veiling without lace (except at the throat and wrists), with the only color a Roman scarf of pale shades and of great width, which is passed around the hips, and tied behind in a large bow with ends. The basque is laid in very fine lengthwise tucks that lap over each other; the sleeves are also tucked, and the entire skirt is pleated from waist to foot in one set of pleats instead of in separate flounces. Two tiny pleatings at the foot scarcely show at all, and are not meant to be seen, but are to support the deep pleating and to serve as a balayuse. The round hat worn with this dress is a wide straight-brimmed peasant hat of rough white straw, with a tall crown sloping narrower at the top. The brim has a pleated red velvet facing, and the crown is surrounded with shaded red ostrich tips that curl outward toward the brim. The parasol is red Surah, covered with frills of white Spanish lace. The gloves are tan-colored undressed kid, very long, and wrinkled on the arms, and the only jewelry is a long scarf pin with a gold ball head, in which is a small diamond, a sapphire, and a ruby. Other white wool dresses for quite young ladies are made up in Marguerite style. The plain bodice is laced behind, covers the hips plainly, and is cut low and round about the throat, and filled in with gathered net and a lace ruffle. The tight sleeves have a puff high on the armhole and on the elbow. The skirt is without flounces, but may be pleated, and has the over-skirt very full

in soft folds that are caught up high on one side by thick white cord. A bag or pocket is placed on this side where the drapery is shortest. Young ladies' graduating dresses are made similar to those just described, or else of mull that may be embroidered with silk in the sprigs seen in India muslins, or else elaborately trimmed with the Miracourt lace that has designs as effective as those of Spanish lace. The batiste embroideries are also used for trimming these dresses. At a fashionable New York school the twelve "girl graduates" dressed independently each of the other, and to suit her own taste and means. A white nuns' veiling dress, with a basque and fichu edged with Languedoc lace, a deep apron, and pleated skirt was one of the prettiest and simplest of these dresses. Another, of white satin Surah, was elaborate with pearl passementerie, a high Medicis collar, and sleeves of Spanish lace. A third dress, of white India muslin, had sprigs of white silk embroidery all over it. Most of the dresses had wide sashes of white satin Surah ribbon passed around the waist in a soft wide belt, and tied in a large bow at the waist line behind. All were high on the shoulders, most of them were pointed surplice fronts, and all were short round skirts escaping the floor, and showing the low black slippers or half-high shoes. Some of these young ladies wore tan-colored undressed kid gloves, while others wore white kid, or long mitts of white lace.

HAIR-DRESSING.

Both low and high coiffures are worn, with a preference for the former, but the style depends entirely on the wearer. With long faces the hair is dressed low behind and very broadly, reaching from ear to ear, so that it may be seen from the front. With a broad face and short neck, and also for a very short person, the hair is drawn to the top or crown of the head, and massed there. The stylish low coiffure is made of two small switches twisted together in a sort of coil, having a narrow curve at the top, and being broad below, with a curve reaching close behind each ear; this gives the effect of many small soft puffs, and is completed by placing a short, very thick curl on each side quite near the ear. This is meant for full dress, and looks well with the front hair arranged in the fluffy English way that is again in fashion; instead of rings, or curls, or water waves, the short hair above the forehead is picked apart, and almost each separate hair allowed to stand outward, and this fluffiness is confined, though not flattened, by an invisible net. The newest false fronts provided to save a lady's own hair are now prepared in this fluffy style, with some long hair attached to pass over the back of the head into the back hair in the most natural way. Ladies who have a good suit of hair, and do not use switches, tie their back hair about the middle of the back of the head, and make a figure 8 toward each ear. For morning and plain occasions the hair is twisted into a very flat coil close against the head, and this is placed very low; or else the plait of three tresses is passed back and forth between the ears quite down on the nape of the neck, and the front hair is simply waved in loose natural-looking waves. The water waves close to the face are abandoned, and ladies who want to wear the hair parted in the middle put it up on pins at night to make loose waves. If perspiration takes out these waves, they provide two or three little pieces of natural curly hair made up on foundation, and thrust these under their own front hair on the forehead; the wearer's own hair may come out of crimps by moisture, but the additional locks will not, if made of hair that waves naturally. For high coiffures two soft loose-looking coils are twisted across the top of the head, and the front hair is arranged in the fluffy way already described. This fluffiness does not suit all faces, and is apt to suggest at once Du Maurier's caricatures of English aesthetes; and many ladies retain the becoming Montague curves and waved bangs, although the most fashionable hair-dressers say there shall be no rings, no curls, no locks upon the forehead. The elaborate coiffures reported from Paris are not yet adopted here, and the most fashionable women wear the simplest styles, appearing at ceremonious entertainments with merely a small low coil and fluffy front hair, with the sole ornament a low comb that has a rivière of diamonds for its heading. Ladies who have lost their front hair conceal baldness by one of the excellent front pieces that are now made on self-adjustable foundations, held in place by a spring, that can be put on without hair-pins, and are easily kept in place; these are made up with hair that waves naturally, some of which falls forward from a cross parting, and the remainder goes back on the head. Those who have so little back hair that they can not wear a switch, or are not successful in arranging the hair stylishly, buy the self-adjustable chignon, formed of curls or braids, and also held in place by a spring; or else the multiform, which serves for both front and back hair, and may be arranged in the simplest or in the most elaborate manner, and which is very light, weighing only three ounces. Ladies with gray hair wear loose waves in front, with twisted coils or low braids behind, or else they retain the Pompadour roll so becoming above a low broad Greek forehead. All dyes are happily out of use for old and young alike, and though young people have a preference for tawny and reddish gold hair, the still better fashion for being natural prevails in hair as in many other things.

CHILDREN'S HAIR.

Bangs for children's hair are not now cut from ear to ear, as they have been, but are merely across the forehead, and any side bangs not yet grown out are brushed up, and put in with the back hair, which is combed straight back, and tied by a ribbon that passes around the head. Tying the hair in a bunch behind or on top of the head has been abandoned, as it makes bald spots back of the ears or on top of the head. It is

then allowed to hang, flowing straight without crimps. If it is inclined to curl, it is put in about five loose soft curls that hang behind.

FURTHER HINTS ABOUT HAIR.

Hair wears lighter, and is changed by perspiration; hence, in selecting false hair, it should be dark enough to begin with. The hair on the temples and forehead is lighter than that further back, and to be well matched requires lighter additional hair than that chosen for a switch. Brushing is the best stimulant for the hair, and should be done twice a day; fifty strokes in the morning, and again in the evening, passing the hand over the hair occasionally between strokes, is commended by ladies who have retained handsome hair beyond middle age. The ends of the hair should be clipped once a month to keep it thick and even. To do this thoroughly, the hair should be taken up in tresses, and a comb drawn through each tress, beginning at the roots, and doubling the hair around the comb, so that in passing the short ends will be seen, and can be clipped. To prevent the hair falling out after an illness, six inches should be cut off, and after this for three or four months half an inch should be cut off each month. The cheap hair of which so much is sold is usually unwholesome stuff; it is not always real hair, and if genuine, is not taken from the heads of living persons; finally, it does not prove to be cheap, for it is unclean, easily matted and snarled, and is so brittle that it does not wear well, or else so stiff that it is unwieldy; hence it is not cheap at any price. To test the quality of the hair, rub the ends of the switch between the fingers, and if good, it will fall away out of the hand entirely; but if of inferior quality, it will snarl and mat together. A microscope may also be used to show if the ends of the hair are turned the wrong way.

For information received thanks are due, for dresses and dress goods, to Messrs. A. T. STEWART & CO.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.; LORD & TAYLOR; and JAMES MCCREERY & CO.; and for hair, to L. SHAW; W. J. BARKER; and HELMER & GLUTH.

PERSONAL.

In a recent issue the London *Publishers' Circular* pays the following appreciative tribute to the lately deceased publisher THOMAS CONSTABLE. "We have to record with deep regret the death of Mr. THOMAS CONSTABLE, the senior partner of THOMAS CONSTABLE & SON, of Edinburgh, which occurred on Thursday, May 26. The name of CONSTABLE is forever associated with that of Sir WALTER SCOTT. THOMAS, the son of ARCHIBALD, of SCOTT notoriety, endeared himself to all that knew him on both sides of the Tweed; he wrote a most delightful biography of his father, and in many other ways made himself known in literary circles. We have much satisfaction in recording from the pages of the *Scotsman* some records of our esteemed friend: 'The death of THOMAS CONSTABLE carries sad tidings into many homes in Edinburgh, where his sweet and genial nature has been so long known and so highly valued. His death was not, indeed, unexpected, for it is now nine weeks since he was stricken down with what appeared to be typhoid fever, while visiting his brother, the Rev. JOHN CONSTABLE, at Marston Biggott Rectory. But the very length of the illness left his friends room to hope that his robust frame might yet cast off the disease. It was not to be, however. THOMAS CONSTABLE will no longer be seen in our streets, nor will he brighten our social gatherings any more. For quietly though his life was passed among us, his presence made itself known in many directions, and in all of them it tended to broaden and to sweeten thoughts. There are a good many men of more seeming importance who would be much less missed than THOMAS CONSTABLE will be; for we have no superfluity of that culture and refinement and clarity which formed the striking features of his character. Altogether THOMAS CONSTABLE was a man of worth and "light and sweetness," such as we can ill afford to lose in these days, which are not remarkable in Edinburgh for either sweetness or light. There are those left behind him who are mourning to-day as the general community can not be expected to mourn. But of this they may be sure, that all round them, on every hand, there are many warm friends of his who also feel that something has gone out of their life which makes a perceptible blank there, and who will not soon forget the portly and picturesque form or the gentle and loving soul that helped so much to brighten and to sweeten Edinburgh society in these latter days.'

—Mlle. DE GYRTA, who recently died from a tumble in the sawdust at the London Hippodrome, was a wealthy countess, who disliked her husband, and believed that by assuming the rôle of circus-rider she would drive him to seek a divorce. Her diamonds, which were supposed to be paste, were found to be real.

—As a boy, it is said that GAMBETTA was a noisy chatter-box, short and stout, and so lazy that he remained two years in the lowest class at school, though another authority declares he was a wonderful Latin scholar.

—The birth-place of Dr. J. G. HOLLAND was Belchertown, Massachusetts.

—The Massachusetts Regent on the board which governs Mount Vernon is Miss ALICE LONGFELLOW, of Cambridge, daughter of the poet.

—ROSA BONHEUR is fifty-eight years old; she has often been paid at the rate of five hundred dollars a day for painting, and she sent her first picture to the Salon when but nineteen.

—The wife of our newly appointed minister to France was Miss ANNA STREET, the favorite niece of ALFRED B. STREET, the poet-librarian who has just died at Albany, New York.

—When in Tunis, BENJAMIN CONSTANT, the artist, was allowed to visit the "Light of the Harem" as a medical man, and enter the seraglio.

—On the nut-wood cover of DONIZETTI's piano, which is exhibited at the national exhibition at Munich, is a copper plate, on which this passage from a letter of his to his brother-in-law is engraved: "Never sell for any price whatever, the piano-forte. In it is inclosed all my musical life from 1822. Here you may hear the murmurs of

Anna Bolena, Maria di Rohan, Fausta, Lucia, Roberti, Ajo Furioso, Belisario, Marino Faliero, I Martiri Castello, Ugo, Pazzi Pia Rudenz. Oh, let it live as long as I live! I lived with this the period of hope, of conjugal life, of home. It heard my joys; it saw my tears, my delusions, my honors; and may it be eternally to thy daughter a dowry of a thousand thoughts, sad and gay!"

—WILLIAM PENN has four descendants living in this country—Dr. PENN GASKELL SKILLEON, Colonel PETER PENN GASKELL HALL, and two boys who are related on their mother's side.

—A ring with the head of DIOPHENE, the friend of ALEXANDER the Great, cut on yellow carnelian, by PERGOTELES, 323 before Christ, he being the only person allowed to take a likeness of the king or of DIOPHENE during the twelve years of ALEXANDER's reign, is the property of a gentleman residing at Markton, County Dublin, Ireland. There are but two other rings of the kind in existence.

—Lord BEACONSFIELD, it is reported, never owned a single square yard of ground in the place which gave a title to his wife and himself. The peerage which GEORGE III. was to bestow upon the only son of BURKE, who died prematurely, would have taken its name from Beaconsfield, and Mr. DISRAELI chose it when he had to select a title for his wife, to emphasize his connection with the county associated with his Parliamentary triumphs, and to show his admiration for the great statesman whom he had tried to follow.

—A handsome monument to the memory of Lieutenant-Commander WILLIAM B. CUSHING, who blew up the rebel ram *Albatross*, at Plymouth, North Carolina, in 1864, has been erected in Fredonia, Chautauqua County, by his widow.

—General JAMES WILSON, who died at his house in Keene, New Hampshire, June 5, in his eighty-fourth year, was in his day one of the most conspicuous men in his State as a successful lawyer and sagacious politician. He was much in public life, having been for sixteen years a member of the State Legislature, and for two terms in Congress. In 1850 he went to California, where he practiced law for seventeen years, finally returning to end his days in his native place, where he was highly honored for his brilliant talents and unblemished character. He was the father of the well-known authoress, Mrs. M. E. W. SHERWOOD, of New York city.

—The English sculptor J. E. BOEHM is making a group in white statuary marble of the late Princess ALICE and her daughter, the features having been copied from original portraits, for the Grand Duke of Hesse, the husband of the Princess ALICE, which will be sent to Darmstadt.

—The head of the Archaeological School of Art, ALMA TADEMA, is English by citizenship, French by art, and Dutch by birth.

—A lilac-tree in Deerfield, Maine, is claimed by AUGUSTUS TATE to be a hundred years old. What generations of lilac chains it must have supplied for the little TATES!

—BISMARCK hardly speaks of MOTLEY without tears, Mr. HEALY, the artist, tells us.

—The last survivor of the grenadier battalion which accompanied NAPOLEON I. to Elba, after his first abdication at Fontainebleau, JACQUES RAYMOND, died in Paris the other day at the age of ninety-six.

—An encaustic tile, once belonging to the Blackens Palace of the Byzantine emperors, the figures upon it, represented by Greek letters, placing its manufacture at a remote date, has been discovered at "far Stamboul."

—STANLEY, the African traveller, is mentioned as a very picturesque conversationalist.

—A native of Palestine, JAMES ROSENDALE, who is travelling through this country with a party of Arabs, was lately shown the two inscriptions on the sword of Captain MILES STANDISH, of Plymouth, one of which he pronounces to be ancient Cufic Arabic, and the other mediæval Arabic; the last he translates, "With peace God ruled His slaves [meaning creatures], and with the judgment of His arm he troubled the mighty of the wicked and evil of the wicked." It is one of the oldest and most valuable arms in existence, he says, and dates back three or four hundred years before Christ.

—The Academic Choir at Vienna elected HANS BALATKA, who is to conduct the Chicago Saengerfest in June, as its leader when he was only seventeen.

—A lady has been chosen as church-warden in the parish of Canon Trevor, at Beedford, England.

—A hundred offers of marriage have fallen to the lot of Miss MACKAY, daughter of the American Cæsar, who has doubtless charms, both solid and otherwise.

—"Runnymede" is the name of Mr. EVARTS's farm near Windsor, Vermont.

—Professor WATSON, of Cambridge, has named a new species of pedicularis, *Pedicularis strishka*, for Miss KATE FURBISH, of Brunswick, Maine, who discovered it at Aroostook, and who is the first woman to receive such an honor. Miss FURBISH has been making a collection of the flowers of Maine for some years, and painting them, and has some eight hundred specimens already.

—An American girl, who is now attending the physiological lectures of Professor VIRCHOW, is the first female student ever admitted into the University of Berlin.

—The editor of the *North and South American*, Madame L. J. VELASQUEZ, has just completed arrangements to establish an agricultural college in the republic of Nicaragua, Central America.

—On the marriage in London lately of Miss BEAUMONT to the Hon. COLESTONE BAMPFYLDE, the bride's veil of old Mechlin lace, worth its weight in diamonds, had once belonged to MARIE ANTOINETTE, and was the gift of Lady POLTMORE.

—KATE FIELD says that her Dress Reform Bureau is now ready to take orders for everything, from a needle to a white elephant. It is hard to say what part the elephant could play, unless to supply a trunk when the bureau was overstocked.

—Miss BUCKSTONE, daughter of the late London manager, is the original of Mr. MILLAIS's "Cinderella" and "Sweetest Eyes were Ever Seen."

—The rehearsals at Berlin of Herr WAGNER's *Ring der Nibelungen* were conducted with such privacy that the composer himself was not asked to be present, and even the Crown Prince, who wished to attend, was told that he would only receive an imperfect impression of the general performance, which it was hoped he would honor with his presence.

Sofa Cushion.—Darning and Satin Stitch, and Point Russe Embroidery.—Figs. 1 and 2.

THE top of this sofa cushion is ornamented with embroidery on a black satin foundation. Fig. 2 gives the design for the border and the corner, and No. VI., Fig. 30, in next week's Supplement, that for the centre. The outlines of the designs are transferred to the satin, and the work is executed with embroidery silk in several shades of olive, red, blue, pink, brown, and heliotrope. The double lines in chain stitch on each side of the border are worked with light and dark olive silk, the oblong chain stitch figures between them with brown, and the lozenges are worked in pairs with pink, heliotrope,



Fig. 2.—MOURNING BONNET.



Fig. 1.—MOURNING BONNET.

nine inches deep with brown woollen canvas that is interwoven with gold thread and ornamented with embroidery. The design for the embroidery will be given in next week's Supplement. The outlines are transferred to the material, and the flowers are worked with blue Arrasene wool in three shades in satin stitch; the centre is worked with brown crewel wool, and the radiating stitches and the button-hole stitch edge around the petals are in light gray silk. The stems and the outlines of the leaves are worked in stem stitch with brown crewel wool, and the leaves are filled in with brown silk in herring-bone stitch. The canvas is edged at the bottom with two borders in gimp crochet, worked with brown tapestry wool in the manner shown by Fig. 3 on page 564, *Bazar*



Fig. 3.—MOURNING BONNET.

red, and blue silk in turn, in satin stitch. The lowest point of the corner is covered in darning stitch with fourfold threads of heliotrope silk in

No. 36, Vol. XIII. Every ten of the hanging loops at the bottom of the border are caught together, twisted, and fastened to a ball made

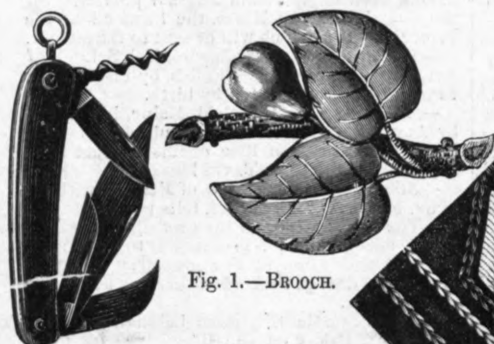


Fig. 1.—BROOCH.

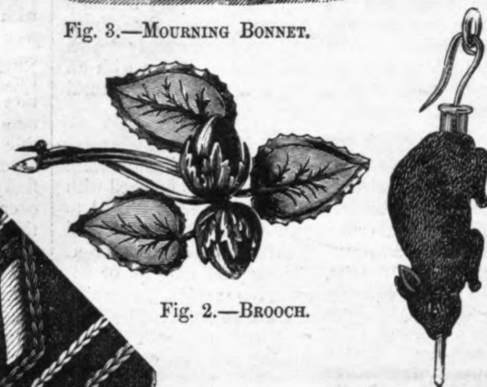


Fig. 2.—BROOCH.

Fig. 1.—CHARM FOR WATCH CHAIN.

Fig. 2.—CHARM FOR WATCH CHAIN.



STAND WITH WORK-BASKETS.

centre is edged with gold cord caught down with black silk, and the knotted stitches are worked with blue. The rest of the figure is worked in the manner shown in the illustration with pink and olive silks. In the figure on each side midway between the corners, for which the design will be given on page 452, *Bazar* No. 29 of the current volume, the tip is worked with heliotrope as in the lowest point of the corner figure, the cross seams are in red silk, and the sides are covered in darning stitch with pink and with blue silk, and edged in stem stitch with a darker shade of the color with which they are covered; the net-work at the centre consists of olive silk stretched between opposite sides and caught down at points of intersection with stitches in a lighter shade; and the part between the cross seams is worked with brown silk. The centre is worked in a corresponding manner in the colors designated on the design. The sides of the cushion are covered with puffed black satin, and trimmed with cord and tassels in which the colors used in the embroidery intermingle.

Waste-paper Basket.

THIS light brown willow-ware basket is sixteen inches in height and eleven inches in diameter, and is bordered



Fig. 1.—SOFA CUSHION.—DARNING AND SATIN STITCH, AND POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.—See Fig. 2.—[For design see next Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 30.]

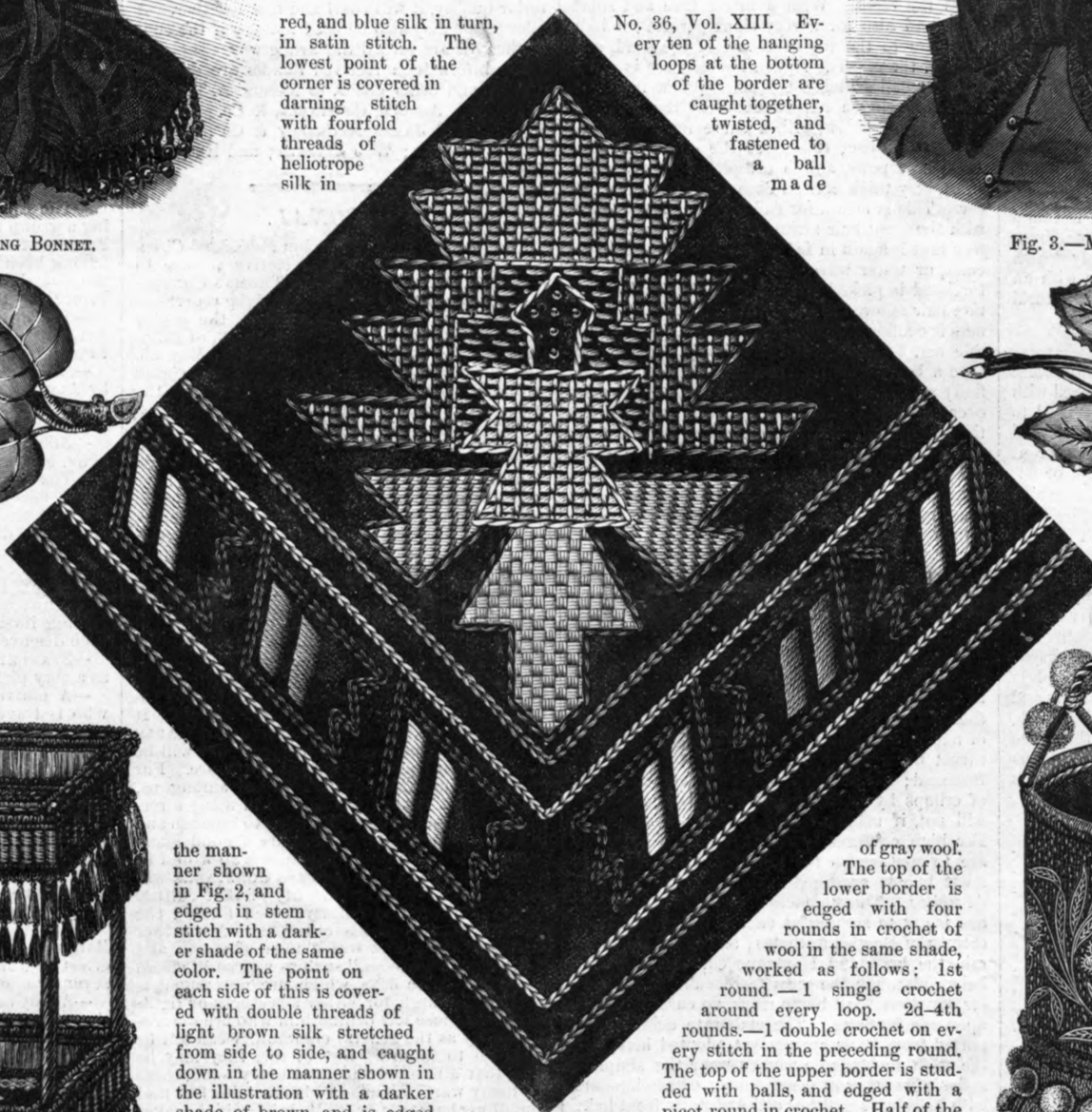


Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR SOFA CUSHION, FIG. 1.

the manner shown in Fig. 2, and edged in stem stitch with a darker shade of the same color. The point on each side of this is covered with double threads of light brown silk stretched from side to side, and caught down in the manner shown in the illustration with a darker shade of brown, and is edged with a still darker shade of the same color in stem stitch. The

of gray wool. The top of the lower border is edged with four rounds in crochet of wool in the same shade, worked as follows: 1st round.—1 single crochet around every loop. 2d-4th rounds.—1 double crochet on every stitch in the preceding round. The top of the upper border is studded with balls, and edged with a picot round in crochet. Half of the balls are worked with light gray, and half with dark gray wool, and



WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

For design see next Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 56.

light and dark balls alternate in the border as shown in the illustration. The basket is lined with gray cashmere, which is edged at the top with brown cord. Cords worked in chain stitch with brown wool are twined about the handles, and finished at the ends with gray balls, singly and in clusters.

Charms for Watch Chains, Figs. 1 and 2.

Figs. 1 and 2 show two useful little charms designed to be worn on the watch chain. The knife, Fig. 1, contains blades of various kinds and a small corkscrew, and Fig. 2 represents a lead-pencil of a novel design.

Stand with Work-Baskets.

THIS stand, which is of wicker-work, varnished light brown, supports two square shallow baskets, the upper one being furnished with a handle. The bottom of each of the baskets is lined with peacock blue velvet, embroidered with tapestry wool and filoselle in various colors. The sides of the baskets are lined with old gold satin, which is gathered along both edges, and are edged inside and outside with colored galloon. Similar galloon, to which tassels of wool in the same colors are

knotted, borders the lower edge of each basket. Strands of colored wool are wound about the handle as seen in the illustration.

Lace Fichu.

This lace fichu consists of a black net foundation, which is completely covered in the manner shown in the illustration with lapping rows of black lace four inches wide, in which the design figures are woven with white silk. Attached to the pleated fronts of the fichu are scarf-like ends thirteen inches wide and twenty-seven inches long, which are composed of four rows of the lace set together with the straight edges turned toward the middle. Black satin ribbon an inch and a quarter wide is arranged in loops along the middle of each end, covering the edges of the inner rows of lace, and terminates in a bow at the bottom. A black satin collar edged with lace is joined to the top of the fichu, and loops and ends of black satin ribbon trim it at the front and back. Three steel clasps hold together the front edge as seen in the illustration.

Foulard and Surah Dress.

The skirt of this dress is bordered with a dark blue Surah pleating surmounted by a puff and a deeper pleating of similar material, over which fall long tabs of flowered foulard. The foulard over-skirt is draped high on the left side, and edged across the front with wide cream-colored Spanish lace. The Surah basque is square at the neck, and is provided with a shirred plastron of the same material, which is disclosed between the pointed tabs into which the fronts are cut. The sleeves are made of Spanish lace, and the neck and pockets of the basque are edged with similar narrow lace.

Satin Bridal Toilette.

This white satin dress consists of a trimmed skirt with a train, and a pointed basque which is laced in the back. The skirt is bordered with a narrow pleating, headed by a bias strip of satin, which is shirred six times at intervals of three-quarters of an inch, two inches and a half from the lower edge, the satin forming small puffs between the shirring, and is flatly pleated at the top. The front of the simulated over-skirt is edged with Irish lace; it is draped on the right side in such a manner as to form a rosette of the material, which is surrounded by a half-wreath of orange blossoms and leaves with pendent sprays. The draped back breadths are pleated at the top, and cut in long narrow tabs at the bottom, which are turned up at the ends to form loops. The basque has a pointed shirred plastron and a flaring collar; the latter is covered with lace, which extends along the edge of the plastron. The half-long sleeves are bordered at the elbow and the armhole with shirred puffs, and are edged with lace.

Brooches, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 436.

THE brooches Figs. 1 and 2, each of which represents part of a branch with leaves and fruit in colored gold and enamel, show some of the styles now in vogue for this useful adjunct to a

wired, covered with lining silk, and completed by two stiff bands three-quarters of an inch wide and seven inches long, which are attached by one end at the middle of the back, joined to each other for two inches of their length, and attached by the other end to the back on each side. The front of the bonnet is edged with side-pleat-

over the two bands, and form the strings. A large double bow of like material is set on the back of the crown, covering the edge of the last fold and the ends of the scarfs.

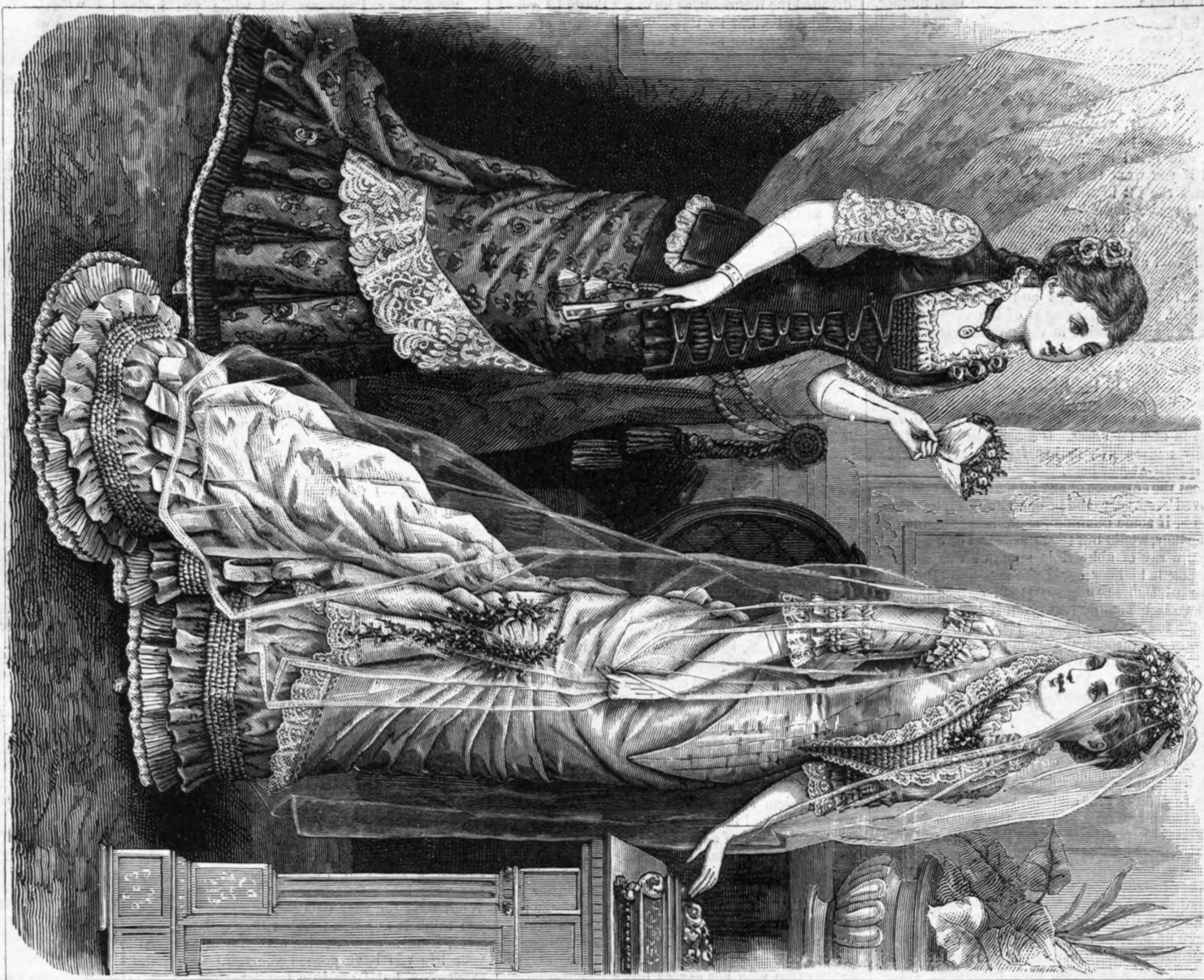
The stiff frame of the bonnet Fig. 2 is covered with several layers of black grenadine. The brim is faced with black silk, and is edged with a dou-

LACE FICHU.



FIG. 1.—FOULARD AND SURAH DRESS.

FIG. 2.—SATIN BRIDAL TOILETTE.



lady's dress, which, after having been for some time abandoned, again enjoys high favor.

Mourning Bonnets, Figs. 1-3.

See illustrations on page 436.

THE frame of the black grenadine bonnet, Fig. 1, is five inches wide at the middle of the crown and an inch and a half wide at the ends; it is

ing three-quarters of an inch wide, made of a strip of grenadine taken double, and is covered with lapping folds of similar material, over which fall two rows of chenille fringe an inch and a half wide, the strands terminating in jet drops. Two scarfs, each four inches wide and thirty-five inches long, of grenadine taken double, are fastened on the back of the crown, cross each other

ble grenadine side-pleating on the inside, and with narrow folds of like material on the outside. A scarf of bias grenadine taken double, which is edged along one side with chenille and jet fringe headed by four narrow folds, is folded about the crown, the ends crossing each other at the middle of the front, and terminating under the strings on the sides. The strings are of gren-

dine taken double, thirty inches long and four inches and a half wide, and are trimmed at the ends with fringe.

The frame of the bonnet Fig. 3 is covered with English crape, and over this with black grenadine. The brim is faced with black lining silk, and bordered on the outside with alternating narrow folds of English crape and grenadine, headed by a milliner's fold of the former material. A bandeau of grenadine, bordered in the same manner, is arranged around the crown of the bonnet. The strings are of grenadine taken double, four inches wide and thirty-three inches long, and are bordered an inch and a quarter deep along the back edge and the lower end with English crape.

SICK HEADACHE.

A HYGIENIC LOVE STORY.

COCKS had crowed and hens had cackled for a full hour at least. This was a world of scratching, they said to themselves, and eggs were not built in a day. Early to bed and early to rise make fowls healthy and lively and wise. The robins in the apple-trees, the swallows in the barn, the little brown phoebes that held town-meetings in the meadow, had been piping and trilling that it was day, day, day, till they half expected to hear the noon bell ringing. The shy quail in the hedge-row had called their warning of "hot and dry, hot and dry," over and over, to any ears that would listen. The spiders had long since hung out their glittering webs a-drying on the wild-rose bushes. The bells of the morning-glory, blue and pink and purple, had swung for hours outside the buttery window, before the delinquent Aunt Larkin lifted the latch and entered, not as her wont was, quickly, as with desire, but on leaden feet of dull resolve, and looking white as her own linen.

There stood the row of milk-pails waiting to be emptied, to be washed, to be spread in the sun, already fierce and hot outside. There was the long array of pans mantling with yellow cream. There, in the corner, waited the exacting churn, the dasher leaning toward her hand with what seemed a malevolent readiness. As she took up the skimmer the kitchen clock struck six.

"Oh dear," sighed Aunt Larkin, "'mornin' lost, evenin' crossed."

But when, with conscientious care, she had stripped the third pan of its rich abundance, she laid down her weapons, so to speak, and capitulated to the one foe able to conquer that resolved soul.

"Thanny," she called, at the foot of the stairs.

"Yes, mother," answered a cheerful voice from among the lilac bushes, and a brown curly head, set on the slender shoulders of young manhood, showed itself in the doorway. "What, another of the evil brood! Go straight to bed, mother. I'll go right over to Obadiah's Sarah. And I'll make you some tea, and manage my own breakfast. Don't you worry about me. But you see I was right, mother. You must have a girl. Shall I help you up stairs?"

"No, dear. You just see to yourself. The coffee's ready, and the bread's in the stone pot, and there's plenty of doughnuts, and a currant pie, and dried beef, and cheese in the buttery; and if you want to fry yourself a slice of meat, there's the fat in the red jar, and the veal's out in the spring-house."

But though the mother-instinct insisted on thus making the way easy for its young, human nature shuddered at this catalogue, and poor Aunt Larkin staggered to her bed too horribly ill to speak again for hours. Sight and sound were alike dreadful. The swift jingle of the wooing bobolink swinging outside in the golden ropes of the laburnum pierced her sensitive ears like the steely clash of swords. And the droning hum of bees, plunging deep in the white sweetness of the syringas, was as the bray of a trombone. Her heavy limbs ached, to ache the more as she tried to rest them in new positions. It seemed to her that the deadly nausea was in her feet, in her arms, in her spine—everywhere.

That the entrance of any human being, even her beloved Thanny, would be unendurable, she knew. But oh, if some phantom, some invisible, inaudible agency, would but turn the swivel of the blind, where a ray of horrible sunlight was already creeping in! How could she ever have let that bottle of Bohemian glass stand on her bureau, even though Thanny had given it her, filled with cologne for her poor head! Its vivid red seemed to smite her through the cloud of dull pain above her brows. And if she shut her eyes, it did but glare the redder. Thanny brought her the tea, and it was vile. Presently Obadiah's Sarah came creeping in with demonstrative quietness, in shoes that creaked and gown that crackled, to set down a tinkling tray by the bedside. Aunt Larkin, who would have mourned over a lie as over a lost soul, had she been capable of telling one, feigned sleep to dismiss that amiable vandal. But when she opened her eyes and saw the yellow butter, the deep blue plate, the brown toast, the red milk pitcher, the black earthen tea-pot, she felt that sex alone, not gratitude nor Christian grace, bridled her tongue from profane and vain babbling.

Meantime, Nature, who did not include sick headache, or any other mortal malady, in her scheme of existence, went about her usual business. The sun mounted higher and higher, cattle browsed, sheep fattened, buds blossomed, crops grew. Among these the plantage at the village academy flourished apace. Here lay the daily toil of Mr. Nathan Larkin, assistant principal, a sensitive, conscientious fellow, of indomitable will, loving work, and toiling to kindle in duller brains and lighter natures his own enthusiasm and his own resolve. The Reverend Edward Granniss, D.D., Ph.D., LL.D., principal of the Quaboag Seminary, being a gentleman of phlegmatic temperament, much addicted to heavy dinners at noonday, was quite willing to let his esteemed

young friend do most of the pulling of the double team, especially through the hard places, though simply for his own improvement, of course.

Thus the youth, taking no rest, spending of his intense personality with prodigal readiness, inheriting from his mother a set of tense and swift-responding nerves, found himself beset, once a fortnight or so, by the same fiend, sick headache, which had devastated years of her useful life. He was young and heroic. Sometimes he could grapple with it, hold it still, and, thus hampered, go through the routine of his work after a dull fashion. Sometimes he yielded, undergoing tortures greater than his mother's, as his imagination was more vivid. But, either way, he counted a month out of each year an unredeemed sacrifice to this Moloch.

On this summer day he felt wonderfully alert and alive. The boys thought he made Cæsar and the Anabasis almost interesting, with his vivid sketch of the splendid life of the republic, and his showing up of hot-headed Cyrus, and cool, cruel, able Artaxerxes, "long-memory" for his wrongs. But in secret he was much disquieted. For Miss Allis Putnam was to come that afternoon, and he felt that his poor mother would "worry" more than was needful. Not that he had not his own misgivings. A strong-minded young woman who had graduated first in her class from the medical college, and walked the hospitals abroad for a year, who had written a prize treatise on some disgusting and sanguinary subject, and no doubt practiced vivisection, should be, to his thinking, though for quite opposite reasons, like Wordsworth's Lucy,

"A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love."

He fancied he knew how she would look: slight, sandy-complexioned, her light characterless hair very neat and wholly uninteresting, her dress very upright and uncompromising about the biases, collars and cuffs prim and spotless—no "sweet neglect" about her, nor even "th' adulteries of art," which, notwithstanding Ben Jonson, he thought most bewitching. She was so distant a cousin that kinship had not made the invitation obligatory. But his mother had dearly loved her mother, and when that gentle widow wrote that her dear Allis had returned, and that she longed to have her ever-beloved Candace know her before she settled down to her profession, the ever-beloved and ever-obliging Candace replied at once that the young traveller should be made welcome.

A caravan of unexpected guests could not upset Aunt Larkin's perfect order, nor find her garrison unprovisioned. But she confided to Thanny that she "expected a girl 't had lived to Paris would find their way of livin' dreadful old-fashioned and common." And he guessed that she secretly dreaded the incursion, as he did. Polite he would certainly be, but he thought he would move his books out to the stable loft, and live as little as possible at home while Dr. Allis remained. He wished women would keep to their own sphere, and let men's work alone. By the time the two sessions were over, the compositions inspected, all the school "chores" done, and his face turned homeward, he was sure that he detested unwomanly women, and of these sinners he reckoned female doctors chiefest.

As he opened the kitchen door, Obadiah's Sarah stood revealed, buxom, red-armed, good-natured, carefully straining aromatic broth into a china bowl. "'Twas her notion," she explained. "I shouldn't never have teched the best set—no, nor made the soup neither—'thout tellin'." I took her up the toast an' tea, 's you said, an' she never looked at 'em. But she said she must take suthin', an' she made it herself. You never see sech a handy little thing. My! I guess the full soul could eat that mess. Honey-comb's cloyin' alwuz. I never see the force of that tex'. An' she's gave her some sort o' revivin' medicine 't didn't have no taste or smell, 's fur 'I see, an' she's a-settin' up a'ready, an' sez her headache's 'most gone, an' I never knowed her out o' bed before in less 'n two days, when 't really took hold on her."

What meaning even so close a translator of difficult tongues as Mr. Nathan Larkin would have distilled from this speech may not be known. For at this pause there appeared in the opposite door the most satisfactory gloss imaginable. A fluffy head, all blonde curls, puffs, frizzes, he knew not what; pink cheeks; laughing brown eyes; shining teeth; a cambric gown that might have awed him, had it not been even more picturesque than fashionable; trim slippered feet beneath its abbreviated crispness—behold the key to Sarah's voluble obscurity!

"I am Allis Putnam," said the phantom of delight, coming forward, with frank hand outstretched, "and I beg your pardon for coming unannounced. But we found the late train did not connect. And mamma said Aunt Larkin could not be taken at a disadvantage. Having come, my professional nose sniffed action at once. Sarah was the best of assistants"—shedding a brilliant smile on that staring neophyte, which Nathan was inclined to consider a waste of riches—"and between us we have really set your mother on her feet again. Now I'm going to administer my next remedy, and then you may talk with her as long as she'll listen. I think we can persuade her out on this lovely veranda." And the doctor disappeared with her savory broth.

"Don't she beat all?" inquired the bustling Sarah, intent on the impending supper. "Pooty's that wild rose, an' smarter 'n lightnin'." 'Tain't strange the old doctors, that jest look owlish, an' don't do no good, don't want women inter the business. They'd steal the trade in no time. There's sour cream enough, an' I told her I'd make some tip-top flapjacks for supper. 'Don't you take an' extry step for me, Sarah,' she says. 'I'm goin' to feast on brown-bread an' milk while I stay.' There ain't nothin' better 'n sour cream

flapjacks, but she's so 'fraid o' givin' trouble! That's what I call a real lady."

If Nathan guessed that the name of this extolled delight was written on Dr. Allis's *Index Expurgatorius*, he nevertheless ate his own share with due satisfaction, and equally enjoyed the rich preserves, the fruity cake, the crumbling tarts, and the delicate, strong tea, set forth in the best china to honor the visitor, who, much to Sarah's disappointment, elected brown-bread and milk, after all.

How it was brought about neither Aunt Larkin nor Nathan could have told, but Obadiah's Sarah, whose Declaration of Independence had always read that she "wouldn't live out for nobody," found herself permanently installed in that cool and spotless kitchen within three days of Doctor Allis's advent. Aunt Larkin having repeated for thirty years that she "didn't see the sense of havin' a girl clutterin' round to pick up after," and her son being accustomed to accept as final whatever domestic views his mother promulgated, received the new dispensation with submission on the one part and rejoicing on the other. The doctor's luggage appeared to consist in great part of "Franklin Square" novels, and the infinite riches, in a little room, of the "Half-hour Series." And when Nathan came home one afternoon to find his mother comfortably rocking in her large chair on the veranda, deep in the fortunes of the *Greatest Heiress in England*, instead of stirring up pancakes or making button-holes, he said to himself, "Allis is a witch, bless her!" Yes, already it had gone so far that the unwomanly doctor was "Allis" to him. And at tea this studious young sage, who spent all his leisure in gardening among classic roots, announced that as tomorrow would be Saturday, he was sure they could not do better than to drive over to Bethesda Springs, all of them, and spend an idle day in that great Vanity Fair.

But to-morrow it was Nathan's turn. His head was chained to his pillow with shackles of pain. It was seasickness, he said to himself, without the palsy of the will. It was fever, without the blessed intervals of unconsciousness. It was the rack, the thumb-screw, the iron boot. If the faint stirrings of desire might be called hope, he hoped his mother would not prescribe magnesia, or bring him the dreaded "cup o' tea."

By-and-by came Dr. Allis, with noiseless presence, cool hands, low voice, and potent prescription. As the slow hours dragged on, the headache yielded grudgingly, irresolutely, with spasms of re-asserting power. Next day Nathan was free from pain, but tired out and despondent. Sitting in the cool dusk of the honeysuckles, he said, "I'd give a third of my life, Allis, to buy off these headaches from the rest of it. Sometimes I think they will shut me out from any career whatever. Can't you cure them, little Galen?"

"No, Herr Professor, not—while you—invite them, solicit them, compel them."

"I, Allis? I don't give them an inch of vantage. I rise early, go to bed early, don't even smoke, and fight them to the death when they come."

"Nathan, I should like to talk to you for your good, though you'll hate me for it. You've half forgotten that I am a female doctor, and as a person I am less objectionable than you feared. 'Twere pity of my life to disturb this state of amity. But at heart I'm professional above all things, and you see I can't advise your mother lest I seem disrespectful."

"Lay on, Macduff." I dare say I sha'n't know when I'm hit. And if I do feel 't whiff and wind of your fell sword, I won't whimper."

"Nathan, do you know that your mother killed those six children whose little graves she showed me to-day?"

"Allis!"

"Yes; although she would have died for any one of them. And but that you were tougher fibred, as well as finer fibred, than the rest, you would have completed the hecatomb. Your grandmother, mamma says, was exactly like your mother, all 'faculty,' energy, and thrift. She would clean two rooms in a day—paint, windows, and all—churn, get the dinner for a great family of 'men folks,' take care of her children, and make a pair of pantaloons before bed-time. Of course she was 'worryin',' with all her nerves on the surface, and of course she had to bequeath to her girls this same overwrought mental and physical condition. Aunt Larkin, with less muscular strength than her mother, has emulated her achievements, and, half starved herself, has half starved her children, first, in their inheritance, and second, in their rearing."

"Allis, you are wild. Mother, and grandmother before her, made generous living a primal duty."

"That's just what I say, child. 'Generous living' is sure to be semi-starvation. You have had the finest of bread, and delicious, fatal 'light biscuit,' and cake, and preserves, and pastry, and insidious flapjacks, and rich doughnuts, and incessant coffee, and salt fish fried with pork scraps, and heavy 'boiled dishes' veiled in a film of fat, and fresh meats fried, and sausages, and spare-rib, spare-rib, *tonjours* spare-rib. What has your brain found in this Barmecide feast? What food for your delicate, tense nerves? Do you think it any wonder that they collapse, as it were, from inanition twice a month or so? All your life you have gorged yourself (pardon the expression, but I am in a temper—professional, of course) on hydro-carbonaceous foods, imposing monstrous tasks on your rebellious liver, which 'strikes,' and spreads disaffection throughout the ranks of its associates. You are starving for vital phosphates. Didn't you study physiology at school? Perhaps you teach it, even, and what do you care for its sacred teachings? Yes, I mean sacred. There's a religion of the body, let me tell you, unregenerate boy. I've no doubt you render into beautiful English that story of Marsyas and Apollo, and what do you know or care

about your own skin, that texture of miraculous skill? You read that Minerva sprang from the brain of Jove. But why should you expect wisdom to be born from yours? You use it without mercy sixteen hours a day. You are subject to that fatal drain which stupidity is always making upon cleverness. There's no vampire like it. You never play. Why don't you swim, ride, dance, row, play base-ball, practice archery, whist, and go to town every vacation for an instructive course of theatres?"

"When, Allis? Why, there isn't time. I leave out half the work I ought to do as it is."

"Ought! ought! Oh dear! how shall we stop the roll of that Juggernaut which crushes all your race? You have no pure joy in existence. It doesn't even seem that you have any love of life in itself. It's only useful for the work you can wring out of it. You make yourselves less than your moods and tempers, less than your butter and cheese. Time! If there isn't time to get well and keep well, you'd better change for eternity, as you will, my dear young friend, if you don't reform. I know that the kind of headache which you and Aunt Larkin are cursed with never comes except with overwork and under feeding. She must go on to suffer, poor thing, though less, I hope. But you can cure yourself if you will. Obey me, and you shall be a new man in a year, giving me that delight in your growing health which an artist feels in his growing picture."

"Dear Allis, I abhor bran, and mother would never cook it."

"Dear simpleton, who asked you? No, you shall have delicious soups, and inviting meats, and salads of celestial lineage, and vegetables, and milk, and such bread as you have never tasted, made of flour whose whole value has not paid tribute to the miller."

"But Obadiah's Sarah—"

"Oh yes, she can. I'll teach her. We can do it all, and more, if only you will persuade your mother that it is my lark, or your whim, or what you will, so that we do not seem to subvert the law of generations, or reproach the old order with the new. Don't you see what a new creature she is, since I have made her rest? And when she says, plaintively, as in her moments of rebellion she does, 'The house is not what it was' (if, per-adventure, Sarah has forgotten to set the salt box on the right hand of the sugar crock, instead of the left), I reply, 'Never mind, dear Aunt Larkin, the home is more. Did you ever see Nathan so happy about you, as now that you tuck up your feet and read in the afternoons, or go out riding with me?' And then she is silenced, and takes another turn at *The Maid of Sker* with visible satisfaction. Do you suppose anything in life would make her so happy as for you to escape your headaches? And I have shown you the way."

"Having put myself in your hands, Doctor Putnam, I am bound to follow your prescription, I suppose. The preserves shall mould upon their shelves, the cake box shall rust upon its hinges, flapjacks from henceforth be called accursed, and the majestic shades of Sylvester Graham and Dio Lewis command my obedience."

"Slowly their phantoms arise before us,
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood;
At bed and table they lord it o'er us
With looks of beauty and words of good."

"Admirable, Master Nathan! I can stay two weeks longer to see my remedies in action, and then you are to be on honor. At the Thanksgiving vacation come to town, and I will administer the course of theatres advised, and measure your improvement. To-morrow afternoon, if you please, we will go to the top of that beautiful purple hill, up which you have not had the civility to invite me. As a young lady, and your guest, I could not, of course, mention the omission; but as your physician, and in a strictly remedial manner, I proceed to rectify it."

From that day a new king arose over Egypt. No sparkling brook hid itself so cunningly among the leaves that Nathan and Allis did not find it in the long summer afternoons, when work was done. No hill was too difficult for their nimble feet, no berry patch too far, no lily-bearing pond too inaccessible. Sometimes Aunt Larkin joined them in their frolic, wondering at herself for electing play when work waited to be done, feeling herself apostate to the faith of her fathers, yet delighting in the fun of these children, and rejoicing to see her son so brown and hungry.

Then Doctor Allis had to say good-by, and betake herself to town, evolving what she called her "office" from a confusion of books, pictures, flowers, patterns of wall-paper, white muslin, and the spoils of her life abroad. When Nathan saw it, in November, his notions of the fitness of professional life for women underwent further disintegration.

"Nothing could be more refined," he said to himself. "My mother's house, even, does not look half so feminine."

But if the canny Mrs. Putnam had expected that her pretty and professional daughter would establish herself in another vocation when she sent her on a missionary visit among the Franklin hills, hers was a hope deferred. For it was a year after this before the correspondence, of which a specimen is appended, enriched the Department:

HE TO HER.

"... So I have been offered the Professorship of the Classics at — College. Will you come too? I would not ask you while my lines were fixed at Franklin, wanting to leave you free to live your own life of books and thought and work, which there you could not do. At — the society is delightful, and I think you would be happy. If it is your wish still to practice your profession, I have no more right, as I trust I have no more wish, to object, than you would have concerning mine. And, indeed, I hold that there is no nobler work in the world than yours. Per-

sonally it would ill become me to limit your beneficence. For know, Doctor Allis, that I have not had a vestige of sick headache in six months. I said I would give a third of my life to save the other two from its ravages.

Take, O doctor, thrice the fee;
Take, I give it eagerly;
For, invisible to thee,
Devils blue have gone from me.

Does not this sound like a love-letter? If I do not say that I adore you with all my heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, it is because you found it out, as you found out everything else about me, by witchcraft, I believe, months on months ago. And if I seem too jolly for the attitude of prayer I assume, it is because the hope of having you always has gone to my brain (weakened, as who knows better than you, by intervals of agonizing pain from my birth), and intoxicated me, as with the mead of the gods. Would not 'Doctor Larkin' serve every end as well as 'Doctor Putnam'? Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

"I use this form of entreaty rather than another more familiar to poets and lovers because you assured me that, before all things, you were professional. My little darling, I am hedged about with dangers. At — the other day I was even offered and pressed upon with—*Prie!* If I have a housekeeper, I doubt not that poisonous compound will be daily on the table, and presently, in an unvigilant moment, perhaps when I am lost in reflection on a doubtful *ictus*, I shall fall! My life, or at least my digestion, which in your view is more than life, I lay at your feet. We are rich for country folk, little Allis. I have bought a charming house at —, and the reception-room seems to me peculiarly eligible as an office. You shall have it on the most favorable terms, and permanently, by addressing at once,

"Your devoted, N. L."

SHE TO HIM.

"DEAR SIR,—My diagnosis is favorable. Your summary of symptoms I find satisfactory. No headache in six months. Good. A capacity to laugh over serious issues, and make the best of things, such as would have been quite impossible to you a year or so ago. Better. A hopeful, because gradually developed, sense of the necessity of obedience to your medical adviser in all things. Best. What you say of the advantages of the office you offer me has received my attention. I consider myself well placed, with a rapidly growing practice. But as my greatest success has been in the relief of maladies of the nerves and digestion, and as a college town is a settlement of dyspeptics, martyrs to sick headache, the temptation to enlarge knowledge in my specialty is overmastering. I will therefore take the office on the terms proposed, reserving to myself the right to use it for boudoir, reception-room, study, or private growlery for the Professor of Greek and Latin at — College, should it seem to me advisable. I will trouble you to have the key ready whenever I demand it; and remain, with recommendation to follow treatment as previously advised,

Truly yours, A. P.

"P.S.—It was the belief of the ancients that the liver was the seat of the affections. 'This was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.'"

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 16, Vol. XIV.]

THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

By MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

AUTHOR OF "ALL OR NOTHING," "THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE," "A GOLDEN SORROW," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

IRREVOCABLE.

THE recognition was mutual; and the confusion of Helen, caused solely by Frank Lisle's representation of the urgent necessity of secrecy, was as great as the surprise of Delphine. The latter was, however, equal to the occasion, and whispering, "Mademoiselle need not agitate herself, it is only I who know her," she joined her mother on the landing, and left Helen to recover herself. This was not easy; the events of the day had overtaken her nerves, and the vague dread with which the sight of Delphine inspired her gave her the first faint consciousness of the momentous step she had taken. She sank into a chair, and put her hands before her eyes: the face she knew alarmed her more than any strange face could have done. She sat still while her bag was brought in, and Delphine and her mother bustled about the little apartment, and hardly ventured to look about her at the place which was now her home.

What was she to say when Madame Moreau had gone away, and she was left with Delphine?

This occurred presently. There was no want of respect in the French girl's manner as she advanced to Helen, and offered to remove her bonnet and cloak, but there was an evident expectation that she would explain. She said nothing, but Helen saw the question in her keen black eyes.

"I did not know," Helen began, timidly, "that I should find you here. I did not know where you lived. I hope you will not say to any one that you had seen me before."

"Mademoiselle may reckon on my discretion," said Delphine, with a curious kind of smile. "I did not, in the first moment of surprise, let my mother know; I shall certainly not betray mademoiselle to others."

"I am not mademoiselle," said Helen, and the falsehood brought a crimson blush to her cheek. "I am Madame Lisle, and my husband is in England; he will be here in a week."

"Truly! I am astonished. Then madame was

married all the time, and no one knew it: it must have been so. I have heard the English ladies are very romantic, and may marry of their own choice. And madame has come to her own home—and the English gentleman and lady, where are they?"

"They have gone back to England. I have nothing more to do with them."

Helen had removed her gloves, and the new circlet of gold shone on her finger. The symbol was not convincing to Delphine, but she understood why her mistress took care that she should see it.

Delphine was puzzled; she did not doubt for a moment that the husband in England was the gentleman with the dark eyes, and the manners worthy of a Frenchman, who had made inquiry at her uncle's lodge in the odd way that had caught her quick attention, and whom she had seen with Helen at the entrance to the Grand Court of the Louvre. Was it for his wife for whom he had asked as "mademoiselle," on the first occasion? Or had the marriage taken place since then? or was there any marriage at all in the case? Delphine was stirred by ardent curiosity on this point; but she could afford to wait; she must know in time. And meanwhile she found herself in the very element she revelled in, that of intrigue, and with the pleasure of deceiving her mother offered to her to begin with.

The apartment was one of those marvels of economy of space which are more ingenious than pleasant on a long acquaintance; but the very small rooms were prettily furnished. And when Helen had recovered from her first surprise and alarm, which she did with celerity, natural, when her own age and that of Delphine are considered, she examined her abode, the first place she had ever called her own in all her life, with a good deal of interest. What a nice little refuge in which to remain hidden, and as happy as she could persuade herself to feel, until Frank should come.

A vestibule, a *salle à manger*, a salon, a bedroom, a dressing-room, a kitchen, all communicating, and all on the smallest scale compatible with being inhabited by grown-up people at all, formed Helen's little domain. In the dressing-room a bed had been put up for her maid, who told Helen that the monsieur, the husband of madame, had arranged that all this "provision was to be made" by her mother, and that she would find herself very well. Helen did not doubt this—did not, indeed, think about it; she was examining the furniture, and the pretty cretonne hangings of the little salon, and noticing the signs of a careful anticipation of her wants and wishes which the rooms presented. Books, a curiously small piano, a low jardinière with some ferns and flowers in it, and a blue and silver box of bonbons, were among the objects of still life that met with her especial approbation. Delphine had observed with close, but covert attention, and some good-natured sympathy. Whether she was or was not the wife of the dark-eyed gentleman, she was a lucky young person, according to Delphine's simple code of morals and belief; one might be so well in madame's place.

The blue and silver box of bonbons was placed on the velvet-covered shelf of the mantel-piece in the salon; a little silver key was in the lock, and Helen did not make long delay in resorting to it. The raised lid displayed a noble provision of marrons glacés, and a letter addressed to Madame Lisle. Again blushing deeply, this time at the written falsehood, Helen broke the seal, and found a little packet inclosed in the written sheet, which she eagerly read:

"I hope you will like your gîte, dearest, and be quite comfortable and not too lonely until I come. Madame Moreau has promised all sorts of care and attention to my darling girl, and you must let her get you everything you want or fancy. Of course all your belongings, except what you will have taken the precaution to put into your bag, will have gone on with the other luggage to London, and you will want a lot of things. But you had better let Madame Moreau or her daughter order them for you (I did not see the girl, but hope she will suit you), as you ought not to be seen about Paris, even in a carriage. You will find a pocket-book, containing a slice out of our worldly wealth, in the drawer of the writing-table. The inclosed is the key. Don't be economical—it is only a small slice—and forgive me for being so practical. One of us must be practical, you know, and I do not think my queen lily is to be that one. Try to amuse yourself, and do not be dull, until I come. It is only a week's waiting, sweet one, and we shall meet, never to part again. I will write to you, of course; but although I have never yet had a line from your dear hand, I will not ask you to write to me. I shall be moving about constantly, and hardly at all at my rooms in London. I say this now, lest in the hurry of our parting this evening I should not remember to explain it to you."

The letter ended with fervent and very prettily worded protestations of love as unchanging as it was unequalled, and before she had read it to the end, the pain and confusion caused by the first part of it were dispersed, and Helen was able to enjoy it almost as much as a girl in the ordinary security of a girl's life ought to enjoy her first love-letter.

She had not thought about her dependence on Frank for money. The small sum in her purse, which was all that she possessed, would have sufficed for her wants for only a short time, on a very humble scale; but her notions about that had been very vague and transitory. It was quite true she was not practical. But how wonderfully kind and considerate Frank was, and how earnestly she would try to deserve his love, to make him happy, and to become "practical." But she would not spend his money until she was his wife, not even though she vexed him by refraining from doing so. She would be married in her black gown. What could it matter, when

there would be no one to see? And, indeed, if the only persons who knew her were to continue to believe that she was already married, they must not see wedding clothes in preparation. Poor Helen smiled complacently at her own cleverness in thinking of this, and Frank's carelessness in overlooking the point; and then she put the precious letter away in the drawer where the pocket-book lay, for Delphine was in the room, and she thought, with another smile at a fresh instance of her cleverness, that to place the letter in her bosom, as she would have liked to do, would not be a sober, matter-of-course, wife-like proceeding.

"Now if that letter was only written in French," Delphine had been thinking, while Helen read and re-read it, all unconscious of the avidity to be seen in her face, "I might easily find out the truth, without waiting for a week to know it."

Helen still adhered to her school-girl habit of early rising, and she was astir betimes on the following day. She was too young to be sleepless, whatever might betide; benignant slumber had come to her easily, but with the morning there came some troubled thoughts. She wondered how Mr. Townley Gore had taken the news of her flight; she wondered whether it would annoy Frank Lisle very much to find that Delphine knew her; and she feared the week would be very hard to get through.

Toward the possibility of an extension of Frank's absence she would not allow herself to glance. Helen rose, dressed herself noiselessly, and was seated by the window of her little salon, busy with some needle-work, and busier with her own thoughts, before Delphine made her appearance, bringing the morning coffee and brioche.

Frank had started on his journey before this hour; he would be in London to-night. The week had begun. She did not know the nature of the business which had called him away. Something about pictures, no doubt. She hoped it might imply another "stroke of luck," whatever that might mean.

Helen's mood was thoughtful, but far from unhappy, on this the first morning of an entirely new life—one of peril, of which she had not the slightest comprehension; and although she put the past away from her with a feeling of pain, and shrank from imagining the future in any detail with a vague timidity, there was a charm to her heart and her fancy in the present, and she looked serenely beautiful under its influence.

"She is singing canticles," said Delphine to herself, pausing in the arrangement of Helen's bedroom to listen to the pure young voice uplifted in the familiar music of a hymn learned at the Hill House. "I think she must be married, for those English people are quite good when they are good at all, my uncle Devrient says; and she would not sing hymns if she was not good at all."

The first day of Helen's new life passed away. It had not been dull or oppressive, though there were moments in it when she longed exceedingly to be free to communicate with Jane Merriek, to tell her the good news, the wonder which her happy destiny had wrought for her, and to receive Jane's counsel and congratulation.

That good time would come soon; it was but waiting for a little. Madame Moreau kept the engagement for which Frank Lisle had given her earnest of liberal payment; all Helen's wants were supplied, all her comforts were attended to.

Among other thoughts that came to her during the day were some that had almost frightened her by making her feel as if she had somehow or other been transformed into another person. They were the remembrance of how short a time it was since she had first seen him, how suddenly, by what a mere accident, he had come into her life, and changed it, himself becoming all its motive and its meaning, she could not tell how. It seemed almost terrifying to be a creature to whom such a strange thing could happen, for whom one phase of existence could close, and another, in which everything was new, could open, so suddenly. Only that love was the one supreme good, and love was hers, and so everything was stable and secure, she might have been possessed by dread of a world in which such change could be, and human beings seem the mere playthings of chance.

Helen had read of travellers attracted by irresistible curiosity to look down into some awful cañon in the vast American country, and crawling backward from the edge of the terrific rift with its vaporous gloom, and dark rush of water at a hideous depth below, sick, giddy, and helpless, and there was something in her own mind akin to the physical impression made upon them. She kept it away from her, but it was there; if she looked that way, the terror and the giddiness would come; she must not look that way. Frank Lisle loved her, had rescued her from dependence and misery, would be with her, to make her his wife, in a week. Those were the blessed truths she had to think about, and she would think of nothing else. She would be practical, and not dreamy; and so she filled the hours with occupation. She practiced the most difficult music she knew; she worked, she read, she talked to Delphine on safe and general subjects, and when the night came she fell asleep with the hope before her of a letter from Frank Lisle on the morrow. He had not told her that he would write from some point of his journey, but he knew so well that she would have nothing but his letters to live on in reality, that he would be sure to write to her, bidding her to be of good cheer because he loved her.

The morning came, and Helen again rose early; but this time she found it difficult to settle to any employment; she was at that weary work of watching for the post that most of us know. When Delphine brought her coffee, she asked whether the *facteur* had passed, and being told

that he had, she asked whether letters from England were delivered later at Neuilly than inside Paris. There was very little difference, Delphine said; but at any rate that morning's mail had been delivered; madame could have no letters now until evening. There was nothing for it, then, except to wish for the evening, and Helen set about doing so; but after a while, a happy thought struck her, and cured her disappointment. Frank had not written from any point of his journey short of the other end because a French postmark might have attracted remark. Of course that was his reason; his letter from London would arrive to-night. Helen's spirits rallied with this fortunate reflection, and she got through the second day as pleasantly as she had passed the first. It was a dismal day, heavy, ceaseless, chilling rain fell from morning until night, and there was no getting out of doors. In the evening Delphine remarked that madame was looking pale, and that her fine color would suffer if she was shut up too much. The observation chased Helen's paleness away. She was again at the work of watching the post; but her watching was in vain; no letter from Frank Lisle reached her on that evening either. Sleep did not knit up the ravelled sleeve of Helen's care so deftly and so rapidly that night; but it came at last, and refreshed her for the morrow, which must surely bring her the longed-for letter.

It is useless to dwell on this epoch of the story of Helen Rhodes, for the record would have only a wearisome sameness: the dreary monotony of disappointment; the deadly suggestion of alarm. The week of waiting went over her head somehow, but the silence remained unbroken: not one word, not one token of Frank Lisle's existence, reached the homeless, friendless, defenseless girl who had trusted him "for all in all."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. S. S.—Get an olive green, brown, or porcelain blue Cheviot for a travelling dress for July. Make it with a hunting jacket, apron over-skirt, and round skirt on which is a single great *ruche* at the foot. Summer flannel would also be suitable. Use either the Trianon Suit pattern or the Surplice Waist Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 22, Vol. XIV., for a summer silk dress.

CONSTANT READER.—We do not give addresses, and do not advise dyeing nice materials, as it is attended with risk.

M. R. M.—A Mother Hubbard dress for a child is illustrated in *Bazar* No. 25, Vol. XIV. Buy a cheap rough straw poke bonnet.

J. N., BROOKLYN.—The *International Episode* will be sent you from this office on receipt of 20 cents.

F. G.—Have a short cut-away basque like that of a riding-habit, a round skirt, and apron over-skirt for your flannel suit. If you want to make it more dressy, have three or four rows of braid on the pleatings, over-skirt, and basque. Get a shirred piqué hat or a chip round hat with white pompons for your baby boy.

ENQUIRER.—There are two full breadths parted in the middle for lace curtains. It is now quite the fashion to have muslin sash curtains next the pane, then holland shades inside this, and still further in the lace curtains hang.

COUNTRY READER.—To modernize a black silk princess dress, drape two pointed aprons of satin Surah or of striped satin upon it, and trim the sides with pleatings edged with Spanish lace.

MISS S. E. L.—We can vouch for no safe and sure method short of a surgical operation for modifying the shape of one's nose.

W.—It is very unsafe to attempt the removal of moles from your face.

ISABEL.—While correspondents receive the speediest possible attention, our space is so limited that it is impossible to repeat answers, and we are sometimes forced to answer several questions together, or to refer to back numbers.

Z. Z., AND OTHERS.—We can not tell any one how to obtain employment.

ELSIE.—The Russian, Miracourt, and Languedoc laces are used for trimming lawn dresses, but white muslin embroidered is preferred to any lace for this purpose. Sleeveless jackets are not worn, but as transparent sleeves are fashionable, you might add tulle or net sleeves with beaded lace ruffles at the wrist, or you could buy beaded insertion and make sleeves of it. If your guipure lace scarf is narrow, wear it high and close around your neck; if it is wide, wear it low around your shoulders, hanging loose in front, or else drawn together at the waist line by a bow of satin ribbon.

STICKLER.—It is allowable to send in the P. P. C. card from one's carriage, or to send it by mail. P. P. C. calls are rarely made in person. Generally the cards go after the person has left the city.

NANNIE.—Cards are sent (simply the names of parents, bride, and groom—their ordinary visiting-cards), a fortnight after the wedding, to all society friends who are not asked to the wedding. No announcement of the wedding is made. For a "family wedding in October," a brown satin with steel trimmings, or brocade let in, would be a very appropriate dress for any one but the bride. She must be in white, unless she is married in travelling dress.

INQUIRER.—It is proper to send a regret when you are unable to attend a wedding at the house, where you are one of the few invited guests. In general, however, it is only requisite to send your visiting-card to the house on the day of the ceremony.

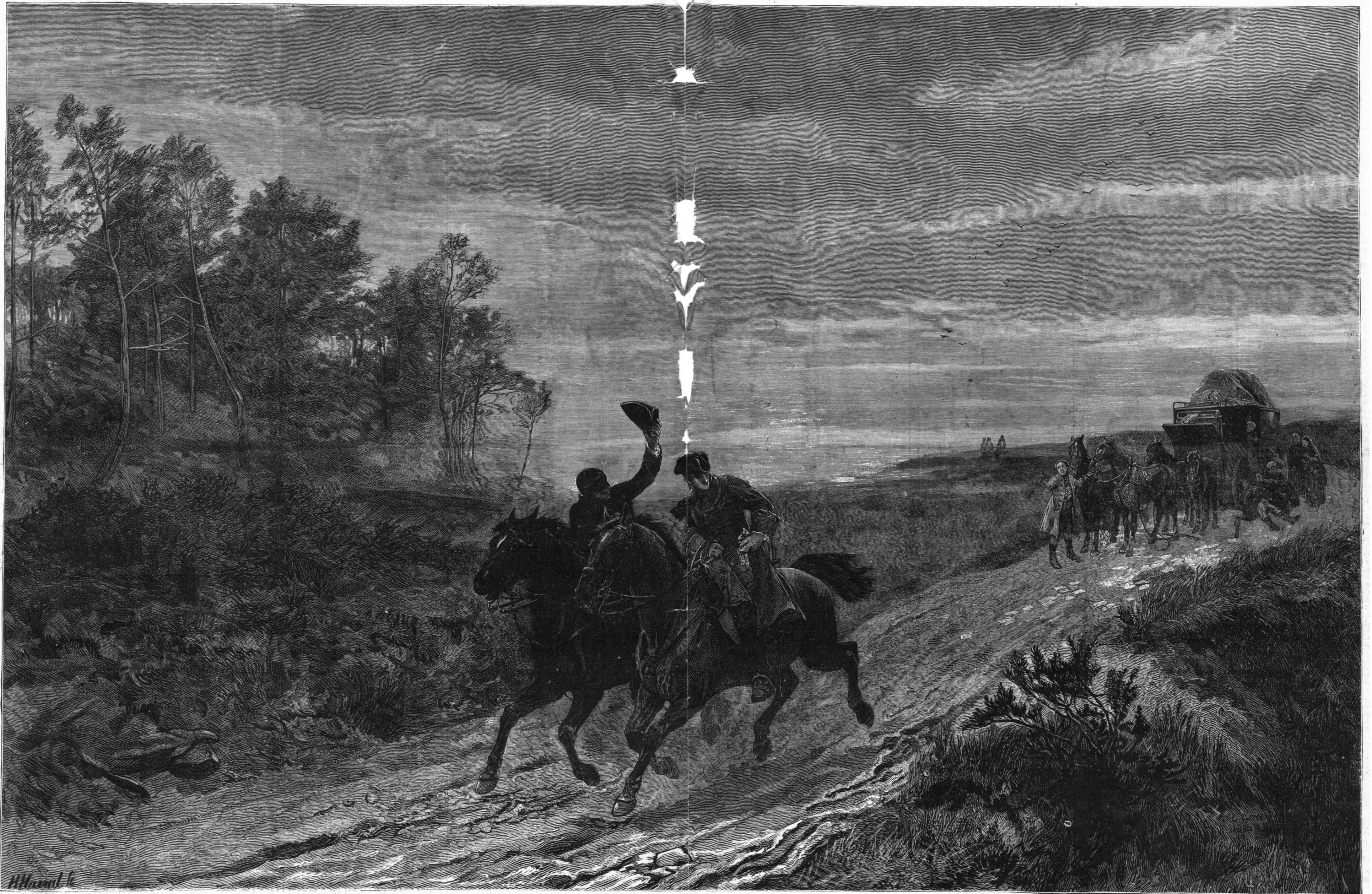
AURORA.—It is wholly unnecessary to reprint articles, as back numbers can always be obtained from this office, by any one desiring them, for 10 cents each.

MISS C.—Back numbers of the *Bazar* will be sent you by Harper & Brothers at 10 cents each. Directions for *punto tirato*, or drawn-work, were published in *Bazar* No. 10, Vol. X.

MRS. M. V. S.—It is impossible to republish articles that have appeared in our columns. The recipe for a pot-pourri of roses will be found in *Bazar* No. 25, Vol. X., back numbers of which you can order from this office.

A SUFFERER.—We can give you no further information.

CORNING, N. Y.—The title "Reverend" is always used in wording an invitation for a clergyman's wedding. The "best man" retires to one side after the wedding ceremony commences: his functions are at an end until the reception begins. He generally comes out last, and with nobody. In England he seems to try to extinguish himself.



"THE OLD COACHING DAYS."—FROM A PAINTING BY A. C. GOW, A. R. A.—[SEE PAGE 442.]

THE OLD COACHING DAYS.

See illustration on double page.

DICKENS is responsible for a good deal of the false sentiment with which the old coaching days are often regarded. The writer's juvenile experiences in English mail-coaches lead him to believe that they were days of discomfort and inconvenience. In the inside, you were squeezed and stifled for want of air; on the outside, you were baked in the sun, blinded with dust, or soaked with rain, just as the clerk of the weather pleased to decree. A journey of any length became tiresome and toilsome even to the strongest, and could not be undertaken by the weak. The mail-drivers were very far from being as amusing as old Mr. Weller, or the inns all as good as the George and Vulture. Of course it was a pretty sight to see the mail start off, or to watch it galloping through some country village, and a trip of a few stages in fine weather was pleasant enough, but on the whole we have no reason to regret the triumph of the railroad. In 1662, there were only six stage-coaches running in England, and they were regarded with disfavor by some stern moralists because the "convenience of the passage induced the ladies to go up to London," where they acquired habits of idleness. Even in the early part of the last century, communication between the large towns was difficult. The coaches between London and York never attempted to run in the winter; even in summer the roads were so bad that it was all the horses could do to drag the coach along, while the passengers plodded on foot for miles. Accidents were of every-day occurrence, and every traveller was prepared to be searched by a highwayman, who, masked and armed and well mounted, could overawe the guard, rifle the travellers, and be miles away before the news was brought to any village. In Walpole's letters there is a curious proof how regularly robbery was expected. A lady describes how she was robbed, and gave the man a purse with bad money in it that she carried on purpose. Every open common or steep hill was infested by these marauders, the most celebrated spots on which they plied their vocation being Hounslow Heath and Finchley Common. The introduction of fast light coaches, and the more thorough organization of the postal system, reduced the number of highway robberies; but even as late as 1814 the Buckingham mail was robbed of several thousand pounds. The speed was gradually accelerated, till the best coaches performed regularly ten miles an hour. The supply of horses was calculated on the basis of a horse a mile, and was often furnished by some country gentleman. Nor did many gentlemen disdain to become drivers. Sir Vincent Cotton drove the Brighton coach for years, and used to send his servant round to collect the fares from the travellers. Sir Vincent was driven to the coach-box by poverty, and deserves credit for earning a living by the only thing he could do. It is strange, however, to see men who are not compelled by necessity turning themselves into professional coachmen. The regular coach between London and Brighton was taken off the road in 1862. In 1866, an attempt to revive the glories of the road was made. A coach styled the "Old Times" was placed on the road, and made the journey three times a week. In 1867, the Duke of Beaufort made a new venture, and ran two coaches daily between London and Brighton. In 1868, Mr. Chandos Pole became their proprietor, but lost a good deal of money. In the following year, the aristocratic owners of the Brighton coaches condescended to advertise, and puff their conveyances. The Brighton coach became a household word; it was everywhere proclaimed and placarded, till it seemed as if a ride on it was an object of eager ambition to men in all parts of the world. Coach-driving became fashionable in certain circles. Coaches ran from London to Dorking, to Windsor, to Tunbridge Wells, and the road to Virginia Water was worked by Colonel Delancey Kane. Nothing can be more attractive to lovers of the picturesque than any one of these routes, which all possess beauty and variety. We can quite understand the pleasure of driving a four-in-hand through sylvan scenes, but must confess that if we could afford such a vehicular luxury, we should prefer not to collect fares from our friends.

It must be said to the credit of amateur characters of the present day that they have the good sense to dress like gentlemen. Their predecessors assimilated themselves as far as possible to professional Jehus. One gentleman, indeed, was so determined to be looked upon as a regular coachman that he had his front teeth filed so that he could expectorate in the fashion of one of the most celebrated stage-drivers.

One of the prettiest sights connected with mail-coaches was the procession on the King's birthday. The coaches were new every year; the guards and coachmen had all new liveries of the royal color (scarlet), and new hats with black cockades. The long train of vehicles, about thirty in number, passed by St. James's Palace, where they were reviewed by the King and the Postmaster-General. As a spectacle, the affair was much better than any of the parades of the coaching clubs. The first coaching club on record is the Driving Club, which was formed about the beginning of this century. The carriages belonging to this club were yellow-bodied, with whip-springs; cattle of a bright bay color, with silver-mounted harness. The costume of the drivers consisted of a light drab-colored cloth coat, made full, single-breasted, with three tiers of pockets, the skirts reaching to the ankles, the buttons of mother-of-pearl the size of a dollar; the vest blue and yellow striped; small-clothes corded silk plush, with sixteen strings and rosettes at the knees; the boots very short, with broad straps that hung over the tops and down to the ankle; the hat three inches and a half deep in the crown. Each member of the club when driving wore a large bou-

quet of flowers at the breast. No wonder that they soon became subjects for caricature as well as for imitation! The Driving Club led to the establishment of the Four-horse Club. Both of these have long ago ceased to exist. The present driving clubs in London are the Four-in-hand Driving Club and the Coaching Club. The former was founded in 1856, and is limited to thirty members. By its rules no coach is permitted to pass another unless the latter be standing still, and the pace is not to exceed ten miles an hour. The latter was instituted in 1870, and, if not so select in its members, succeeds in making a better display in public.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 27, Vol. XIV.]

DAISY MARCH, THE PRISON FLOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FEMALE LIFE IN PRISON," "MEMOIRS OF JANE CAMERON," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE PRISON DAISY.

As faithful chroniclers we are somewhat disposed to assert that Patience Greenwood had at least not that supreme reverence for prison rules and regulations which a properly organized matron was expected to possess. Had she remained all her life—or the best years of her life—"under government," it is doubtful if the reverence would have deepened very much. She was an eccentric young woman, and would have given trouble to the authorities by "wanting to know, you know," by objecting to the rules, and possibly sending in proposed amendments to them; by an absence of profound respect, mayhap, for principals, and an inner consciousness that they were but fussy, pompous, and commonplace folk, take them all together, from whom in her old and higher estate—from which a father's speculations had hurled down a family—she might have thought it preferable to hold aloof, or to laugh at good-naturedly for their little vain displays of brief authority.

But she was fond of "the service," and with an honorable desire to be of service too, which is not always the incentive to exertion in the heart of every matron. She had a fair idea of what was duty, and she followed it to the best of her ability—although it was remarked that she showed too much interest in the prisoners, talked too much to them at times, and had been even known to preach at them. Though a good officer, she was not likely to prove so sharp and efficient as her elder sister, it was thought. She would probably wear herself out quickly—taking things to heart too much, as she did, and not getting used to the business so promptly as she might have done. Her sister Kate thought this, as well as many strangers with not half the interest in her; but Patience Greenwood only smiled, and continued the even tenor of her way.

Decidedly an inquisitive young woman, we may assert without exaggeration; and it was evident that Daisy March had aroused in her more than a common amount of interest. She would have been glad to know the whole story of this child of fourteen's appearance in jail, and why the sentence had been so severe upon a girl so young. This was an impression which Patience could not shake from her mind—not even as it became fairly evident to the world about her that Daisy March was as wild and willful, as resistive of all discipline and as defiant of it, as women twice and thrice her age, and with twice and thrice her penal-servitude experience. Taken all together, Daisy March was hardly an interesting character, people thought; she was only a specimen of one who had matured in crime with a more frightful rapidity than her fellows, and seemed at her early age as bad as any of them. The prisoners had soon grown accustomed to her, and their sympathy had evaporated as quickly as it had been shown on her first appearance in their midst. She was as sullen and harsh to them as to her officers, as ready to take offense, as watchful of every opportunity to deceive—the regular jail-bird, and of the old grim regulation pattern.

Still, in the estimation of Patience Greenwood, there was something in her which was different from the rest; there was, even to the assistant matron's mind, the certainty of a mystery about her presence there which had not yet been fathomed.

"That girl March pretends to be worse than she is," said Patience Greenwood one day to her sister.

"My dear Patience, how you worry about that prisoner! She can not be a great deal worse, I fancy."

"I am not so sure of it."

"You must not be romantic in this sad business of our lives," said the elder sister, "or the work will become too much for you."

"It is too much for me already."

"You are not feeling ill?" asked Kate, anxiously.

"I don't know that I am feeling particularly strong," was the reply.

"You will apply for sick leave, then. Go down to Aunt Mary's in the country. You must not give way."

"Oh, I shall keep well," said the younger sister; "you and I can not afford to fall sick. We must leave that luxury to the rich."

"I don't quite understand you," said Kate Greenwood, regarding her sister doubtfully; "but I know that I am not going to have you killed by prison service. If you can not get used to it, resign."

"Have you got used to it?" answered Patience, with a visible little shudder.

"I think I have."

"Then I am sorry for you."

"It is my 'profession,'" said Kate, laughing, "and I study it professionally."

"If our poor dear dad could only have known

what was to become of us, Kate," said Patience, half slowly, half dryly, "perhaps he would not have speculated in quite so many bubble companies."

"Patience, I am sure you detest this life."

"I don't like it a great deal," was the confession; "perhaps for the reason I have already stated, that it is too much for me."

"You will give it up?"

"Not yet."

"Presently?"

"Yes, presently."

"Before the long hours and the hard service render you unfit for anything else. Oh, Patience, you are all I have left in the world, and I can not afford to lose you."

Kate flung her arms around her and kissed her. The elder sister was not an impulsive or demonstrative woman, but there was a true affection for the younger in her heart, one of those unfathomable loves which one sees at times—not too often—between sisters, and which in its deep solemnity of devotion and self-sacrifice amazes people of a colder stamp. And Kate Greenwood was devoted to this younger sister—had been as a mother to her in those tender years of girlhood, when the mother, by God's will, had been taken away from them both. Under the mask of her imperturbability, she was watching her sister every day with keen attention, and setting others on a friendly watch also.

Our dialogue had occurred in the little room of Patience Greenwood. It was Kate's "night off," and she was spending an hour or two with her younger sister, whose time for going on night duty was approaching. The time passed quickly with them; they had had a great deal to talk about—of many little plans for the future, when perhaps they should be able to give up prison service altogether, and live somewhere in the country. This was Kate's day-dream, which rendered the present life endurable, and which kept Kate stronger than her sister Patience, whose day-dreams were hardly as bright, and who did not see the end of it so clearly as the other.

A few days afterward it was announced to Miss Patience Greenwood that she was to be transferred to another government prison in a pleasant London suburb, and Patience regarded the lady superintendent a little doubtfully when the announcement was made to her.

"I would prefer to remain with my sister, Mrs. Edgar," was Patience's slow reply.

"The order has come from Parliament Street, and there is no appeal," said the lady.

Patience flew to her sister.

"You are at the bottom of this transfer, Kate, and it's no use denying it."

"Well, I am," the elder sister acknowledged.

"I was anxious about you, and spoke to the doctor. The new prison is on a more healthy site, and you will have a better chance of health."

"This is our first separation, then?"

"We are separated now, Patience," was the other's reply, "and we shall even meet more often under the new arrangement. Our 'nights off' will be the same, and we will spend them together."

"I shall miss all the old faces," said Patience, "the matrons I have learned to like, and the prisoners, who have become, as it were, my charge. I wonder what Daisy March will do without me?"

"Without you?"

"Well, she does mind what I say now and then, I think."

"My dear Patience, you have Daisy March upon the brain."

And this Daisy March, whose name stands in our title as one of our principal characters—what of her? That young lady was in the dark at the present moment, having tried the effect of a break-out, it was thought upon Janet Finlanson's earnest recommendation, who considered that it "kept the pot a-billin'." But Daisy had especial reasons for this extraordinary ebullition of temper, and they were soon apparent to the night officer. Daisy March had been three months in prison at this time, we may add.

"I say, Miss Greenwood," she said, in a low voice, when the "inspection" had been opened to see that the refractory prisoner was "all right" in the dark cell to which she had been consigned, "I want to speak to you."

"Well?"

"I ain't to see much more on you, they say."

"How do you know that?"

"You're goin' to t'other prison, ain't you?"

"Who told you?"

"Oh! it's all over the place: you can't keep things quiet here. I knowed it yesterday, and that's why I've got to the dark."

"You! And for what reason?"

"I could speak to yer, you see—I could—"

She paused, then went on again.

"I could tell you I was sorry you was a-goin', miss."

"Why, you don't care for me?"

"Don't s'pose I cares for nobody—nobody at all. But I don't want you to go, somehow."

"Why not?"

"You ain't like the rest on 'em," she replied.

"You ain't like your sister—not a bit of it. Nobody likes your sister."

"That's bad news to me."

"You do, I s'pose."

"Yes. She has been a good, kind sister to me."

"Has she, really?"

"And you have a sister who has been kind to you."

"How—how do you know that?" cried Daisy, very quickly now. It was her turn to be surprised at the information.

"I have fancied it," said Patience Greenwood, dryly.

"You knows too much for me," said Daisy March. "You are precious artful if—"

"If I sometimes think I can guess the reason why you are here."

"Well, what was it?"

"Because your sister was here too; and you were rash enough and wicked enough to join her at any cost."

"You know a lot, you do," said Daisy, ironically.

"Am I wrong?"

"Well, Poll was allers good to me. She took my part—fought with father for me, scratched mother, did everythink for me—and as I couldn't get on without her, why, I came here. That's it. And you won't split, will you?"

"And you are fond of this sister, then?"

"I jest am."

"Why do you break out like this, then? Mary Wilton doesn't."

"Oh, she puts me out, though! She talks to the other women too much," Daisy added, jealously, "and I can't bear it. But," she added, quaintly, "I came here to see you this time, and I'm verry comfortable. I like this shop."

"Dreadful!"

"And I shall come and see you in your new crib," said Daisy, positively. "I goes in for a bran'-new leaf to-morrow. I sha'n't be werry long afore I follow you, you see."

"Ah, you'll have to be very good, March, to get to the next prison."

"You'll see."

"You can be good if you like, then?"

"You jest see!" was the strong reiteration here. "Poll's going, and now you're going, and—I mean it now."

"Mean it always, Daisy March, and I shall be verry glad," said our heroine, earnestly.

"You glad? What if I— Here, did you say glad?"

"Yes, verry glad."

"Well, you are a rum 'un," was the inelegant response, in a low, sepulchral, wondering tone of voice. "I don't make it out, you know."

"Why I should be glad?"

"Zackly so, miss. Because you see I'm so awful bad; born bad, without a scrap of good in me anywhere. They'll tell you so in Scroggs's Court, Liverpool, and no flies. They'll tell you there—"

"I don't want to hear what they say of you there, Daisy. Never mind them. What they say of you here is another matter, and I shall be glad when you have your good-conduct badge. I'm going now. Good-by."

"Good-by for the present, miss. That's all."

"That's all."

"And you will be glad to see me?"

"Yes, verry glad."

"Thankee, thankee. God bless you, miss. I don't make it all out, but God bless you. There!" shrieked the girl.

The matron walked away slowly, stopped, came back again. "What made you say that?" she asked.

"I don't know. I've heard people talk like that off and on."

"Do you know what it means?"

"Dashed if I do."

"Do you know anything of Him whom you call upon to bless me?"

"No."

"Not anything?—oh, not anything?"

"The parson's been a-tryin' to make me know a bit, and I've been a-tryin' to understand him; but, lor bless you, there's no making him out, miss, try as hard as you can."

"You will understand, I hope. Meanwhile, God bless Daisy March for trying. I think He will in His good time."

And Patience Greenwood moved slowly away—moved on forever from this neglected prison flower. Matron and convict had made many plans, and looked forward to the future. But the future is God's, and belongs not to man or woman.

CHAPTER IV.

DAISY IS DECEIVED.

To trace the prison life of Daisy March step by step, and to track a faltering, feeble progress—but still a progress—in detail, comes not within the province of a story of this kind. It will be sufficient to record that a wild, distorted nature put forth some green young shoots toward the light and life lying beyond the murky world in which she had been cast, and that she showed some little efforts to work upward. And if this was not repentance, and there was no religion in the question, if the chaplain of the jail exercised no power over her, and was at any opportunity an object to be ridiculed and scoffed at, still Daisy March worked on doggedly, learned some lesson of self-restraint, gathered to herself the fact that by good behavior and fair obedience the distance between the penal class and "the association"—the prison wherein the rule was silence and severity, and the prison beyond, where silence would be the exception—grew less and less with every day. The good-conduct badge was earned at last, and it was on the cards that Daisy March might be transferred at any moment. There had been every incentive to exertion; her sister had gone, and was a "number-one woman" in the new prison, and Patience Greenwood was waiting for her, she was sure. It had been a promise between them, and the young assistant matron had been the only officer to give her a good word. This sister of hers, this Kate Greenwood, was not one of the right sort. She was "down on her"; she was all for the rules; she was more like a machine than an officer; she seldom smiled, and was always very silent, watchful, cross; she gave her no news of the "other one"—not she, without it was wrenched out of her.

Once or twice, in odd opportunities to say a few words, when Daisy March had become a prisoner over whom a less amount of rigor was exercised, when she was a "cleaning woman," and allowed a few half-hours of liberty about the

wards, efforts were made by her to render Kate Greenwood conversational.

"You don't tell me anything about her, Miss Greenwood," she said once. "I don't know nothin'."

Miss Greenwood regarded her very thoughtfully, and, as Daisy March considered, very crossly, being a bad judge of the looks of earnest folk.

"What do you want to know, March?"

"She's at the other prison, I s'pose?"

"My sister?"

"Yes."

"She is in the country now," was the reply; "at her aunt's."

"There, now; blest if I didn't think there was some game up. What's the use in her bein' away when I'm a-goin' to her directly? What's the—"

"She has been ill," said Kate Greenwood, interrupting her.

"You don't say that!"

"But she is getting better, they say. She will be on duty next week again, I hope."

"Why didn't I know this afore? Why couldn't you tell me?" said Daisy March, almost peremptorily.

"I am not here to give you news," was the cold answer; "and besides," she added, "it might have unsettled you."

"Oh, much you cared about that!"

"And," she continued, very calmly, and quite oblivious to the taunt conveyed, "I wanted you to get to your sister."

"Oh, she's told you that, then, has she?" exclaimed Daisy.

"No, I told her long ago," was the reply.

"Ah! you're too sharp for me, Miss Greenwood," remarked the other. "And what's she doing?"

"She is doing pretty well."

"It's funny your having a sister and me having one too, and all going on together like a four-in-hand; ain't it?"

"I don't see the fun in it."

"It's funny to me, and no mistake. You don't know—"

"I know you are talking too much," said the matron, closing the subject suddenly and peremptorily. "There, get on with your work."

"Ah! I shall never like you a bit," muttered Daisy March to herself; "and what's more, I sha'n't try."

The impression even grew upon Daisy March that she disliked this officer more with every day, and that the prim young matron evaded her, and took a deal of pains to keep out of her way—a tremendous deal of pains, as though she hated to say a word to her, or give her one scrap of news. Thank goodness, she should soon be out of her clutches, soon have earned her right to get away to the prison where the other was, and where the rules were not so hard and fast, or "down upon a gal." She should like that new prison, she was sure; she would be presently in association there, and allowed to talk a bit, and she was "uncommon fond" of talking, if they'd only let her.

There was a great deal to perplex this half-child, half-woman. She did not quite make everything out. Miss Greenwood was not seen for days together; then she took her fortnight's holidays, and came back looking all the worse for them. There was something wrong somewhere, she thought; and one early morning Daisy secured her opportunity, and made a dash at her in the ward:

"How is she? You don't tell me nothin', you don't," was the old charge against the matron.

Miss Greenwood turned white, but she was very calm, and even firm.

"How is your sister, do you mean?" she said, interrogatively.

"No, no—yours. Is she well?"

"She is very well," came the slow answer, which was accompanied by a swift walk away from her questioner, with whom she would hold no further converse, it was evident, that day.

"Stuck up; allers so drefful stuck up. I do hate the sight o' you, and no mistake," Daisy March said, shaking her fist after the matron.

A few days afterward there came back to the old prison big Janet Finlanson, the woman who had broken out into a fit of passion because so young a prisoner as Daisy March had fallen into the custody of the state. Janet had worked her way almost by a miracle to the secondary stage of prison servitude, but it had been more than a miracle to keep her subservient to the rules there. She had had her feelings hurt; there had been a great deal to upset her in Poll Wilton's behavior, and she had shivered all the glass in the kitchen with her broom one day instead of doing her work, and had tried to knock Poll Wilton's brains out against the wall for sending her contemptuous messages, and returning the lock of her hair, which she had given her once, covered thickly with salt.* Janet had been sent back to the penal ward, with her badge stripped from her, and all her hard work to begin over again. She did not care, she said; nobody should trample upon her; and as she had come back, by jingo! they should have a time of it—the lot of 'em! And a time of it they had.

Still, Daisy March found an opportunity to communicate with Janet Finlanson. In a "stiff"—which is the cant name for a written missive surreptitiously conveyed from one prisoner to another, and faithfully passed on till it reaches the hands of her for whom it is intended—Daisy, who could write a little now, asked two questions:

"Was Poll hurt? How was the Greenwood girl?"

She did not get her answer readily. It was three days coming back, and was at last taken from under the back hair of a prisoner, and surreptitiously conveyed to her.

Here is the letter, the ink manufactured from

the smoke gathered at the bottom of a "pint" which had been held over the gas jet in the cell, and the paper a torn fly-leaf of her Bible. Janet Finlanson had been taught to write and spell in prison, and here is a fair specimen of her powers of composition:

"Pol's bad. Lade up. She sint mi air bac sallted, an' I rushed 'er fur it. She won't cheek mee agane. 'Ope I ain't urt her too mutch. i doant no wot u mene by ows the other grenewood. She's dead."

Daisy March deciphered this epistle with great difficulty, but when it was mastered, she was more like the child she looked than she had ever been yet—a child in her passionate abandonment to grief and the extravagant misery of her despair. There were strange depths of feeling, wild and incomprehensible and unfathomable, in this untaught nature, but they displayed themselves only in the old, sad, mad fashion of our female prisoners. Daisy March "broke out"; the glass within reach was shattered, the metal pint was battered out of shape, the blankets were torn into a hundred strips, and fighting, kicking, and screaming, this distraught child was carried to the penal cell out of the way of women striving to do well, but terribly quick to follow an evil example, and only too ready to fling away all sense of self-restraint.

It was a source of regret to more than one female officer that Daisy March had broken out again. The extreme youth of the prisoner had always stood in her favor, and enlisted the secret sympathy of the matrons in her anomalous position; there had been no little satisfaction at the child prisoner becoming more child-like and natural with the teaching of the jail. And now it had all to be begun again—and the weary heart-sickening, hope-deferred task, to start afresh from the very beginning of this miserable, soul-shadowing existence.

"They told me a lot o' lies; they kep' it all from me, an' she was dead all the while. I won't go to any other prison now. I'll die here, if I can. I won't care for anything or anybody ever any more. I won't! I won't! I won't!"

The matron on duty came to see her every hour, and strove to pacify her, but she would not listen to a word. She was a fury, who might scream herself to death in time—a demoniac, and not human in her ravings. The disappointment was hard to endure. Heaven knows what thoughts had been in this young girl's mind concerning her new life in prison, her better life beyond it, and she did not bear this disappointment well. She gave way completely—so very completely that even the matrons, accustomed to these scenes, became alarmed, and the surgeon of the jail regarded her as a being whom it was difficult to comprehend, and beyond his power, as it seemed presently, to save.

No one had imagined that Daisy March would have taken the matter to heart: she was a prison item, nothing more, and not to be credited with more human feeling than the rest of them; and indeed, in the early stages of her career, she had shown herself in many things particularly callous. But Daisy March was not to be measured by the square and rule, and no one understood her yet. The suspicion that this was a character out of the common order had been guessed at faintly, perhaps, by Patience Greenwood, sleeping now peacefully in a country church-yard, with all the dangers and difficulties of prison service forever far removed from her.

Daisy March refused all food—fought with those who endeavored to give it her; was found at last lying like a dead thing in her cell, and was carried to the infirmary, where she battled with a raging fever, and the bodily weakness following the fever, for many a long day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Prize Design Embroideries of the New York Decorative Art Society.

See illustration on page 445.

THE exhibition of the embroidery designs put in competition for the prizes lately offered by the New York Society of Decorative Art has recently closed. The extent of the exhibition, the heartiness and promptness of the responses to the society's invitations to contribute, the number and variety of the entries, show the great advantage of occasional competition in artistic as well as in practical industries. Although the plan of the competition was considered during last autumn, it was only in January that work was fairly begun. A circular containing the list of prizes, thirteen in number—six offered by the society, and seven by individual members—with the rules governing the entries, was prepared, and sent to every State and Territory, to Canada, Nova Scotia, Bermuda, England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Austria, and Italy. Many letters of inquiry, expressive of much interest in the competition, were received from Europe, as well as from distant parts of the United States. But the foreign letters generally came too late for information to reach their writers in season to prepare designs, although a design of silk needle-work on linen which arrived from Rome was commended by the judges. About six hundred and thirty circulars and letters were sent out before the exhibition, and nearly three hundred designs, both in colors on paper and in finished articles, were received in return. Considering that the time for preparation was practically but three months, and that many things sent were very large and elaborate, the number of entries is notable.

The first prize was \$500 for the best design for a portière or window-hanging, while \$100 was offered for the second best. Of the portière designed and worked by Miss Carrie Townsend, of Albany, which took the first prize, we give a beautiful illustration on page 445. A brief descrip-

tion will furnish some idea of its richness and elaborateness. The effect was that of looking through an open window at a magnificent jar of branching roses standing on the ledge. The frame-work of the window is represented by a peculiar and indescribable shade of olive plush. The balcony lattice is in bands of the same plush, over a curious Japanese cloth, woven of threads of gold and deep red, producing a remarkable changefulness of tone. Above the lattice is a bar of plush, on which the vase stands. Across the top of the hanging a broad band of the Japanese cloth is bordered by a narrow stripe of plush, and ornamented with four alternate foils of reddish and olive plush, picked out with heavy gold thread. The large jar, from whose mouth the rose branches droop, is cut out of a gold and red Japanese brocade, and is sewed to the cream white satin on which the roses are worked. The roses themselves are exquisitely and lavishly wrought in every shade, from pure white to the rich red of the Jacqueminot and the clear yellow of the Marshal Niel. The curtain is a remarkable piece of needle-work to have been executed in so short a time by a single hand.

The second prize for a portière was given to Mrs. A. L. Warren, for one of blue-green plush, with a wide top and bottom border of old gold plush, the body of the hanging decorated with large irregularly applied disks of old gold plush, treated with dull red and gold embroidery and perpendicular gold lines.

For the best design for screens of not less than three panels \$200 was offered, and won by Mr. G. W. Maynard, for a design representing the Seasons, symbolized by four light, graceful female figures. Below the figures is a sort of dado of signs of the Seasons.

The productions of the society were not entered for competition, but they were very beautiful, and well worth description. Among them were several screens; but one, from the novelty of its treatment, attracted special attention and praise. It had three panels, was made of gold-colored silk satine, and the novelty was the pattern, formed of the stuff merely by bold outlines and a darned background. The design was a branch of large conventionalized leaves and flowers, very graceful and clearly defined, the outlines and veins being worked in crewel stitch in heavy threads of filoselle. All the surface between and around the pattern was darned in close, even, straight rows of long and short stitches of coarse gold silk, producing so effective a background that at the first glance it appeared to be another fabric. The outlines of the design, too, were done in different colors in the different panels—dull reds and olive greens—giving an entirely different tone to each. This was one of the newest and most beautiful pieces in the exhibition.

Another folding-screen was one of the most original, although not one of the most artistic, contributions. This had a ground of soft, dull-toned satin, decorated with birds and large drooping branches of flowers. The flowers were artificial, and were secured to the material partly by delicate stitches and partly, it may be inferred, by gumming. The birds were the feathers and heads of real birds similarly secured. The result was fantastically realistic; and while it was not without effectiveness, it was just the sort of thing that would be intolerable from any but very skillful fingers.

The third important prize offered was \$125 for the best frieze, or band, applicable to table-cover, lambrequin, or other decorative purpose. This was taken by Mrs. E. A. Carter, for embroidery on unbleached muslin—a broad band of large conventionalized leaves and flowers, wrought in olive green, dull pink, and blue crewels. The flowers were worked in a long button-hole stitch, the leaves in heavy outline, and the ground between the thickly massed blossoms was checkered in a coarse outline.

A member of the Executive Committee offered \$100 for the best table-cover, and the prize was awarded to Miss E. L. Guinissard for a cover of soft dark olive-green satin, bordered with brilliant sea-weeds, worked from nature in filoselle and chenille. The coloring was more vivid than we are accustomed to find among sea-weeds; but if memory serve, the prototypes of that border were found on the California coast, where all hues are more intense than in the East.

A special prize of \$50 offered by the president of the society for the most artistic example of needle-work not included under the other heads, fell to Miss Blackwell for a decorative piece mounted on a stretcher. It was the head and bust of a woman in the garb of one of the early centuries; the ground of flesh-colored satin, and the costume exquisitely wrought in silks.

A vice-president's prize of \$50 for the best design of outline-work on silk was secured by Miss Cora Thompson for a cover of pale gold-colored satin with a border of white cashmere. The centre was decorated with angels' heads in outline, with mottoes done in a deeper shade of yellow silk, while the border was ornamentally treated with gold silk outline-work.

The \$25 prize for the best outline-work on linen was given to Miss M. L. Morris for a set of doyleys, only remarkable for the great delicacy of material and execution.

A prize of \$25 for the best figure design for a panel was awarded to Mr. William Walton for a horizontal panel representing a procession of feminine figures on horseback, in bright-colored costumes of the twelfth or thirteenth century.

These were the important awards; but there were several fine pieces of embroidery which should be mentioned, although, for technical and other reasons, they did not secure prizes. For instance, a beautiful portière of cream white satin was wrought with ripening corn and orange-colored pumpkins, and was one of the freshest of the designs. A curtain for a summer dining-room of fine unbleached muslin was worked in broad horizontal bands of conventionalized blossoms in pale rose pink and blue filoselle, the stitches being few, bold, and effective. Two dogs' heads on white linen or silk were the very opposite of the last piece in style, for the stitches were of blinding fineness, and apparently done with a spider's web. Except for the sheeniness—almost like nature—of the dogs' coats, the heads would have appeared to be pen-and-ink sketches.

The society's entries were numerous, and comprised portières, stripes for chair backs, table-covers, folding-screens, bed-spreads, footstools, mirror draperies, and many other things. Among them was a beautiful curtain designed by Mr. Samuel Colman, and executed in the society's work-rooms, for Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. It was made in horizontal bands of different colors and widths. The topmost band was of dull olive plush, with beautiful embroidered birds upon it. Below this, a broad band of blue satin made the ground for graceful fleurs-de-lis. Under this again, a band of brown satin, with ornamental foils, while nearly the lower half of the hanging was of silvery brown-gray plush. Another portière from Mr. Colman's designs was of old gold plush and satin, wrought very elaborately with pale shades of silks and crewels, so that the whole effect was like faint winter sunshine.

To say that all this may be written of the exhibition without describing half of its beauty and merit is to say that it was of surprising excellence. The object of the society in offering the prizes was to stimulate taste and talent in matters of original design, to induce excellent needle-workers to break away somewhat from conventional and commonplace methods, and to encourage in many ways the practical study of decorative needle-work. In these respects the results of the competition have been very satisfactory, even when the embroideries are compared with the superb pieces of ancient work in the loan exhibition held in connection with the competition, and which we have not space to describe.

But in the exhibition, as a whole, it is easy to perceive the four years' influence of an organization like the Society of Decorative Art in fostering and developing our native talent.

COME AND GONE.

Thou cam'st when light and liberty
Had loosened every cry;
Thou cam'st when star-lit sympathy
Illumined spring's soft sky.
Thou cam'st when Day descending,
Bathed in her new-born heat,
With the twilight's calm was blending,
And we were glad to meet.

Thou cam'st when Earth was glowing
In universal joy,
When all her life was growing
Our brightest hopes to buoy.
Thou cam'st when skylark, soaring
On high aspiring wing,
His grateful praise was pouring
In ceaseless carolling.

Thou art gone! the sun is shining
As if it knew no past;
And Earth, on flowers reclining,
Forgets the wintry blast.
But my love can find no morrow
Unlit by yesterday,
And in vain it seeks to borrow
The lith'om soul of May.

Thou art gone! whilst gloom is shrouding
The hope which lingered yet;
Thou art gone! whilst mists are clouding
Scenes we can ne'er forget.
Though in the hour of parting
Farewells must bring regret,
May this balm come o'er its smarting—
'Tis better to have met!

FROM NATURE'S STORE-HOUSE.

AMONG the strange things seen by Humboldt on the slope of the Cerra Duida, he records the discovery of "shirt-trees."

They grow to the height of fifty feet, and to obtain these garments the natives cut cylindrical pieces two feet in diameter; through the upper opening peers the wearer's head, and through lateral slits the arms are thrust. These sack-like garments are seamless, and greatly resemble the ponchos and manos extensively used in New Granada and Peru; as we may easily imagine, these comfortable coverings of native growth are extremely coarse in texture, but if travellers' notes are to be relied upon, are regarded as very stylish "business suits" for that section of country.

What easy times the house-mothers of those regions must have, if, in addition, "a thread-and-needle tree" should chance to spring up near their simple dwellings—useful adjuncts when rents appear and "patching season" approaches: their "shining steel," a simple thorn growing at the end of the leaf of the maguay-tree; the "silk-en thread," poetically speaking, a fibre which is attached to the thorn. The fortunate seamstress deftly plucks the thorn, warily draws forth the delicate line of thread, and she is ready for her labor of love.

In New Zealand may be found a strong drapery made from the fibre of trees, and when covered with "impressed patterns," as is often the custom, a firm and even beautiful stuff for garments and house ornamentation may be obtained. The lace-tree, growing in the Indies, is utilized by the negroes to furnish material both rich and delicate for pleasant, comfortable garments.

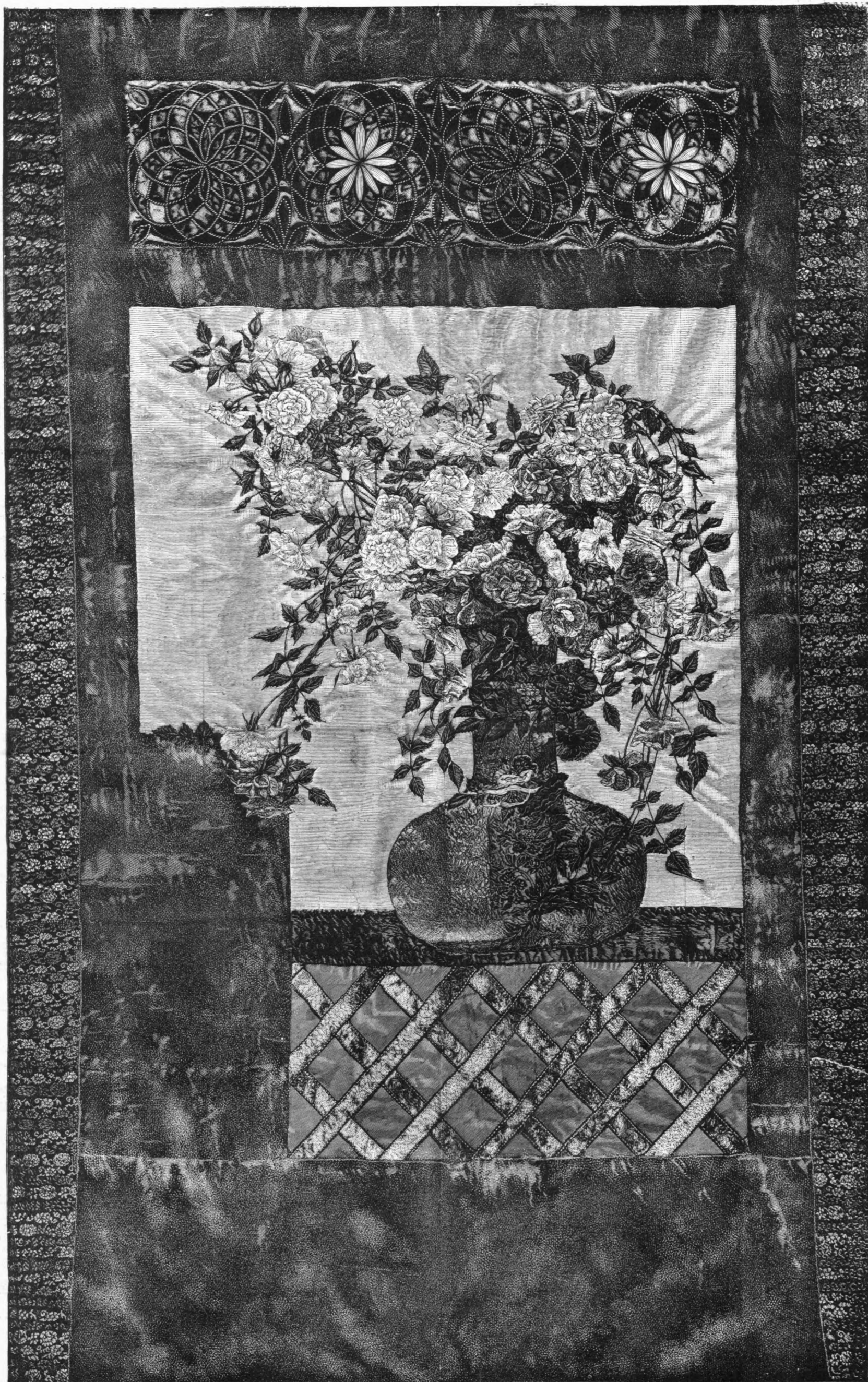
Whenever one finds the cork-tree, a curious process may be observed, for the natives of those regions have deft fingers, and can, by distending the bark of a little switch of the size of a quill, bring into shape a jaunty little cap, a convenient bag, or a useful whip, all of them possessing the wonderful flexibility of articles manufactured with the finest cord.

* An insult which one female convict will occasionally offer to another, and which invariably leads to much heart-burning and passionate outbreaks.



"MAMMA'S BIRTHDAY."

FROM A PAINTING BY PHIL MORRIS, A. R. A.



FIRST PRIZE DESIGN FOR PORTIÈRE, BY MISS CARRIE TOWNSEND, OF ALBANY, NEW YORK.

FROM THE PRIZE DESIGN EXHIBITION OF THE NEW YORK DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY.—[SEE PAGE 443.]

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—[Adv.] Portland, Me. S. E. SYLVESTER, M. D.

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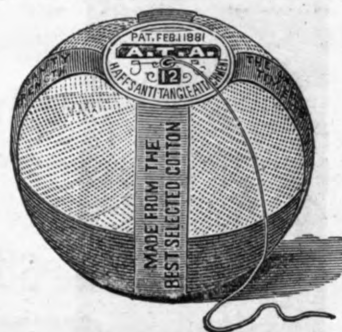
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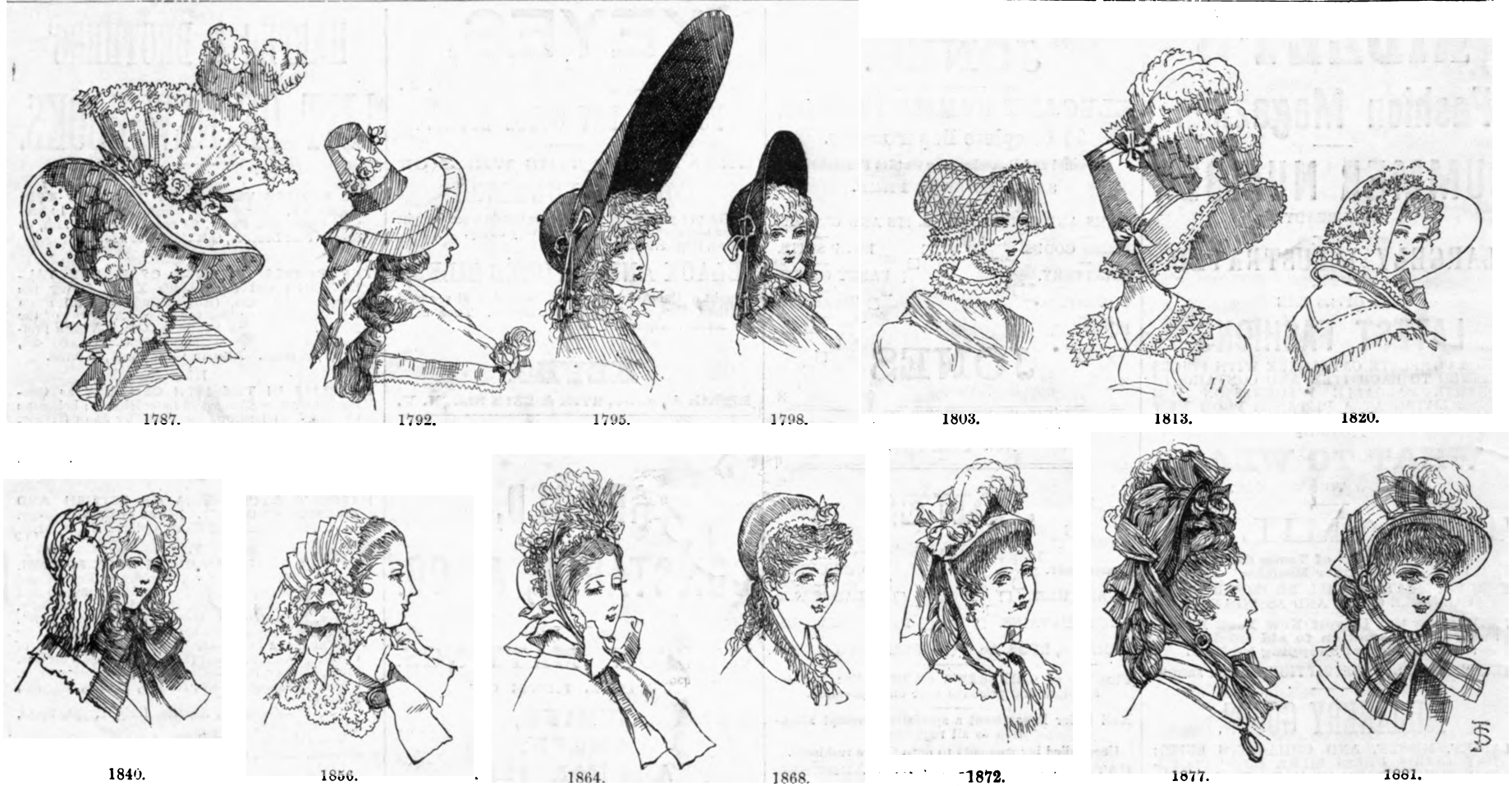
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EVOLUTIONS OF THE FRENCH BONNET.

FACETIÆ.

A LITTLE girl of twelve years, the daughter of a clergyman, was asked, "Sadie, does your papa ever preach the same sermon twice?" After thinking a moment, Sadie replied, "Yes, sir, I think he does; but I think he hollers in different places."

A popular clergyman recently delivered a lecture to his parishioners assembled upon the interesting subject of "Fools." There was naturally a very large audience, and the rush for seats was much augmented by the form in which the admission tickets were printed. The inscription ran thus: "Lecture on Fools. Admit one."

The young man who wants to get up with the sun must not sit up too late with the daughter.

An ingenious mother who has long been bothered by the fastidiousness of her children at table has at last discovered a way of circumventing them. She places what she wants each child to eat before its neighbor at table, and of course each cries for what the other has, and the ends of justice are promoted.

An old lady of his flock once called upon Dr. Gill with a grievance. The doctor's neck-bands were too long for her ideas of ministerial humanity, and after a long harangue on the sin of pride, she intimated that she had brought a pair of scissors with her, and would be pleased if her dear pastor would permit her to cut them down to her notions of propriety. The doctor not only listened patiently, but handed over the offending white bands to be operated upon. When she had cut them to her satisfaction and returned the bibs, it was the doctor's turn.

"Now," said he, "you must do me a good turn also."

"Yes, that I will, doctor. What can it be?"

"Well, you have something about you which is a deal too long, and which causes me no end of trouble, and I should like to see it shorter."

"Indeed, dear sir, I will not hesitate. What is it? Here are the scissors; use them as you please."

"Come, then," said the sturdy divine, "good sister, put out your tongue."

A TERTOTAL TRUTH.—Woman tempted man to eat, but he took to drink himself.

"My friend has a reverence for the truth," said a baronet to a gentleman.

"So I perceive," was the reply, "for he always keeps a respectable distance from it."

A BATCH OF QUERIES.—These pertinent queries are propounded by a curious exchange: What does billet deus? What check did counter sign? Who ever saw a hood wink? Who ever saw a pig iron? What does egg plant? Why did the thunder bolt? Who ever heard a foot ball? What did the dew drop? Where does clock work? What did plough share? Who ever saw a wheel wright? For whom did penny weight? Whom did tin foil? What did brandy smash? What did grass plot? Why was grape shot? What did the pick pocket? Whom did the goose berry? Is it jokes that jim cracks?



MENTAL ARITHMETIC.

"Been to school, my boy?" "Yes, sir." "Graduated?" "Yes, sir." "Well, look here: four pounds of salmon at fifty cents a pound, what would that be?" "Two dollars, sir." "Quite right, my boy. Here's a dime for you. But stop a moment. What would twenty pounds of salmon at five cents be?" "Why, stale, to be sure. Wholesale it's thirty cents."



PACKING UP FOR THE COUNTRY.

ANGELINA. "There's no necessity for such dreadful language, Edwin. I've only Three more Skirts to put in, and then there will be plenty of room for your few things if you press them down."

[Edwin is dubious.]



COACHING.

OMNIBUS DRIVER. "'Stonishin' the amewsmnt the arry-stocracy finds in it, sir. But p'rhaps it's a good thing, y' know, sir: gives 'em fresh air, an' occypies their minds, an' keeps 'em out o' the beer saloons—leastways the clubs, I mean, sir."

A rather verdant young man, conceited and censorious, while talking to a young lady at a party, pointed toward a couple that he supposed to be in an adjoining room, and said, "Just look at that conceited young prig! Isn't it perfectly absurd for such boys to go into society?"

"Why," exclaimed his companion, "that isn't a door; it's a mirror."

A Dutchman repeated the adage, "Birds mit one fedder goes mit demselves."

"I'll join you presently," as the minister said to the young couple as he went for the church key.

A man is more likely to forget his sweetheart than his first pipe.

A doctor went out for a day's hunting, and on coming home complained that he hadn't killed anything. "That's because you didn't attend to your legitimate business," said his wife.

LOVE.

SHE. "Why is love always represented as a child?"

HE. "Because it never reaches the age of experience."

SHE. "Still, old men have been known—"

HE. "Yes; but they were in their second childhood."

When two gushing young women make a great display of bidding each other good-by, it may be called "much adieu about nothing."

ALL RIGHT UP TO NOW.—A young counsel commenced his stammering speech with the remark, "The unfortunate client who appears by me—" and came to a full stop. Beginning again, after an embarrassed pause, with a repetition of the remark, "My unfortunate client," he did not find his fluency of speech quickened by the calm rally of the judge, who interposed, in the softest tone, "Pray go on; so far, the Court is quite with you."

LADIES IN WAITING—Middle-aged spinsters.

There is said to be an old lady one hundred and seven years old who does not wear spectacles, and whose sight is just as good as ever it was. She was born blind.

There is a story told of a fine old Cornish squire who only drank brandy on two occasions—when he had had goose for dinner, and when he had not.

A store-keeper, having paid some fruitless visits to one of his customers, called a few days ago for an installment of his debt. But the customer, expecting him, told her son, a lad of five years, to say she was "in the toon." Accordingly, when the man called, and asked, "Where is your mother to-day?" the boy promptly replied, "In the toon."

"What toon?" asked the merchant.

The boy, having no further instructions from his mother, went to the next room, and shouted, "Mither, what toon are ye at? he wants to ken."



THOROUGHNESS.

AUNT MATILDA. "And do you study Geography, Janet?"

JANET. "Geography! I should think so, indeed!"

AUNT MATILDA. "Where's Niagara Falls?"

JANET. "Niagara Falls! Oh, we haven't got as far as that. We've only got as far as Asia."

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ANN ARBOR

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SKIRT, 20 CENTS.—[SEE PAGE 474]

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AND SKIRT, 20 CENTS EACH.—[SEE PAGE 474.]

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 38 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued July 5, opens with an article on "Canoeing," illustrated by spirited sketches of the recent regatta of the New York Canoe Club, drawn by DAVIDSON. The number also contains "Fourth of July in Kerim," and "Was the Day a Failure?" two Fourth-of-July stories, by W. O. STODDARD and KATHARINE R. McDOWELL; "Jeremy Black's Fourth of July," a poem by HOWARD PYLE, illustrated by the author; "The Bell-Ringer of 1776," a poem by MARY A. P. STANSBURY; "Grandpa's Drum," a full-page picture by KELLY; one chapter each of the serial stories, "The Cruise of the 'Ghost,'" and "Aunt Ruth's Temptation"; several Fourth-of-July Comics; and other attractions.

Our next Number will contain a Pattern Sheet with numerous full-sized patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' Boating Costumes; Muslin, Batiste, Nan's Veiling, Salteen, Surah, Foulard, and other Summer Dresses; Morning Wrappers; Girls' and Boys' Suits; Infants' Robes; Collars, Cuffs, and Cravats; an elegant Portière; a new and beautiful Embroidered Tidy; and various fancy articles. The same Number will contain the opening of a charming Novelette, entitled "MISS ANDERSON'S COLORS," by the popular novelist F. W. ROBINSON; the continuation of MRS. HORY'S thrilling story, "THE QUESTION OF CAIN"; a magnificent DOUBLE-PAGE ART ILLUSTRATION, being No. IV. of "Types of Beauty"; and many other choice literary and pictorial attractions.

METHOD.

SHAKESPEARE and his fellows had a useful word in their vocabulary which the toiling generations have lost in their transit across three centuries. Undue hurry, feverish haste, confused activity, they called "festination," antithetically to "procrastination." We think of that age as sober-paced, tranquil, with time for all things. Kings and queens could make "progresses" to visit their grateful subjects, and stay, junketing, as long as they liked. Parliaments might adjourn to go a-Maying, not always with Truth, Hope, and Poesy. The common people kept all sorts of holidays. It is said that SHAKESPEARE himself had sometimes to be dragged home from the fascinations of shovel-board at the old inn across the way to finish the waiting scene.

"Festination" belongs to us rather than to them, one would say, for though we have lost the word, we have increased the evil it stood for. We live in a rampage of haste, a fury of effort, a whirl of occupation. We say the time is overexacting; that no one can do the innumerable things demanded of him.

Yet it often happens that the most leisurely people are they who accomplish most. They seem to have some spell to command the dumb forces of nature to their service. They are always busy, but never hurried. And if need or sympathy makes some sudden demand upon their time, they can always honor it.

The secret of this comfortable accomplishment is always method in work. WALTER SCOTT, that miracle of performance, wrote to a young friend: "Do instantly whatever is to be done; take the hours of reflection or recreation after business, and never before it. When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front does not move steadily and without interruption. It is the same with business. If that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily, and regularly dispatched, other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion. Pray mind this. It is one of your weak points, a habit of mind it is that is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not filled up regularly, but is left to their own arrangement. But it is like the ivy round the oak, and ends by limbing, if it does not destroy, the power of manly and necessary exertion."

Health often fails under the stress of multiplied demands on the "now." And even if that does not yield, work must be punctuated, servile, and thankless with such conditions. All the elasticity, joyousness, and freedom which we were meant to bring to our tasks fade out. We go our weary round as slaves, and not as heroes, driven, not compelling. Every night is a supreme relief from low labor, not the rewarding rest of cheerful industry. And the last sleep seems less the pause before the new and infinite activities than the end of these harassing mortal toils.

Moreover, when the sense of hurry is upon us, and we go from one occupation to another, driven as by the lash, the brain takes its full impression of nothing which comes in contact with it. All our mental photographs are blurred and indistinct. Not only is the pleasure lost which we should take from every new scene, but the habit of mind becomes inaccurate. It is the universal complaint among very busy people that they are losing their memory. This merely means that before the impression they desired to retain, from reading, or conversation, or vision, was fixed upon the sensitive plate of the brain, another image fell upon it and blotted out the first.

It would be bad enough if this dim and confused mental state were all the penalty that the sufferer pays. But he can not report with exactness what he does not recall with clearness. He not only confounds his impressions, he may even reverse them. And many a man and woman bear the stigma of untruthfulness who are perfectly upright in intention, but who would describe themselves as "hurried to death."

There is a broad field here for the prevention of cruelty. But each reforming society must be of a private nature, and composed of an individual offender. All these industrial inebriates say, with perfect truth, that nobody could work harder than they do. What they need is to work less, but do more. If to-morrow every one of these vexed housekeepers, these worn-out mothers, these busy farmers and professional men, would plan the day's work, one thing to dovetail into another, and then refuse to touch any one until its due place was reached, the sun would go down upon a community wondering within itself, like the little old woman in the nursery tale, "if this be I, as I suppose it be."

Of course cast-iron regulations can not be made for adults, as—more's the pity—they are made for children. There will be breaks and hinderances. But if the habit of method be once established, all these yield, like the earth to CORIOLANUS. And to go out of our perfunctory drudging round into the fair freedom of the heritage of the whole world is worth a vigorous fight with the fixed custom of a life-time. We should have a new line in our copy-books, that this moral might be impressed on children at an early age: "If Procrastination be the thief of time, not less is Festination time's tyrant, torturer, assassin." That was a fine saying of SIR AMYAS PAULET, "Let us stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner."

THE LITERARY WOMAN.

THE literary woman is no longer a century plant, and her blossoming into print does not convulse the world with wonder and excitement; there is no literary earthquake nowadays when she appears, no question as to whether she has stepped out of her sphere or mistaken her vocation; she is accepted as a matter of course, as another aspirant for bread and butter, as one who has chosen to apply her talents to letters rather than to millinery or teaching—or rather she is one who seeks to teach in a larger school than the normal or the college. She has already so many companions following in her wake or leading the way that she is conspicuous only as her work rises above or falls below that of her sex. To be sure, she is always supplied with admirers, who write her love-letters, who predict a career for her, who believe themselves the heroines of her novels, who see the reflection of their own inner consciousness in her poems, who submit their manuscripts to her approval, and who beg her autograph. She holds to-day, perhaps, as sure a position in the literary market as her lord and master, and the time is past when she can be patronized by him; and though it may be said that her path wanders through the valleys of imagination and sentiment, yet who can predict that she may not presently penetrate to the enchanted regions of the sciences, when we remember that MARY SOMERVILLE has been her pioneer; that she may not follow the stars in their courses, and tame the electric forces to propel her chariot wheels? It has been supposed that the literary woman knew nothing but literature, and that very imperfectly; that she could rhyme, but could not reason; that she could manufacture novels hardly as heavy as her bread; that her mind was well stored with the fancies of the great poets and the opinions of the deep thinkers, from which she distilled her own subtleties, as the bee transforms the pollen into honey, but that the net result was a household at sixes and sevens; that literary absorption and the comforts of a home were incompatible. But because a woman is acquainted with the philosophy of HEGEL, does it disable her for understanding the cookery of Miss PARLOA? Because she can turn a pretty sentence, may she not turn her gowns and her carpets as adroitly? Will

she not be better able to make the fireside cheerful, the table inviting, the house attractive, because she brings to the duty a disciplined and cultivated intellect? Because one's mind is well ordered and furnished, shall one be suspected of a disordered household or a shabby wardrobe? However slovenly in her toilette the literary woman may have been in the past, however oblivious of the trifles that embellish daily existence, however anxious for celebrity, at the present she courts fashion, is not so abandoned to pure reason but she covets and collects bric-à-brac, while she does not write for fame so much as for gold and for expression.

MANNERS AT A WATERING-PLACE.

WHEN Ouida wrote her rather coarse description of the manners of English women at Trouville, in her novel of *Moths*, and described the bathing costume of the ladies of rank, the critics called her immoral. So when the reporter of a newspaper goes to Long Branch and to Narragansett, and describes what he sees on the beach, the people cry out against the license of newspapers. The fact remains in both instances that the novelist and the reporter described what they saw. Nor did they overdraw the picture.

There is no doubt but that a certain carelessness is born of the free and easy intimacy of a watering-place, and of the necessary déshabillé of sea-bathing, which is detrimental. Certainly it is not desirable that a young woman should, in the tight-rope sleeveless dress of an athlete, go swimming out to a yacht at New London, in full sight of three thousand people, and in the presence of all the squadron of the New York Yacht Club, and when there, float while she drinks a cup of coffee. It is a great proof of her excellent swimming, but it is not an elegant or instructive spectacle to the smiling stranger who believes in female modesty. The plan of men and women bathing together at a public watering-place is open to great objections, and these innovations upon propriety are keeping many people with young daughters away from watering-places.

To be commented upon by a set of gazers on the beach for an outrage upon propriety is supposed by some women to be fashion and fame. No people like to live so thoroughly in public as Americans do. There is a certain class who like to live and enjoy themselves at watering-places, in hotels, who have no idea of reserve or of retirement, and yet who are very much shocked when they hear themselves called by certain ugly names.

The small watering-places are hotbeds of scandal, the people on the piazza having nothing else to do but to talk about each other. Every couple is watched, and there is a keen-eyed woman in every corner who sees all that is going on, and sometimes much that is not. At the large watering-places there is less gossip, but often a sort of general disregard for appearances much noticed by foreigners. This is very unfortunate for the innocent girls who wish to be in the fashion, and who, in the freshness of youthful spirits, scarcely know where impropriety begins. They are the ones who are injured. They should always be on the watch, be careful what company they keep, for there are jaundiced critics amongst that group of silent observers who will not give them the benefit of the doubt if vivacity betray them into what may look like fastness and loudness of manner. As the very atmosphere of a pent-up crowd is dangerous and deadly, so does the moral atmosphere of a large and unpent crowd appear to be dangerous to some spirits. The happy, gay audacity of some pretty woman will have a large following; because some people can do a "fast" thing and be admired for it, others have the feeling that they can also do it, and so the trouble grows, for followers never equal the original in grace.

Nothing is so conspicuous as a watering-place hotel flirtation; and yet, although it may be severely scandalous, as between two married people, or a married man and an unmarried girl, we do not find that it is always put down, or that it attracts the attention, perhaps, even of a girl's mother. Three thousand other people see it, and are prone enough to write about it and talk about it to the ends of the earth, but the parties most interested are like ostriches with their heads in the sand.

It is a noted fact that all kinds of adventurers make their start in our society at a watering-place. There is no severity of etiquette possible at a hotel, where the picnic, the lawn tennis, the boating party, the whist of an evening, or the cotillion brings all the guests together. It is etiquette to bow and speak to these friends of a day, and every person who has dignity and reserve of character can well afford to do so. But when it comes to a closer acquaintance, a flirtation or a love affair, which grows naturally out of this easily begun intimacy, how much harm have the disguised couriers, the false princes, the uncertain women of foreign antecedents, done at a watering-place and after!

Ladies should not lounge about the piazzas in tea gowns, or appear at the early dinner in too full toilette, at a large watering-place. It is always vulgar. A quiet style of dress and an absence of jewelry are in the best taste. To conduct herself so that she will not be conspicuous is the instinct of every well-bred lady. She dresses quietly; she thinks of the small proprieties; she is low-voiced, and polite to every one; she does not seize upon the best chair on the piazza, or the most desirable window. In her way she tries to help along the amusements of the place, and is the first to suggest the private theatricals, the tableaux, the charades, or to invite Mrs. Tremulo to sing those

pretty ballads which every one likes. A well-bred amiable woman can give tone to a whole season at one of the smaller watering-places.

Saratoga is too vast for this. It is a great glittering serpent, gay with a thousand colors, and always changing. It would seem impossible that any one could be conspicuous or talked about at Saratoga, yet the season always produces some female Curtius who has jumped into the gulf, and does contrive to be talked about. Perhaps she does not dislike it, unfortunately. She calls it fame.

At Newport, which is a happy combination of home and watering-place, the public effect is better than at any of our fashionable resorts. There is very little gossip, very little vulgarity, and very little that is to be condemned. It presents the pleasant spectacle of a group of elegant people who are all enjoying themselves in a very quiet and unobtrusive way. There is no Trouville display on the beach.

Amongst men there is generally a scape-goat who contrives to fasten the scandalous tongues upon himself at a large watering-place. He is a gambler, a drunkard, and worse, and the amusement of the scandal-mongers is to invent some new tale of horrors in which Gilmarten plays a distinguished part, whether guilty or not.

"I went away from Long Branch for a week," said a wit of Philadelphia, "and when I got back I found no one had a rag of character left."

It is this wholesale gossip and slander, this love of dissecting character, which is the great bane of watering-place life.

Seen from a philosophical point of view, our watering-place life ought to be new, refreshing, and delightful. We go from all parts of the country to meet each other at some charming spot, to interchange experiences, to gain new ones. The health-giving waters of Saratoga, the breezes of Long Branch, and the revivifying air of Narragansett ought to make us more amiable and more hearty. It seems, however, as if we missed something, or failed somewhere, for there is a vulgarity in the very air of certain large watering-places.

Who does not know, too, the bore of the watering-place?—he who will set his after-dinner chair directly in front of the prettiest woman, and keep off everybody else, who insists upon joining every tête-à-tête, and breaking up every morning conclave of embroideresses?

Who does not know the old Tabby who puts her fangs into every character, the selfish man who gets all the good things at table, the married flirt who gives a disreputable air to one corner of the piazza, the fast man who drives the tandem, and the gay and vivacious widow who accompanies him? It is a kaleidoscope of character: every one is *en évidence*. It is "the great white light" which spares nobody.

And yet hundreds of excellent and well-bred people, neither fast nor furious, neither flirtatious nor loud, will go and enjoy these very piazzas. There is amusement in the spectacle, they say.

It perhaps costs well-bred people very little trouble to keep their temper in a crowded watering-place, but some people do not keep their tempers. Any display of temper over a lost seat at the table at Saratoga, for instance, is very ludicrous, and destroys a person's prestige. Women should never quarrel with each other in public. Every one respects a woman who always "keeps her temper," as the saying is (as if it were something to be bottled up). It is doubtful if fashionable women always love each other, but it is good taste at a watering-place to pretend to do so. It is one of the few occasions when dissimulation is to be advised as one of the virtues. Female friendships are often but the result of propinquity. Their roots are not very deep. Rivalries are constant, and coldness and quarrels are sometimes inevitable. We should at least pay society, however, the respect of not troubling it with our animosities, publicly exposed.

Women should not talk too much at a watering-place, even if they talk very well. Perhaps the better they talk, the less they should display that delightful gift. Some one is sure to say, "Oh, she is talking to make an impression." Many women with high spirits, wit, and power of expression, while simply pouring forth their charming eloquence, are supposed to be talking for effect.

All great talents and great beauty are dangerous gifts. "Beauty is of itself a suspicious circumstance, so few of us have it," said Sydney Smith. There are many hatreds and antipathies engendered by the pursuit of pleasure in our hot-house atmosphere of watering-place society. It is doubtful if any gay and idle life improves us. Still, as more people are thoughtless than bad, it would be absurd to suppose that the cultivation of the social graces should always result in a crop of weeds. If we could only learn to disarm criticism by an elegant reserve of manner, to be polite, graceful, and not too effusive at a watering-place, we should escape much malignant and disagreeable speech. The young aspirant for fashion must expect to receive some sharp wounds, however. She is going into the front of battle, and she must buckle on her armor.

No one should wear his heart on his sleeve, or disclose his innermost personalities of thought or character, at a watering-place. A woman is always laughed at who talks familiarly of her servants, her health, her husband, or her daughter's trousseau. Do not brag at a watering-place. There are some people who must brag; it is their daily bread, the breath of their nostrils; they must brag or die. Such people are the favorite ridicule of a watering-place circle, and deservedly so.

Never show an irritability over small things at a watering-place. Never scold the servants, or complain of the dinner or the beds, except to the proper authority. Bear heat and draught and dust and noise, rather than make others uncomfortable. Remember you always have the privilege of going away. No one is chained to a wa-

tering-place. Do not be fussy about your supposed rights; always yield precedence; it is the wisest course as well as the best.

Be kind to those who are ill. A watering-place hotel is a dreadful place to be ill in. Nothing is so reviving as sympathy. A knock at the door, a kind inquiry, a bunch of flowers—how little it costs you, and how much good it may do the sufferer in a noisy bedroom!

A pleasant morning salutation, equally removed from a too efflorescent subserviency and from a frigid coldness, is a very popular and becoming thing at a watering-place. Remember that you are all of one family for the time being, and that the good-morning and the good-evening never yet hurt anybody.

Faunting, bold, and shameless women are sometimes tamed and touched and converted into polite and well-bred people, for the nonce, by the civil bow of a delicate and refined lady.

Remember, too, that eccentricity, if pardonable at home, is not forgiven at a watering-place. Try to dress and behave as much like other people as possible. This is impossible to some eccentrics, but it should be striven for.

No woman should presume upon her rights as a belle, a beauty, or a wit. She has no rights at a watering-place beyond what are willingly conceded.

There must be something very fascinating in the crowd at a watering-place to the average mind, as it makes people patient of small rooms and a thousand inconveniences. A lady will stand on her trunk to dress, and will endure the greatest inconvenience as to bath and absence of wardrobe, will sleep on the hardest bed, so that she may enjoy the pleasures of the crowd. Men give up their roomy houses, their comforts, their good club dinners, and their easy-chairs, to enjoy the chat, the variety, the gay *tout-ensemble* of a watering-place. Young people love the crowded ball-room, the gay scramble on the beach, the drive, the dinner at the lake, and, in fact, "the crowd." They love the gaiety of the watering-place. It would be well if in using it they are not abusing it and injuring themselves.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

WATERED SILKS.

THE watered silks that are now so fashionable in Paris and London are seen here, and will probably be one of the prevailing features of next season's dresses. These are not in the designs known as *moiré antique* with two or three large waves covering an entire breadth, but in the smaller waved or rippled designs in stripes, not defined at each edge or separated by satin stripes, but vague and indistinct water lines losing themselves in each other. There are also *ombré watered silks* of two or three contrasting colors, such as dull red with blue or with olive, or else pale pink and red, or brown with red. These are used for the skirts or else the petticoat fronts of cashmere or Surah dresses, and they also form the trimming of the corsage, and perhaps a great knotted sash. A dull Pompeian red satin Surah polonaise with a blue and red shaded watered silk skirt is a French toilette to be worn at Newport with a blue straw coaching hat laden with red feathers. An *écru* cashmere costume, also for Newport, has the deep kilted skirt bordered with two watered silk bands of the same shade laid on before the pleating is done. A sash of *moiré* is passed around the hips and tied in a large bow behind, with ends so long and wide that they form sufficient drapery for the back. The basque has a scarf of *moiré* partly shirred and partly pleated on the front. One of the prettiest full-dress toilettes made this summer is a trained dress of pale blue *moiré* with side panels of satin painted by hand. The space between the panels is filled with rows of gold bead fringe, and there is a great deal of white lace on the corsage of the dress. Heavy black watered silks rippled in narrow stripes are already in store for autumn dresses, and are sold for \$2 50 a yard upward. The contrasting colors in *moirés*, such as seal brown with pale blue, etc., are from \$3 50 upward.

SILK SURAH.

The twilled silk Surahs without satin finish make pretty and inexpensive dresses for summer, and are fast taking the place of the *glacé* summer silks once so much worn. Thus a black silk Surah of fair quality can be bought for \$1 a yard, and fourteen yards of this will make a stylish dress, with plenty of deep pleatings on the skirt, provided the wearer has a partly worn black silk skirt to use as a foundation skirt. Full frills of Spanish lace on the wrists and neck will then be the only trimming needed. The basque should be of very simple shape, and the skirt should have two deep finely pleated flounces all around it, with an apron over-skirt sewed above the top flounce, and draped permanently on the foundation skirt. Ladies who make their own dresses can get up this useful and stylish dress for \$18 or \$20. White Surahs made in similar style are usually more expensive, because the more lustrous satin Surah is used, costing from \$1 25 to \$2 a yard.

For morning wear at the watering-places the foulard silks remain popular, both in the polka dots and in the chintz designs that cover the ground well. For the spotted dresses the darkest navy blue and very deep green are the favorite choice. The entire dress must be of this one fabric, and its only trimmings are self-pleatings and a little Spanish lace. The brick red and olive green shades prevail among the chintz-figured foulards.

LACE POLONAISES.

Black Spanish net in small leaf or arabesque designs that nearly cover the thin meshes is made into polonaises to be worn over black or colored silks. These are very handsome over *écru*, gray,

blue, olive, red, or yellow silk dresses, and are used to freshen up a partly worn silk of any of these colors, or else black. They should have a high-neck silk basque for a sort of lining, but the sleeves may be worn simply of the lace. Frills of Spanish lace and bows of *moiré* ribbon trim such polonaises.

RICH FABRICS.

Among rich fabrics imported for polonaises is black China crape, embroidered all over in black in Oriental designs of pagodas, birds, butterflies, and the favorite flowers of the East—chrysanthemums, peonies, etc. Another beautiful material is white nuns' veiling, wrought in open silk embroidery eight inches deep on one selvedge, and only two inches wide on the other. This work serves as flounces for the skirt, and straight bands for the over-dress. There is also for evening dresses pale blue, pink, cream, or white mouseline de soie, wrought all over with dots that are wide apart in most of the fabric, but clustered together near the selvedges to form a trimming. A white dress made for full-dress occasions for a lady in mourning is of white silk muslin over a silk foundation, trimmed with many ruffles of footing that is notched in saw teeth on the edges, and wrought in button-hole stitches.

GAY SUMMER DRESSES.

Very gay toilettes for midsummer are sent over from Paris for young ladies to wear at the watering-places. The satteens are of most vivid coloring and antique floral pattern, such as stripes of red carnations on a cream white ground, or else a light blue satteen strewn with tied bunches of golden-ripe wheat is made up in combination with plain gold-colored satteen, and trimmed with yellow lace. The pink and red barred zephyr gingham are made up with many pleatings edged with black thread lace. There are also lovely rose-bud lawns made up over a foundation skirt of white Swiss muslin, on which are three deep flounces of the sheer lawn that entirely conceal the foundation, the upper flounce being gathered in with the belt, and the lowest one touching the foot, yet supported by a narrow fine pleating of pale blue muslin, like a *balayouse*. The three deep flounces are partly shirred and partly pleated, and are edged with white Bruges lace. The round waist is shirred all around the neck and shoulders, and is worn with a deep red satin sash ribbon tied behind in a very large bow. There are smaller bows of red satin ribbon set in the middle of each flounce. Porcelain blue cambric dresses with white polka dots are prettily made with a round skirt that is shirred to a belt, then shirred again all around half the distance between the belt and foot. Below this shirring the skirt falls as a flounce, and is edged with white Hamburg work. A large sash is made of the cambric and this tied in a bow behind makes the slight drapery. The basque has a shirred scarf on the front. Cool dresses of linen lawn are sold in the furnishing houses for \$11 or \$12, made with three deep pleatings behind, and a deep apron in front. The pleatings and apron are edged with Hamburg trimming, and the waist is a belted shooting jacket. With black or blue dashes of color, these are charming dresses for hot weather. Useful dresses of the striped cotton Cheviots that are sold for 12½ cents a yard are now shown for \$6 the suit. These are made in the simple manner so desirable for dresses that have to be laundered, and will be used for short journeys and for midsummer travel generally. The round skirt has one pleated or else two gathered scant flounces, and the round apron over-skirt is merely hemmed, or else there is a bias band of the material stitched upon it. The basque is partly fitted and worn with a belt; it has a rolling collar, and is finished to match the over-skirt. These dresses are shown in the familiar seersucker stripes of blue or brown, or else the pink and gray Cheviot stripes. Domestic gingham in small checks or in the larger plaids are similarly made.

BROCATELLES, CASHMERES, ETC.

Heavy brocatelle silks with the figures impressed in the fabrics are shown in advance for the dresses of next season. The figures are woven in diagonal lines on satin-finished ground, or perhaps on a dull surface, and may be hearts or spades, or else Egyptian heads, or closely woven geometrical designs. These rich goods will be used for cloaks as well as for dresses. There are also bayadere stripes for flounces, for panels, and for the tabliers of dresses; only four or five yards of these stripes are sold for trimming rich dresses of plain satin. Cashmeres will be largely imported for next season, as they are again the most stylish wool fabric with Parisiennes. The new importations are in Pompeian red, olive, and porcelain blue shades, and are sometimes wrought on one selvedge with silk in open designs of embroidery for trimming; they will, however, be most often combined with striped *moirés* of two colors. Pink, lemon-colored, and pale blue cashmeres, profusely trimmed with white Spanish lace and silk embroidery, are among the prettiest dresses worn at the sea-side resorts.

MIDSUMMER BONNETS.

Shirred tulle pokes are the novelties imported for midsummer bonnets. These are made with wide projecting fronts shirred closely on wires, and the crowns have three frills of Spanish lace, dyed to match the tulle, falling backward toward the neck. A cluster of dull red poppies or of half-blown roses low on the left side completes the trimming of these light bonnets. They are shown in sky blue and in pink tulle. Fayal lace is new for trimming white round hats. It is in fine pleats, row after row covering the brim, and a scarf of the lace mixed with flowers is around the crown. Large Belgian straw hats with sloping Mother Hubbard crowns have olive green velvet facing the brim, or else *ombré* satin in shirred tucks. The brim is then surrounded with

nodding ostrich tips, alternately pink and green. The favorite feathers, however, this season are shaded red—pink and red together—or natural mixed black and white feathers; these are for general wear in the country. White or pale pink or blue plumes are on the most dressy white hats, while an abundance of black feathers trims hats for all occasions.

PONGEE JACKETS, ETC.

The most popular garment for wearing with silk skirts in the morning is an *écru* pongee shooting jacket with embroidery of the same shade done on the Byron collar, the rolling cuffs, and wide belt. This is a cool and pleasant waist, and looks well with skirts of black silk, or of dark blue, green, or brown. Similar jackets are made of pale blue, rose, or lemon-colored silk Surah, and are trimmed with white silk embroidery on net, or else with pleated frills, shells, and jabots of Breton lace. There are also partly fitted sacques made of pongee or of Surah for completing breakfast toilettes. For the sea-side and for cool mornings, white camel's-hair or warmer twilled flannel is made up in shooting jackets, with merely stitching in rows for trimming.

VARIETIES.

Mother-of-pearl belt buckles, quite plain or else prettily carved, are revived for wearing with the ribbon belts that now complete the waists of summer dresses.

White mull embroidered with polka dots is made up in long scarfs for wearing in various ways this season. The scarf is between two and three yards long, and half a yard wide. It is scalloped on the edges, and is used to pass around the neck in thick folds, then down the front of the dress to the waist line, where it is tied in a very large bow with short ends. This is a pretty finish for pale blue or pink wool dresses, and is also used with those of white dotted mull. It costs from \$1 50 upward.

Silk fans have each division cut in the shape of a feather, and embroidered at the top to represent a flower. A white silk fan has alternating pink and blue morning-glories wrought upon it, and a black *moiré* fan has purple-shaded pansies. *Ombré* satin Surah is also used in fans mounted on sticks of perfumed wood, or else of amber-colored tortoise-shell. The lace fans with flowers in the centre are worn suspended by a ribbon at the side, and there is also a fancy for the spread fans of peacock feathers.

For information received thanks are due Miss SWITZER; and MESSRS. JAMES MCCREERY & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and STERN BROTHERS.

PERSONAL.

ON a recent visit to Berlin, to see his *Nibelungen* performed, RICHARD WAGNER, who so seldom has a chance to see his own creations, had the courage to decline an invitation to the box of the Crown Prince during the performance, and electrified the hearers by saying, "Tell the Crown Prince that I am too nervous and excited to converse."

—Professor ROBERTSON SMITH could read Hebrew at the age of six.

—The grandnephew of the discoverer of vaccination, Mr. STEPHEN JENNER, who was often the subject of his uncle's experiments in his childhood, is living in poverty, at the age of eighty-eight, in Heathfield, near Berkeley, England.

—The case of instruments used by ABRAHAM LINCOLN when deputy-surveyor is now in Memorial Hall, Springfield, Illinois, under the custody of JOHN CARROLL POWER.

—At the age of nineteen, LOUIS MAAS, the new conductor of the Boston Philharmonic Society, conducted his first symphony, performed by the Gewandhaus orchestra, when the critics said he conducted like an old Capellmeister.

—Mrs. HAWES, who wrote on the "Art of Beauty," is the Treasurer of the National Dress Society of London, which has evolved from its inner consciousness a costume consisting of a "divided skirt" surmounted by an undivided one—a sort of "Bloomer" masquerading in domino.

—The American child born on the day after the formal acknowledgment by England of our independence, HUBBARD S. STICKLE, of Rockaway, Morris County, New Jersey, died lately, at the age of ninety-eight.

—The Princess is the title of Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN's new comic opera.

—The New York College of Dentistry admitted the Countess SWIDERSKA, of St. Petersburg, to practice in 1871, but have recently refused admission to a French lady, though Dr. ABOTT, the dean of the faculty, thinks that women should take up dentistry as a profession. A sketch and portrait of Countess SWIDERSKA were published in *Bazar* No. 25, Vol. V.

—The crystallization of carbon into the cubical form has been accomplished by Dr. MARSDEN, but his crystals are too small to have any commercial value. Still, if he can turn out little jewels to-day, perhaps the to-morrow of science may give us Koh-i-noors by the bagful.

—The Deanery of Durham, Miss GLADSTONE's new home, has not had a mistress for forty years.

—Hon. E. A. MITCHELL, postmaster of New Haven, designed the first postage stamp used in this country, in 1847. A high price is paid for specimens of this stamp by collectors.

—SITTING BULL once lived on the northern shore of Lake Superior, and was educated at the College of Montreal before joining the Utes.

—On June 16, of this year, Mr. M. R. HOGAN says that he rode in a snow-storm at Houlton, Maine, and that the snow was as hard as at any time last winter.

—The traveller Mr. PAUL DU CHAILLU has returned to America, having arranged with English, French, German, and Scandinavian publishers for the production of his new work, *The Land of the Midnight Sun*.

—Among the manuscripts for sale at the famous DIDOT collection was a Dante of 1357.

—The father of the late M. VIEUXTEMPS was a Belgian mechanic, who repaired violins in a native village, and on one occasion a wild man, happening into his shop, heard

the curtains of a little bed the violin imitation of a cock's crow with quaint accompaniment. He pushed the curtain aside, and found the little VIEUXTEMPS soberly playing, and from that time the violinist's fortune was assured.

—Miss AYER, daughter of the medicine man of Lowell, Massachusetts, who accumulated a fortune from the sale of his drugs, has lately refused an offer of marriage, it is said, from one of the Don CARLOS princes of the BOURBON line.

—A crown of steel wrought from a cannon captured at Plevna was used at the coronation of the King of Roumania, and the royal couple drove to the ceremony in a carriage representing a basket of flowers.

—One can make arrangements with the telephone company at Liege, Belgium, to be waked at any hour of the night or morning, the bell ringing at the appointed hour till answered by telephone.

—Much of the work on M. LITTRE's dictionary was done, we are told, while waiting for dinner.

—The Turkish princesses lately married at Constantinople, daughters of the late ABDUL-MEDJID, had pretty faces, but used too much rouge and pearl powder. They wore robes of rich red silk, with the entire front embroidered with gold and jewelry; the robes were of dressing-gown pattern, confined at the waist by a band of silk fastened by a gold clasp set with fine diamonds; the head-dress, or turban, of muslin and silk, sparkled with gems; red velvet gold-embroidered boots of Parisian art adorned their tiny feet, while under the dress was to be seen the petticoat of the Frankish lady.

—A bit of the ribbon on which NAPOLEON BONAPARTE once wore the cross of the Legion of Honor has been given to General GRANT by Colonel WILLIAM HOWARD MILLS, of Washington.

—President GARFIELD's son, IRWIN, a lad of eleven, might be called an *enfant terrible*. He pulls his teeth out with a button hook, twists his ankle walking on iron fences, rides his bicycle in the East Room to the detriment of pedestrians, and undertaking to ride down a flight of steps, may be seen at present on the machine, with some spokes absent in the wheel, and minus a handle.

—One of the old weather-beaten doors of the HAYNES GARRISON house, at Sudbury, Massachusetts, which was not far from the Sudbury River in the time of King PHILIP's war, was recently bought by Mr. D. F. HAYNES, to be placed in an elegant house which he is building in Baltimore.

—Count Von Moltke is advertising for his walking-stick in the Berlin papers; but it is thought that a stick presented to the greatest strategist of the age by the Emperor would tempt the very elect to forsake the path of honesty.

—A native of Herzegovina and a Christian, Madame NEDJIB Pasha, who entertained the wives of the ambassadors and ministers at a *déjeuner* at her *yali* on the Bosphorus the other day, married a Turk and a Mohammedan, whom she found groaning upon a battle-field after one of the insurrections in her country, and had him carried to her father's house, where she nursed him.

—Professor ADAMS—who first discovered the planet Neptune, and sent the result of his calculations to Sir GEORGE B. AIRY, astronomer royal, who, not believing that a man so young as Mr. ADAMS was capable of such work, pigeon-holed them till LEVERIER published exactly similar results—has lately been offered the position which Sir GEORGE has resigned.

—A ceiling in a palace of the thirteenth century, now used as a dry-goods warehouse, at Avignon, bass-reliefs of the eleventh century in the cathedral at Valence, and subterranean galleries in fields near by, supposed to be employed by the early Christians as shelter from their persecutors, have been lately discovered in the provinces by French archaeologists.

—A memoir of HAWTHORNE is to be prepared by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

—The King and Queen of Spain lately listened to Miss THURSBY's singing.

—The chair of Greek Language and Literature in the University of Kansas has been filled for three years by Miss KATE STEPHENS.

—M. DOUBLET's collection only cost him two hundred thousand dollars, owing to the fact that it was not till 1845 that the furor for eighteenth and nineteenth century art objects became general, though he once refused a much larger sum for it. Among other relics he possessed the clock ordered of BOUCHIER by Egalité, his Royal Highness's grandfather, for GEORGE, Prince of Wales, afterward GEORGE IV. of England, which represents the head of a negress, with jewels incrusting in the bronze for a necklace, in the woolly hair and bust as clasp for a kerchief, while a pair of long open-work ear-rings, delicately executed, hang from the ears, and on pulling one the hour is shown in the right eye, the minute in the left, and on pulling the other, musical bells chime out the time of day.

—Harvard College honored herself at her late Commencement in conferring the degree of LL.D. on that eloquent writer and speaker, incorruptible journalist, pure patriot, and finished gentleman, Mr. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, who was the distinguished guest of the occasion. At the alumni dinner which followed at Memorial Hall, Dr. CURTIS—the title sounds strange—carried away the brilliant assemblage by a telling address, full of happy hits, which was characterized as the great speech of the day, and was received with the wildest applause. The general commendation bestowed by the country at large upon this graceful act, and which is sure to follow honors paid to men of high literary fame, proves the wisdom of bestowing the honorary distinctions, which shine the brighter for their reflected light, upon those enjoying a national reputation rather than upon local celebrities, little known outside of their contracted sphere. It is the same with political office. Whole generations of ordinary diplomats come and go without note, while the appointment of a WASHINGTON IRVING, HAWTHORNE, MOTLEY, History TAYLOR, and LOWELL forms an era in administration of the country, and ennobles them. This year to which they owed their college seems to our oldest and most highly paying homage to those who with each of their delights to honor. Yale College has itself credit in conferring honor upon the distinguished scientists and authors, FRANCIS A. WALKER, Lieutenant-Commander GORRINGE, W. D. HOWELLS, and THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

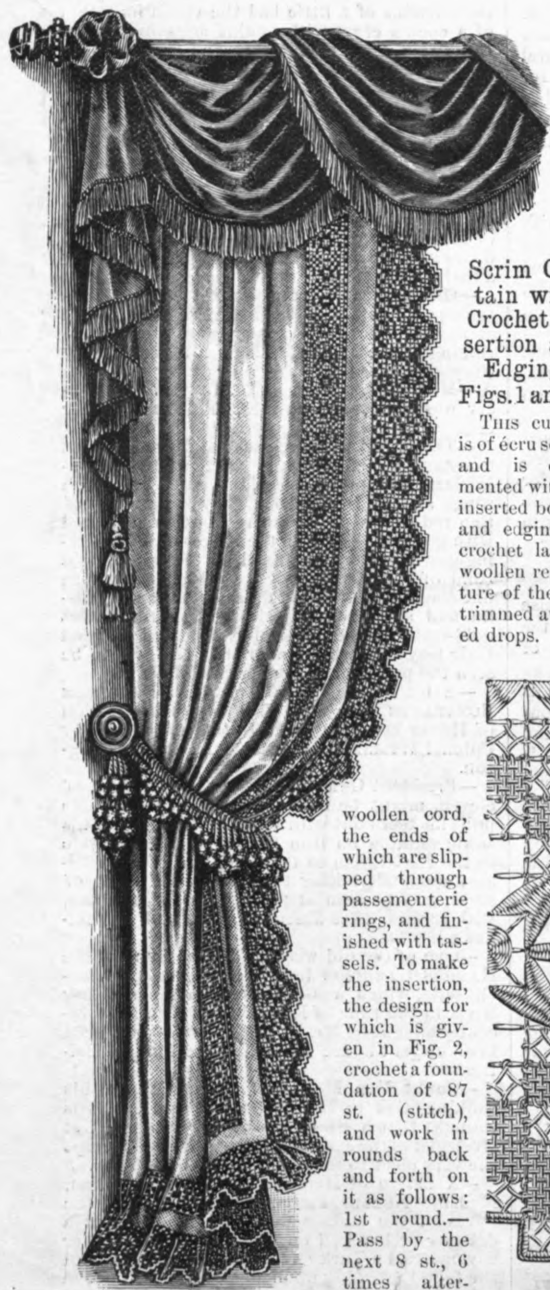


Fig. 1.—SCRIM CURTAIN WITH ANTIQUE LACE INSERTION AND EDGING, AND PLUSH LAMBREQUIN.—[See Figs. 2 and 3].

**Scrim Cur-
tain with
Crochet In-
sertion and
Edging.
Figs. 1 and 2.**

This curtain is of écaru scrim, and is ornamented with an inserted border and edging of crochet lace. The lambrequin, which is made of

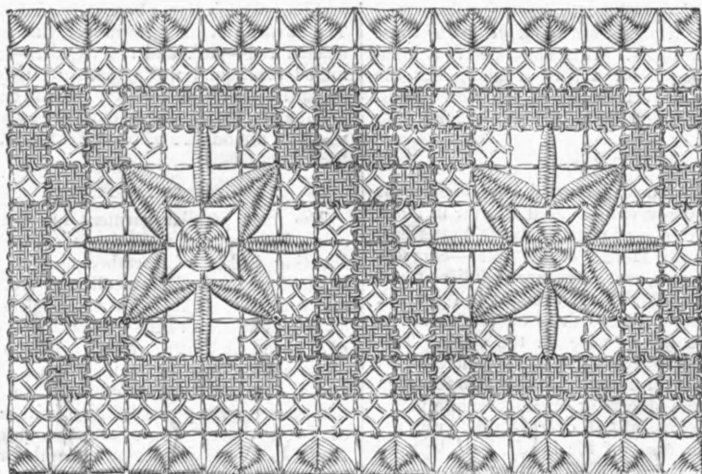


Fig. 2.—ANTIQUÉ LACE INSERTION FOR CURTAIN, FIG. 1.

woollen rep, in a color to harmonize with the furniture of the room, is draped on the curtain rod, and trimmed at the bottom with bullion fringe and pointed drops. The curtain is draped by means of heavy

from * to the beginning of the round, but at the end of the round, instead of passing 8 st. as at the beginning, work 2 ch. and 1 dc. on the following 3d st. This repetition backward from *, and the variation at the end of the round, occur in every round, as shown

st., 10 dc. on the following 10 st., twice alternately 2 ch. and 1 dc. on the following 3d st., then 2 ch., pass 2 st., * 4 dc. on the next 4 st., work back in regular order

woollen cord, the ends of which are slipped through passementerie rings, and finished with tassels. To make the insertion, the design for which is given in Fig. 2, crochet a foundation of 87 st. (stitch), and work in rounds back and forth on it as follows: 1st round.—Pass by the next 8 st., 6 times alternately 1 dc. (double crochet) on the next st. and 2 ch. (chain stitch), pass 2

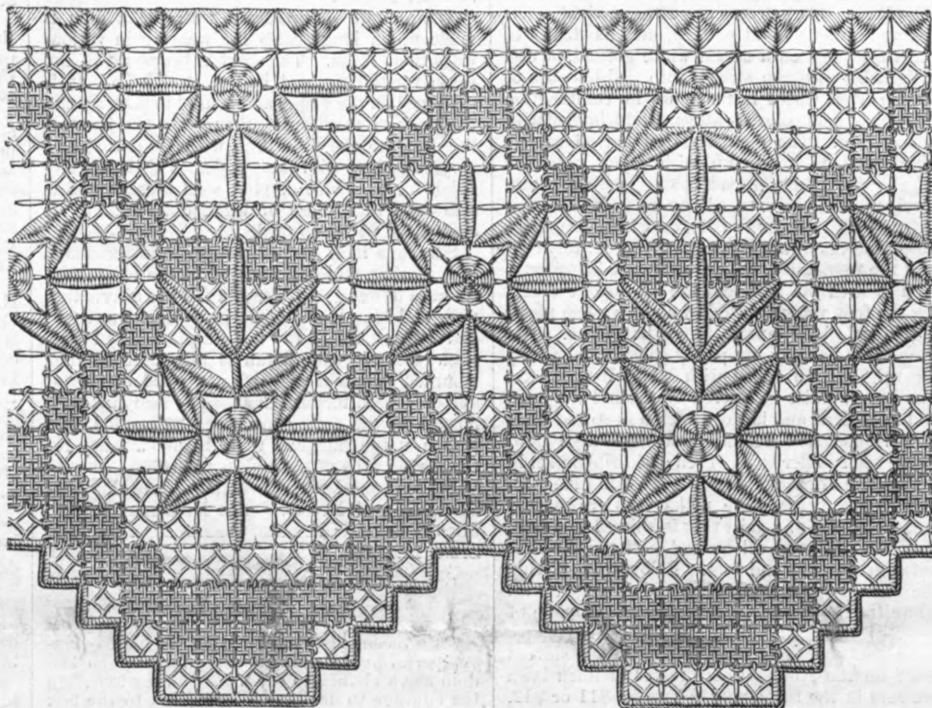


Fig. 3.—ANTIQUÉ LACE EDGING FOR CURTAIN, FIG. 1.

in the illustration, and will not be mentioned hereafter. 2d round.—5 ch., pass 3 st., 5 times alternately 1 dc. on the next dc. and 2 ch., pass 2 st., 4 dc. on the next 4 st., 8 ch., pass 8 st., 4 dc. on the following 4 st., * 4 times alternately 2 ch. and 1 dc. on the following 3d st., then 2 ch., pass 2 st. 3d round.—5 ch., pass 3 st., 4 times alternately 1 dc. on the next dc. and 2 ch., pass 2 st., 4 dc. on the following 4 st., twice alternately 5 ch. and, passing 5 st., 4 dc. on the next 4 st., * twice alternately 2 ch.

Fig. 1.—SCRIM CURTAIN WITH CROCHET INSERTION AND EDGING, AND REF LAMBREQUIN. [See Fig. 2, Page 469.]

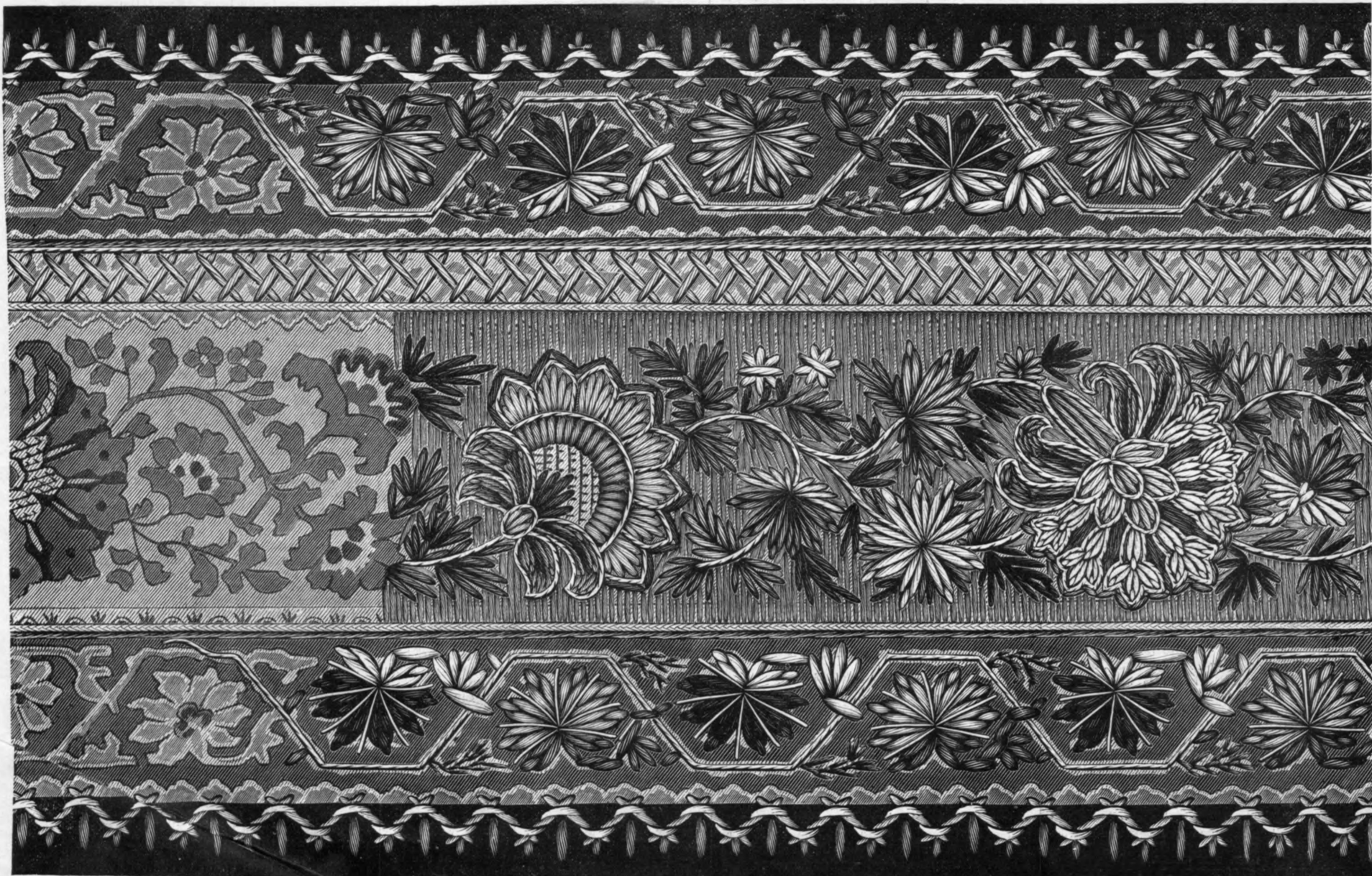


Fig. 2.—BORDER FOR TABOURET, FIG. 1, PAGE 469.—POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY ON CRETONNE.

and 1 dc. on the next dc., then 2 ch., pass 2 st. 4th round.—5 ch., pass 3 st., 3 times alternately 1 dc. on the next dc. and 2 ch., pass 2 st., 4 dc. on the following 4 st., 5 ch., pass 5 st., 10 dc. on the following 10 st., 5 ch., pass 5 st., 4 dc. on the next 4 st., * 2 ch., pass 2 st. 5th round.—5 ch., pass 3 st., twice alternately 1 dc. on the next dc. and 2 ch., pass 2 st., 4 dc. on the next 4 st., 5 ch., pass 5 st., 4 dc. on the following 4 st., 8 ch., pass 8 st., 4 dc. on the next 4 st., 5 ch., pass 5 st., * 4 dc. on the following 4 st. 6th round.—5 ch., pass

14th rounds.—Work as in the 7th–2d rounds respectively, observing the illustration. Continue to repeat the 1st–14th rounds, but at the beginning of the 1st round, instead of passing 8 st., work 5 ch. and pass 3 st. The pattern of the edging is found on page 388, *Bazar* No. 25, Vol. XIII.

Tabouret with Embroidered Top.—Figs. 1 and 2.

THE top of this carved wood tabouret is cushioned, and covered with plum-colored plush, which is ornamented with a border in cre-



Fig. 2.—ENGLISH STRAW HAT.

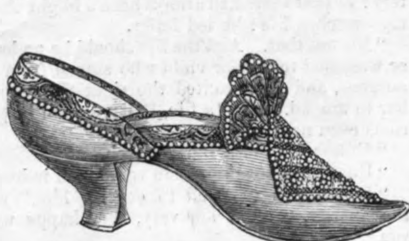
Fig. 1.—TUSCAN STRAW BONNET.

Fig. 3.—SATIN STRAW BONNET.

3 st., twice alternately 1 dc. on the next dc. and 2 ch., pass 2 st., 10 dc. on the following 10 st., twice alternately 5 ch. and, passing 5 st., 4 dc. on the following 4 st., * 8 ch., pass 8 st. 7th round.—5 ch., pass 3 st., twice alternately 1 dc. on the next dc. and 2 ch., pass 2 st., 7 dc. on the following 7 st., 5 ch., pass 5 st., 10 dc. on the next 10 st., 5 ch., pass 5 st., 4 dc. on the next 4 st., * 2 ch., pass 2 st. 8th round.—5 ch., pass 3 st., twice alternately 1 dc. on the next dc. and 2 ch., pass 2 st., 4 dc. on the following 4 st., 5 ch., pass 5 st., 16 dc. on the next 16 st., 5 ch., pass 5 st., * 4 dc. on the next 4 st. 9th-



LADY'S CRAVAT.



BLUE SATIN SLIPPER.



BLACK SATIN MORNING SLIPPER.

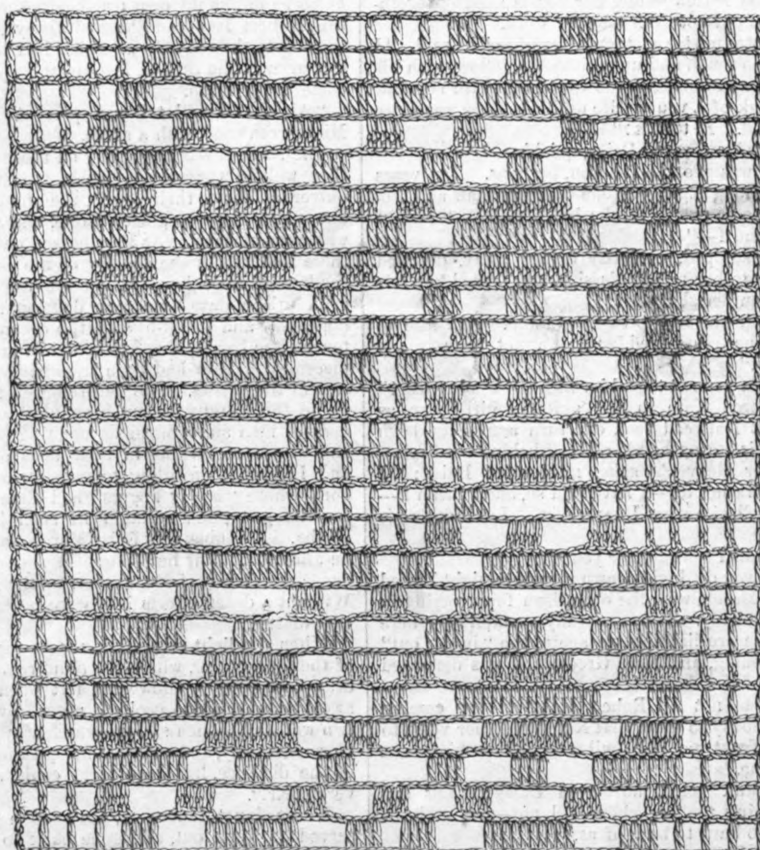


Fig. 2.—CROCHET INSERTION FOR CURTAIN, FIG. 1, PAGE 468.

tonne embroidery set on diagonally. Fig. 2 shows a section of the border. Gold soutache is sewn down for the straight lines, and the flowers, veins, stems, and the serpentine line on each side are defined with gold cord. The large flowers on the cretonne ground are ornamented in point Russe and chain stitch with blue, pink, and several shades of olive filoselle silk, the small flowers with blue, réseda, and brown silk, and the ground itself be-



BLACK SATIN NECK-TIE.



Fig. 1.—TABOURET WITH EMBROIDERED TOP. [See Fig. 2, Page 468.]



SILVER CHEST.

tween the two rows of soutache is covered with close parallel stitches in dark olive crewel wool. The cross seam is worked with light olive crewel wool, and the row of long stem stitches which edges the middle of the border on each side is in dark olive wool. Red, golden brown, blue, and réséda silks and gold thread are used for the narrow border on each side of the middle. The cretonne border is fastened down on the velvet ground in the manner shown in the illustration, the cross seam being worked with old gold fillo-selle silk, and wound with blue silk; the single stitches are in réséda and brown silk. The sides of the cushion are covered with puffed plum-colored satin, and edged with a knotted border in wool and silk of the same color. Small tassels depend from the border, and large tassels are attached at the corners of the cushion.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE summer fashions, which have assumed a definite shape, agree entirely with the indications given in our previous letters. A few plain costumes, of one color, but very stylish, are seen; but as a rule plain fabrics are combined with bayadere stripes, checks, sprigs, etc. Satteen in all colors, from the darkest to the lightest, seems destined to reign almost exclusively during the heated term. A few large houses, however, use percales, or rather printed cottons, precisely like those which were in fashion in our grandmothers' time; these are sometimes combined with cashmere or mousseline de laine. For instance, we saw at Laferrière's a charming little costume of percale with a white ground, sprinkled with red pinks and green leaves, which looked as if painted by an artist, so true and harmonious were the colors. The under-skirt, which was strewn with small single pinks, fell straight, and was bordered with a rather deep flounce with bunches of pinks, very thick at the bottom, and sparser toward the upper part. The over-skirt, which was made like a simple skirt, short in front and very long behind, was of white cashmere, lined with percale sprinkled with pinks, with a border at the bottom; this was turned up, beginning at the middle of the front, thus forming revers, which went on increasing in size, and formed a broad retrousse behind, which was gathered by a shirr run in the bottom, the ribbon drawing-strings of which were tied around the waist, thus forming a pouf precisely like those of the Louis XV. costumes. Corsage of white cashmere, with basques turned up in front and behind, so as to show the printed percale lining, which formed revers like those of the coats of the French Guard. Percale cuffs. The same combination is made with percale with a black or blue ground, and blue or black cashmere. These costumes are designed for the country or watering-places, but would be inappropriate for the city, especially for walking suits.

The same house is making elegant costumes with skirts, the bottom and front of which are entirely covered with narrow flounces, some two inches wide, cut in the form of overlapping oak leaves, set on about a finger's-width apart. To avoid heaviness of appearance, these flounces are of two colors; for instance, three or four of moss green alternating with one of pale blue. A full-trained over-skirt of black damassé on a moss green ground dotted with blue completes this original toilette.

You will remember that the prevailing characteristic in these present fashions is the necessity that everything shall match; that is, in a really elegant toilette the smallest details must recall the dominant colors of the dress. We have spoken of this necessity as regards parasols, fans, and stockings; now handkerchiefs are included in the category, and are made with narrow printed borders, and, above all, embroidered in satin stitch with tiny wreaths, rings, green leaves, pink, blue, and lilac flowers, etc. The name is embroidered in script, even the flourish being imitated. While we are on the subject of lingerie let us say that very high linen standing collars are much worn; a black silk ribbon covers the collar, and leaves only an almost imperceptible edge of the linen visible; over this ribbon is laid guipure or lace with large figures. The ribbon is sometimes replaced by pleated lace, which is covered with plain lace almost to the lower edge. Cuffs are made in the same style, but with wider lace. As to fichus, little puffs, etc., their amplitude increases daily; there are muslin or gauze bows from fourteen to sixteen inches wide, with a large bouquet of flowers in the middle instead of a brooch.

We have noticed the beautiful imitations of Scotch and Irish guipure that are much used for trimming country dresses, such as Surah, cotton, linen, or batiste. Parasols are also trimmed with guipure. As a little detail concerning lace we should mention that the small collars of Spanish lace mantles are now made square, and are entirely covered with narrow gathered lace, so as to cover the throat more or less, according as they are worn standing or turned down.

The sleeves of walking dresses are no longer exclusively short, that is, coming only a few inches below the elbow. Many elegant ladies wear them longer, but very tight, with long gloves that are drawn over the sleeves so as completely to hide the cuffs.

The bonnets with soft crowns of Surah or satin merveilleux of which we have spoken are much in vogue; on the head they bear a close resemblance to the caps of the French peasant women. The crown is very bouffant. The brim is of straw, three fingers wide, and is very flat, and clings close to the head. A pretty combination is a soft crown of lilac Surah, with a cluster of tea-roses on the side, and lilac strings.

A multitude of new fabrics are making their appearance, especially for dressy toilettes; black

or white linens, with stripes mixed with threads of gold or silver; the same in black and gold, to be worn with plain black muslin or gauze, and lace dyed old gold; muslins, also with a black ground, with designs printed in varied colors—all these are suitable for little balls at country houses or casinos. Still more elegant are the silken stuffs spangled with small gold figures, sometimes mixed with color, which serve for trimmings, scarfs, sash ends, bows, etc. Then, too, there are superb stuffs, with a ground of silk grenadine, with large trellises, on which large arabesques of faille are applied with chain-stitching of bright-colored silk; this is very effective in Havana brown for mantles, tabliers, and plastrons on a transparent ground of another color, such as old gold, sulphur, or rose-leaf. The old-fashioned French watered silk is used by the best houses for trimmings, bands four inches wide bordering over-skirts or the bottom of skirts.

Among the multitude of fabrics the most striking combinations can be obtained. In conclusion, we will cite a few of the most modest as well as prettiest. For bayadere Surah, bands from two to two and a half inches wide are set at the bottom of the flounces; or, if there is but one, the band is nearly half the width of the flounce. Scarfs on the skirt of the same material, bands of which edge the basque and meet in front, covering nearly all the chest. Or else for the flounces there are five or six pleats, separated by a lengthwise band of Surah. For checks we would suggest an under-skirt with a deep flounce, all of the check material; over-skirt of plain cashmere—faience blue is very pretty—with no trimming except a stitched hem. The separation of the two stuffs should be absolute, with no plain trimming on the check, and no check ornamentation on the over-skirt.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 27, Vol. XIV.]

DAISY MARCH, THE PRISON FLOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FEMALE LIFE IN PRISON,"
"MEMOIRS OF JANE CAMERON," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

MISTRESS AND MAID.

ROBERT HALSTEAD was a man some ten years Daisy March's senior, and therefore had passed his thirtieth year. He was a stalwart young farmer, with an honest face that looked at the world in an undaunted fashion, with a fearless glance, which told—unless appearances were very deceptive in this instance—of much courage and self-reliance. Hardly a handsome face, and yet one which was worth a second glance for the determination it expressed.

He came toward them with but little sign of the bashful suitor in his mien; more like a man who expected an answer which would be favorable to his suit than one whose heart was failing him for fear.

"Well," he said, in a clear, ringing voice, in which only an acute ear, such as Kate Greenwood's, might have detected a scarcely perceptible tremor, "I hope you have made up your mind, Daisy?"

"Yes," was Daisy's answer, and without looking into the steadfast gray eyes directed to her half-averted face, "I have made up my mind, Robert, to say it can not be."

"Can not be!" he repeated, in a lower, deeper voice.

"Yes, can not be," Daisy responded again.

"May I ask—"

"Oh, no, no; don't ask me," cried Daisy March at once; "it was what my mistress said you would do, and I can not bear it."

"Ay," he said, more firmly now, "but it is what I have a right to ask, I think. It is what every man has a right to ask before he goes away for good."

Daisy March wrung her hands silently together, but did not utter another word.

"I was mistaken, then, altogether," he said. "I was too rough and uncultivated a fellow, with his own way to make in the world, and with no right to think of a young wife until his place was more assured. Is that it?"

"No," answered Daisy, quickly.

"I was too old for you, perhaps. Ten years are a long sight of time between man and woman, some people think; but it's all on the right side, and I—"

He stopped, as Daisy turned away, dropped slowly to her mistress's side, and buried her fair head on her shoulder.

"Tell him not to say any more. Ask him to go," she murmured. "I can not bear it any longer."

"Can you not trust him with the whole truth?" whispered Kate in the agitated girl's ear, as Robert Halstead took one turn across the lawn with his strong hands clasped behind his back.

"For Heaven's sake, no!" cried Daisy; "I would rather die—I have said so, and I mean it—than tell him what I have been. Let him go his way."

"Shall I tell him for you?"

"If you do, I will drown myself to-night," cried Daisy March, with the old prison fever raging in her suddenly. It was awfully exemplified; here was the fire lighting up again, the "break out" threatening, and Kate Greenwood was dismayed and silenced.

It was not till Robert Halstead was coming back slowly to them that Kate found her voice to say, "Trust me; he shall never know this secret from me."

"Thank you," murmured Daisy; "but say something to him which will not—not make it seem so hard to both of us."

"I will," was the whisper back; "and if I can—"

Robert Halstead was close upon them; he had thought out his own position now, and was prepared to speak again, and argue his case from a new standpoint which he trusted might plead in his favor; but the lady of the Larches balked him by taking up the thread of the discussion, and acting at once as spokeswoman for her he wished to marry.

"Mr. Halstead," she said, very calmly, "I think, for this poor girl's sake, it is hardly fair to prolong a painful interview. She has made up her mind not to leave me, and I have no wish to part from her. It is unlikely that her life and mine will lie apart until death steps in between us."

"Yes, women talk like that," said Robert Halstead, bluntly, "but they do not mean it very often. And you, Miss Greenwood, I should have thought a more sensible woman than to have talked like it at all."

Miss Greenwood colored at the reproof, but she went on very calmly:

"And Daisy does not want to go away. She and I have lived together for years, and understand each other's ways as no two persons can understand each other until fidelity and truth and real affection have been proved to be something more than words between them. And so Daisy will not leave me ever."

"Forever is a long day, madam," muttered Robert Halstead; "and you will pardon me for saying so, but it appears to me that there is more of selfishness than love for Daisy March in keeping her with you, and in binding her life so hard and fast to yours."

"Yes, it is selfish from your view of it," confessed Kate Greenwood; "but Daisy March is selfish too, and finds her happiness in my quiet home. And," she added, after a pause, "she will always find it there, unless her heart mis-gives her at the eleventh hour."

"Daisy," cried Robert Halstead, "say it does, girl."

"No, no, it does not," answered Daisy, at this appeal.

"I am almost an invalid, and require careful attendance and much faithful service," concluded Kate, "and I should be wholly lost without this little friend of mine; and so she will not desert me. She is very grateful for your offer, but she has the courage to look you in the face now and say it is better you should part."

Daisy looked up at this appeal, quick to respond to her own share in this hard deception.

"Yes, it is much the better for us all," said Daisy, very firmly. "I—I should not be happy with you."

"I can say no more," he answered, very sadly, "save that I am dashed down completely, and that it is my own foolish fault."

He held out his hand to Daisy, and wrung hers in his own an instant; then he bowed more formally to Miss Greenwood, and went his way.

"Why have you made yourself so cruel in his eyes?" asked Daisy March, as the click of the wicket-gate told that he had passed into the country road.

"I have been cruel to be kind," was the enigmatic reply.

"But you have made yourself so—so unlike yourself," said Daisy, "and it was not what I wished."

"I had a reason for it."

"That he should not suspect there was a mystery? or that there had always been a blight about my wretched life?" cried Daisy.

"No, not that. And the life should be no longer wretched to a poor child who sinned from ignorance, and only wanted the right way shown her to amend. Such a life, Daisy, should be glorious even now. Unless—"

"Unless?" echoed Daisy March.

"Unless you love this man very much indeed."

"I love him too well to deceive him," was the answer, "and I am very, very happy with you."

"That's well."

"And your reason for lowering yourself, for being so unlike my own true-hearted mistress, to this Robert Halstead?" asked Daisy March, returning to the old subject which had bewildered her, even in the rush of love-thoughts which had come to her brain.

"Ah, that I will tell you presently," replied Miss Greenwood, with a smile.

The twilight was deepening on these figures as they walked toward the house, the stars were quivering above their heads, the sun had gone down in a glory of golden flame, and the night was close at hand. As they passed on together, there followed in the shadow of the bushes the shadow of their lives—a spectre from the old grim prison days—a wreck drifting still more hopelessly and wreck-like on the ocean of crime toward the barren shore on which it must break piecemeal. They had been tracked by this outcast of the prison. She had followed them, and found them, and with much cunning, and by orders of men and women as cunning as herself, and who were lurking in their dens of London and Liverpool, unwilling to give up one clever child whose "handy fingers" had done so much for the gang, and resulted in such handsome profits. A genius, this Daisy March—and not to be allowed to quit her sphere of action without one more effort from father, mother, friends. Without a dozen efforts if it were necessary, for that matter.

When the light was shining from the window of the little parlor, where the blind remained undrawn, and the window was left open for the sweet summer air to cool the room in which the two watched women sat, the watcher approached more stealthily, and took up her position where, in the distance, her keen sight could see them very clearly.

It was Janet Finlanson, the woman who had served her time out, and gone back to the old, bad life—the woman who of late days had made the acquaintance of the Marches, and had heard

them wondering what had become of a child more than ordinarily clever, and who would turn out a woman more than ordinarily clever too, and make a fortune with her ready wit and handsome face.

"I think as I can find her," Janet had said. "Tell her her mother is dying, and wants to see her bad," suggested Mrs. March, who was very much intoxicated at that moment, and might be—possibly was—dying fast of the drink she took by wholesale now.

Janet had started on her expedition hopeful of finding her; and resolved to find her at all hazards—being pertinacious in all things evil, and when the evil days were free for her to act her worst. Still, Janet was a strange woman in her way, and had one fault, or virtue. She was prone to act on impulse—for good or for bad—and there were moments when she was hardly Janet Finlanson. As she approached the open window, with the noiseless step of a sleuth-hound, there rang out clear and resonant in the summer air the words of Holy Writ—words of consolation and comfort to those stricken down, words of hope to those in suffering and sin, and of promise to the penitent, words which Janet Finlanson had heard in the prison chapel scores of times with deadened ears and heart, but which vibrated awfully within her that night. She stopped agast, and went back a step or two, but still where the inmates of the room were not hidden from her view. She could see the well-known face of the matron bending over the open Bible, and with a bright look upon it that seemed hardly of the earth in that hour, and the rapt attention on a face fairer and younger. The resignation and the trust expressed there touched the woman on the watch—and such a woman!—with the live coal of a strong, if fitful, remorse. She recoiled, and went further and further back into the on-gathering night, flinging up once her arms despairingly, and as she had done seven years ago when a child of fourteen years of age was brought into the prison yard.

"No! I won't have nothink to do with it! Not me!" were the last words of Janet Finlanson, as she passed from the garden into the country road lying beyond.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WHOLE TRUTH.

MISTRESS and ward had read far into the night before the Bible was closed, and they were regarding each other with looks of fair content. The time-piece on the mantel-shelf was striking eleven—a late hour for early Essex folk—as Kate Greenwood looked round, astonished not a little at the progress of time.

"So late as that!" exclaimed the mistress: "I had no idea of it."

She had been reading very long and earnestly; her extensive knowledge of the Scriptures had stood her in good stead, and enabled her to strike upon innumerable passages which seemed, as it were, to have been written especially for souls stricken down as Daisy March's was that night, despite the strong, good fight she had made.

"Yes, it is late," said Daisy, "but go on."

"Not now."

"I am resigned," Daisy March continued, "and my duty lies with you for good. Every hour I see that very clearly."

"I do not see it so clearly as yourself," replied the elder woman, "but I am very happy to think of your content, in time. And if you will be contented with my quiet life and ways."

"I will," responded Daisy March.

At the same moment there came to their ears the tread of feet upon the lonely country road, and both of them paused to listen, even held their breath to listen. They were advancing rapidly, and to one pair of loving ears they were familiar footfalls.

"He is coming back. Oh, Miss Kate, he is coming back," cried Daisy; "what shall we do now, if he begins to talk again?"

"Who?"

"Robert Halstead. I am sure it is his step. I would know it in a thousand."

"Strange!"

"What is he coming back for at this time of night?" asked Daisy, trembling again.

"Courage!" replied Kate Greenwood; "we shall see."

They stood at the open window waiting and watching, and the footfalls came on nearer and nearer, approaching with strange haste. There was a sudden pause at the gate beyond, as if the lighted room was a surprise in its turn to him who was advancing, and then the figure of a man came across the lawn toward them.

"Is that you, Robert Halstead?" called out Kate Greenwood.

"Yes, it is I—do not be afraid," was the deep answer back, before Robert Halstead stood before them once again.

"What is the matter?" said both watchers at once, as they went back step by step into the room, followed by him who had evidently come in search of them.

"A woman has met with an accident crossing the canal bridge, and has been carried to my farm," said Robert Halstead.

"We can be of assistance, then?" said Kate. "Shall we come at once? Has a doctor been sent for?"

"The doctor is there, but the woman wishes to see Miss Greenwood before the night is out."

"Indeed?"

"Her name is Janet Finlanson, and you, Miss Greenwood, she says, will remember her as a prisoner once under your charge."

"Yes," replied Miss Greenwood, very calmly, "I remember her very well."

"You have been in prison service, then, Miss Greenwood?"

"I was a prison matron for three years or more," was the answer back.

"I did not know that," he said. Then he looked wistfully and very sorrowfully at her whom he had asked that day to be his wife, and added:

"I have not been trusted with very much of the history of your lives, and I had no right to expect that you should tell it to me. Only—"

"Only—" repeated Daisy and Kate.

"—only you might have trusted me. It would have been so much the best."

"Has Janet Finlanson said anything more?" asked Miss Greenwood.

"She is wild in her statements—altogether a strange and uncontrollable woman," was his evasive answer; "but she is anxious to see you both, ask your forgiveness and advice; put you both, as she says, on your guard."

"Is she in danger?"

"There is no immediate danger."

"I will go to her now. But why does she want to see Daisy?" inquired Kate Greenwood.

"She wishes to see you both, I have said. She has mentioned both your names," answered the farmer, looking hard at Daisy.

"What—what has she said about me?" was asked now in a troubled voice.

"She has told me all she knew," he replied.

Daisy clasped her hands together for an instant, and then spread them before her face. Kate Greenwood came back from the doorway, and stood beside the girl whom she had sheltered and saved—the protector to the last, if any help were needed.

"She has told you what I was?" murmured Daisy.

"Yes," was the reply; "but—"

"But you do not believe it," said Daisy. "Oh, it is true enough, God knows."

"—but it has made no difference in my thoughts of you," he answered, very earnestly; "and that is what I was going to say when you interrupted me. Yes, I know all the story, Daisy; I have insisted upon knowing it, and it is a record of salvation surely. You stepped from darkness to light; you have repented. You began a new life here with this good woman at your side; you have made restitution."

"I think you understand her now," said Kate Greenwood, very softly.

"And it was for this, then, Daisy, that you would not become my wife?" he asked.

"I was unfit to be your wife, Robert, and I did not want you to guess what I had ever been," she cried. "I—I would so much rather have died than have had you know like this."

"It is as well I do."

He was leaning over her and endeavoring to draw her hands down from her face, but she resisted him. Kate Greenwood moved once more toward the door.

"I will get my bonnet on," said she; and Robert Halstead looked gratefully toward her, when Daisy cried,

"Don't go; oh, don't go."

Kate paused again; and Robert Halstead said, "It is right you should remain for a minute or two longer, if you will."

"Very well." And Kate went back to the side of Daisy March; and once more the arm was passed round the neck of the weeping girl.

"I'm a rough fellow in my way, Daisy," said Robert, "and say things out very plainly, and I fear I have offended you."

"No, no."

"That's well. I am doubtful if I am a religious man," he said, "but I do not look back at the past of any man or woman if the present tells of a worthy and God-fearing life; and that is true religion, possibly."

"It approaches it," answered Miss Greenwood, "but it is not religion."

"What is it?" he asked, quickly.

"Charity."

"And Mercy," murmured Daisy March.

"Well, let it be Faith and Hope as well, or lead to them," he answered. "I am alone in the world, and without the world to take into consideration; and I am unhappy alone, and without you, Daisy. Let the past go back from us; you and I can look forward to the future, trusting in each other."

"Can you ever trust me?" murmured Daisy.

"With all my heart, I will," answered Robert Halstead.

"I must have time to think—to make up my mind," said Daisy; "it is all so like a dream to me. You know now at least that it was out of respect for you and your good name that I said No to-night. I felt myself unworthy, though I dared not tell you so."

"I thought you loved me a little, perhaps a great deal, but Miss Greenwood threw me aback and confused me. I went away, madam"—turning to Kate—"thinking it was all your fault."

"That is what I wanted you to think," Kate answered—"what I schemed for after my woman's fashion."

Daisy looked up now, and for the first time. Kate went on: "I wanted you to think it was my selfishness that stood in the way, and not her indifference. I wanted you to wait for her, to give her time; to see, as time went on, that her heart was, after all, in your honest keeping. And I thought," she added, "that in that good time she might be led to tell you all the truth, and you to pardon it for her sake."

"As I have done, at once. And if I have any right to pardon."

"You will look not back to the past, but to the future, together?"

He took Daisy's hands in his, and she did not withdraw them from him now; but she whispered, in a lower tone, "That past is so terribly black!"

"But the future has the light of heaven on it," answered her lover.

"Heaven!" repeated Daisy March.

"Where there is more joy over the one sinner that repenteth than over the ninety-and-nine just persons who need no repentance," answered Patience Greenwood's sister.

THE END.

HER FIRST OFFER.

See illustration on page 472.

HARDLY a ripple to stir the stream
As the swans go sailing by:
The beautiful day has the peace of a dream
Under the summer sky:
Sweet from the distance the new-mown hay
Wafts while the moments glide away.

Waiteth the maiden with look demure,
And the glow of a blush on her cheek;
Of her heart's desire scarcely sure,
What word shall the pure lips speak?
With eyes down dropped to the velvet grass,
She sees in a vision her bright years pass.

'Tis a lover's letter the father reads:
Did you know of it, eyes of blue?
Deep in your heart is there aught that pleads
For the suitor who asks for you?
Are the times gone by when the dove can rest
With a folded wing in the parent nest?

Oh, sweet is the waft of the new-mown hay,
And low the lisp on the shore
Of the waves that kiss though they can not stay,
But must seek their own once more.
And the father feels, with a jealous pain,
That the Prince is coming with all his train.

Was it yesterday that her little feet
Were flying over the fields?
Oh, yesterdays, they are fair and fleet,
But they weave a spell that yields
Soon or late to the potent sway
Of the strong magician we name to-day.

And whether the word be aye or no
That the maiden's heart shall send,
She has found that Eden roses bloom
At the childish Eden's end;
And her mantling blushes are love's brevet,
The sign of a day she will not forget.

The morn is wrapt in the peace of a dream
Under the cloudless sky,
There's hardly a ripple to stir the stream
Where the swans go sailing by,
And sweet from the distance the new-mown hay
Wafts as the moments glide away.

LOUIS C. TIFFANY & CO.—ASSOCIATED ARTISTS.

See illustration on page 473.

I.

THE studios and work-rooms of this association are devoted to the study and practice of decorative art in such various materials as glass, wood, metals, textiles, and color as applied to interiors. They are under the direction of artists who have severally become interested in the development of some one of these materials, and who believe that to secure the highest degree of excellence in each form of art, and its greatest harmony with other forms, it is necessary to work under common influences, and to express kindred ideas.

Association under one head secures the common influence and motive, without which applied art loses its unity, and becomes a disjointed plan; but individual influence and interpretation are preserved by dividing the work into departments, each of which is under the direction of that associate whose gifts or training promise the best development of that particular department.

These divisions of labor are carried on together under one roof, and with combined study and experiment. They are: color and design as applied to mural decoration; the making and arrangement of tinted and colored glass in mosaics; designs for the decorative use of wood and metals in interior and cabinet work; embroidery and designs for woven and printed fabrics.

The work of the association is not confined to the artists who compose it, for outside talent is often found necessary to the perfection of plan and detail which is aimed at, and labor so congenial is willingly undertaken by artists who as a rule devote themselves to pictorial art. New forms of artistic labor are fascinating to all artists, and progress in art means experiment as well as study. "Every picture is an experiment," said one of our most philosophic artists, and it is not wonderful that the temptation to try the effect of knowledge gained in serious art study upon materials and methods which have been generally used in a mechanical and untrained fashion is irresistible.

To build up an original and thoroughly American school of decorative design is a project very dear to the hearts of these artists; and while they direct, and are at the same time working out the laws which are to govern, this school, those who put their ideas into material are acquiring not only technical skill, but knowledge of design, color, and effect, which will make their future work doubly valuable. The designers and decorative painters who are employed by the association are practicing art students, whose studies from the decorative natural objects with which the studios are filled make the basis of schemes of decoration. They are learning to compose from and to adapt their own studies; to group, to space, and to repeat the forms they have drawn under the laws of grouping and spacing and repetition.

They are learning to adapt their compositions to different materials, and to understand why one form may be suitable and pleasing when treated in a certain way and used in a certain place, and quite unsuitable with the same treatment in another. In short, they are learning day by day the beauty, the meaning, the literature, and the practice of art.

It is interesting to pass from one department to another, and notice the various uses of a beau-

tiful study of some flower belonging to the class which we call decoration. In one instance it is a branch of flowering dogwood. In the glass-room a window for a country house is being slowly leaded together, the design suggested by this study. We say suggested, for the idea which these layers of creamy blossoms bring to the artist mind, the memories they evoke of spring days rushing into blossom, of spring skies raining sun and shower, of spring songs and winds and misty fragrances—these help to shape the piece of color-mosaic, which grows together bit by bit as we watch it. Morsels of streaked and cloudy blue are crowded between the large blossom-shaped leaves, cut from curdled, milky, opalescent glass. Bosses of topaz yellow, changing to brownish reds, form the heart of each flower, and these are lying, layer upon layer, across the window breadth, reaching up over sky spaces where actual sun and actual cloud seem to strive together, and down over blocks of pale pink terra-cotta-colored glass which build a base, and suggest a garden border.

In another room the same subject has suggested a conventional decoration for plates or bands of copper and bronze to be used upon a massive street door.

Here the flower form is carefully modelled in low relief, closely ranged upon a background of roughened metal, certain of the forms overlapping in what seems to be an irregular regularity. These metal bands inclose broader bands or panels of carved oak, which take up the same form and theme, more largely treated and in higher relief, in blocks of leaf and blossom.

In the embroidery-room a hanging of American silk, reproducing the misty-tinted grays of a forest background, where oak buds and maple flowers melt rosiely into pale spring greens, takes up the theme, and treats it as a net-work of broad satin-leaved blossoms, with threads of twisted silver weaving spiders' webs between. Of course these different examples of art treatment find widely different places. They do not travel forth together to repeat in the same place the same song in a different key. Each one becomes a part of some room or home, where its beauty is in harmony with the ruling spirit, or where it so dominates the place as to call out a beauty which must be in harmony.

The cardinal principle of the association is to make every piece of work excellent, not only in itself, but in its adaptation to its purpose and its place; and this principle of adaptation includes variety, since it would be impossible to find two places where all the varied circumstances of need and use and all the advantages of position and surroundings were identical.

No duplicates are made, or designs repeated, but each thing must have the inspiration of a special theme, purpose, or place; and in this principle lies the germ of a truly American school of decorative art, since that which is inspired by the life which is around us must be characteristic of the time and of the country.

This seems to be a more promising work than even that of the company of poets and painters, or poet-painters, of London, who, under the name of the Morris Company, have enlarged the commerce and raised the standard of the industrial and domestic art of England. Their work has been very largely that of selection. They have gone back over the ages of English art and manufacture, selecting and reproducing that which seemed to them the best of all the accomplishment of the past. The very color which stamps the school is an imitation of the effect of time upon dyes and combinations which were perhaps crude and inharmonious in their day. Possibly it is well to consider that another century or so may fade these freshly faded tints into indistinguishable masses, and instead of forestalling the effect of time by mixed dyes, it may be the true policy so closely to mingle the threads of pure color as to produce the effect of the painter who mixes his pure color in the brush, laying side by side simple tints, which the eye mingles and harmonizes. The true problem to solve is, not to anticipate the effect of time in fading colors, but so to use them as from first to last to secure beauty and harmony. Harmonies may be produced in strong and vivid as well as in faded colors. Emerald green and palpitating crimson need not be thrown aside because they do not melt into each other. The green will pass by imperceptible gradations, each more beautiful than the other, into metallic blue and bronzed gold. The crimson will faint into rosy pinks, or deepen into purples, and the result will be a chord of color that affects the senses—"a harmony that sings."

The almost equal value in decoration of the whole register of color, if rightly used, is nowhere more perfectly seen than in the glass department. In compartments around the work-rooms are ranged in sheets of oval form every tint, from the very lowest tones of color to the highest and whitest white; and from these sheets of pure color are cut the bits, sometimes no larger than a rose leaf, which must combine to satisfy the requirements of church, public, and domestic architecture. Every scheme of color in glass must be worked out from these pure bits. One may be as delicate and made up of as vanishing tints as a pearl, and another may be a flare of strong and warlike color, and still another a mere shadowy stretch of stained darkness; the effect, whatever it is, is attained by gradation, and this principle, which is inherent in the decorative use of glass, influences the study of color in other departments.

Perhaps it is fortunate that the decorative art of America has no past, and therefore must construct from the present the beauty which is to represent us among the nations; that we must study and originate instead of handing down traditions either of color or of form; and that the arts must grow in close companionship, instead of reaching their highest development in widely different epochs.

Blue Satin Slipper.

See illustration on page 469.

This blue satin slipper is lined with white satin, and bound with Surah satin in Oriental colors, which forms a border around the top. The front is ornamented with a net application two inches and a half square, which is darned with gold and silver threads, and embroidered with pearl and silver beads; and with an upright fan-shaped pleating of the Surah satin, which is studded at the edge, as is also the border, with similar beads.

Lady's Cravat.

See illustration on page 469.

THE ends of this gray Surah cravat, which are heavily lined, and folded as shown in the illustration, are covered with an embroidered border worked on white net with red, brown, and olive flosselle silk in satin stitch and point Russe. A stiff band covered with gray Surah completes the cravat.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MATIE T.—Young ladies wear crape veils over the face but a short time—from one month to three; then they throw them back over their bonnets for six months or a year. Sewing-silk grenadine, canvas grenadine with square meshes, and all-wool nuns' veiling, are the materials for summer mourning dresses.

L. E. H.—Trim your black bunting with pleatings of the same, instead of satin, for light mourning. Wear very dressy black with jet and lace trimmings, also white dresses for evening. Black slippers and black silk stockings are worn with white and other light dresses by ladies who wear colors, and also by those in mourning.

NANNIE.—White, pale blue, or pink bunting, costing from 50 to 75 cents a yard, will make you a pretty dress for afternoons at the sea-shore. Trim it with scarfs, shirrings, and pleatings of gay striped satin Surah. You need not use lace unless you prefer it, as pleatings of the material will do nicely.

DRESSMAKER.—Cut patterns of the garments illustrated in the *Bazar* are made only of those that have the words "cut pattern" below the illustration. The number of the pattern is also given, and they can be obtained at this office.

Mrs. S. M. H.—We do not give addresses in this column, nor reply by mail; but any of the fancy stores advertised in the *Bazar* will probably give you the information you want.

E. M. R.—Have cretonne or else Madras muslin curtains if you want color in your chamber windows. The dark green or else red Holland shades on rollers would also be serviceable, though many prefer white Holland shades in bedroom windows.

MARY.—Address "The Decorative Art Society, New York City," and your letter will reach its destination. Your brown poplin will make a very good lower skirt for nuns' veiling, or else brocade of the same color.

L. B. C.—Put some white wax about in the folds of your wedding dress, wrap the whole in white tissue-paper, and put it away in a packing chest of camphor-wood.

QUEBEC.—Let your eyelashes alone, is our advice. The best information on all such subjects, as treatment of the hair, complexion, etc., is published in *The Ugly Girl Papers*, which is sent by Harper & Brothers, postage paid, on receipt of \$1.

FLOSSIE.—Get a Mother Hubbard dress of pale blue mull and another of white mull for a girl of three years. A wide-brimmed hat or else a poke is now preferred to a muslin cap. Read *New York Fashions of Bazar No. 24*, Vol. XIV.

Mrs. BEN H.—Get porcelain blue Cheviot for a travelling dress, and trim it with soutache braid. Then have a long travelling cloak with square sleeves made of English homespun check or else of écu pongee. Instead of guipure lace, get d'Aurillac, Miracourt, or the new Valenciennes. White cuffs are still worn, though not so universally as formerly. Ladies use larger visiting-cards than those for gentlemen. The name should be engraved, not printed nor written.

A. M.—You can have separate straight pieces tucked for your skirts, but the dressmakers tuck the skirt itself, which is straight in most breadths, and indeed is only sloped narrower at the top of the front and side breadths. You can have lengthwise pleats from belt to foot if you like, or you can have two or three separate pleated flounces. It is stylish to shirr very deeply the top of the front and side breadths, and let them fall in pleats from this shirring to the foot.

STUPIDITY.—The ribbons lie flat, and do not draw the skirt.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Get either mull or Swiss muslin, and make with a shirred waist, surplice neck, and a fichu trimmed with pleated ruffles of the same, as you are in mourning. Wide white sash of gros grain ribbon, not satin. The long black gloves which it is the caprice of the season for ladies in colors to wear with white dresses will be suitable for you, who are in mourning; you might also add black silk stockings, and very low black slippers, either kid or satin, as these are now stylishly worn with all light dresses.

Mrs. S. F. K.—Your sample is gray French pongee, and looks best when used for the entire dress, and trimmed with facings and pipings of black gros grain.

M. A. W.—Some sleazily woven silks, either plain or twilled, are said to wash well. Black nuns' veiling, or the less expensive French bunting, will be suitable for a walking dress. Trim with very deep pleatings of the material and passementerie, or else with Spanish lace. For a school-girl's street and church suit get light olive or blue bunting of the all-wool qualities that cost from 50 to 75 cents a yard. Make it with a shirred waist and a pleated skirt, with short apron and slight drapery.

S. H. L.—At any day wedding, no matter how the bride is dressed—whether in white satin or her travelling dress—the groom now wears a Prince Albert frock-coat of black diagonal cloth, a vest of the same, and gray trousers. It is also the caprice of the season for the bridegroom to be married without gloves. For evening weddings the usual full-dress suit of black, with a swallow-tail coat, is worn.

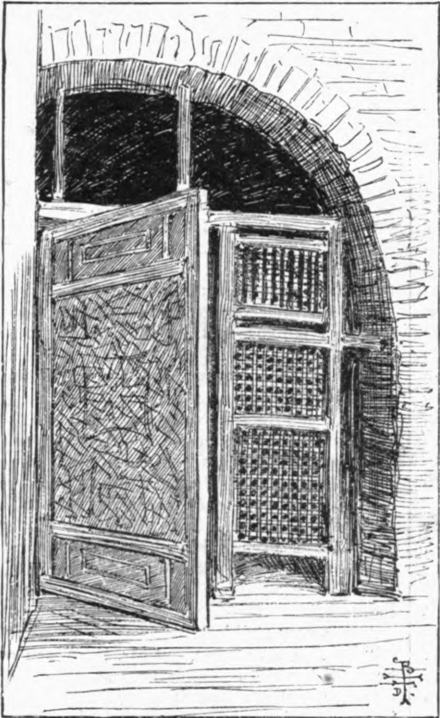
E. P. P.—Get nuns' veiling or French bunting for your pale blue wool suit, and trim it with écu embroidery on écu net. Plain velvet skirts will be worn, but are not so fashionable as they have been for two or three seasons. It is now more stylish to have the skirt and over-dress of one material, or at least of one color.

DOLLY VARDEN.—Your barred silk would look loveliest if the entire dress were made of it. You need not combine it, get gray Surah or else on need not a pleated or flounced lower skirt. At your wrists if a Greek over-skirt of the same, as it is to many, put white lace inside. Have long sleeves when the black lace is on. The guimpes dress slip.



"HER FIRST OFFER."

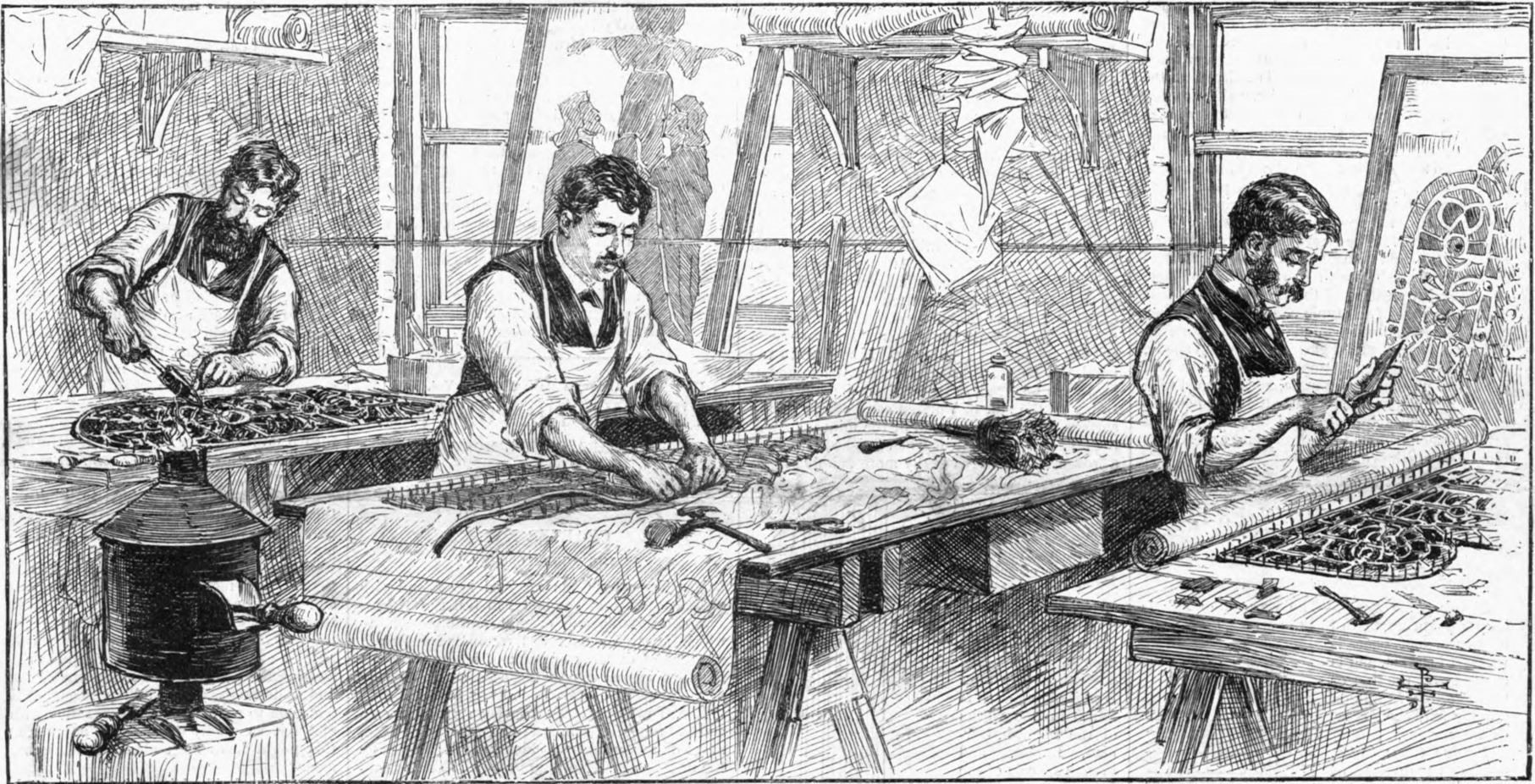
FROM A PAINTING BY F. C. BREWSTALL.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 471.]



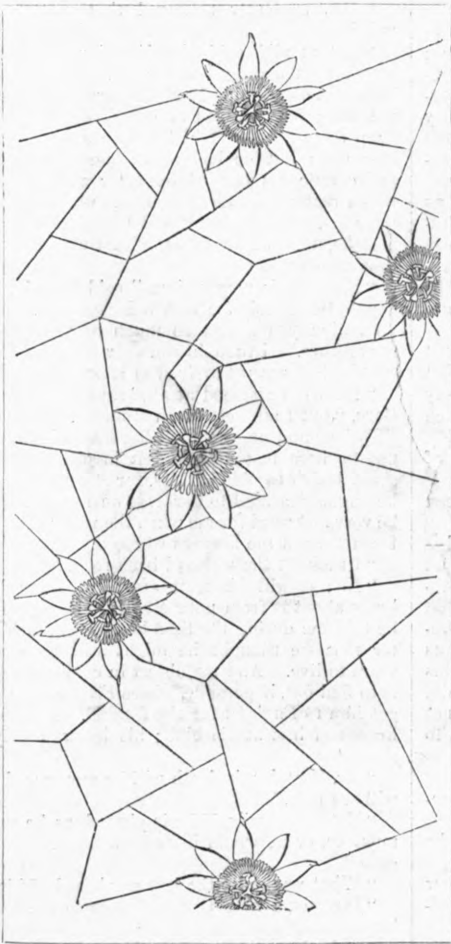
ORIENTAL CORNER.



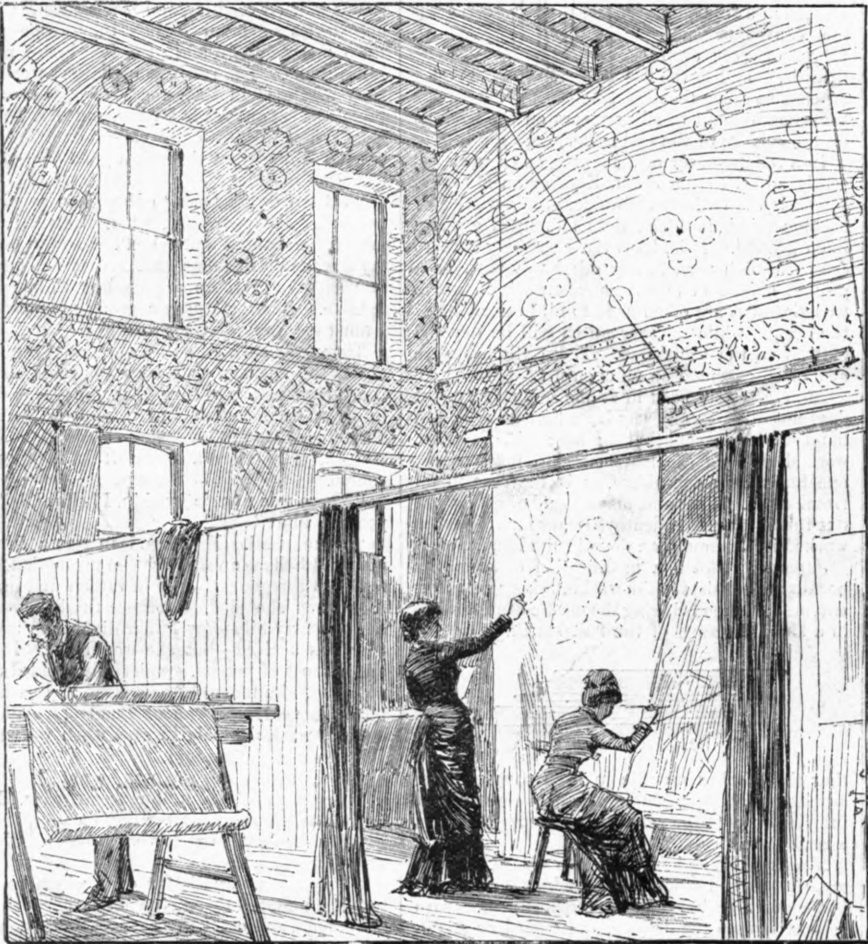
EMBROIDERING-ROOM.



STAINED-GLASS WORKERS.



EMBROIDERY DESIGN, BY MRS. CANDACE WHEELER.



STUDIO.



EMBROIDERY DESIGN, BY MRS. CANDACE WHEELER.

ESTABLISHMENT OF LOUIS C. TIFFANY & CO.—ASSOCIATED ARTISTS.—[SEE PAGE 471.]

VISITING TOILETTE.

See illustration on front page.

THIS graceful dress is of sea blue satin mervelux combined with Algérienne silk in stripes of red, yellow, green, and white. The round skirt has four striped flounces shirred at top and pleated below. The over-skirt is formed of two scarf draperies of sea blue satin mervelux, one wider than the other, and crossed in front; that on the right passes behind, and comes back to the same side, where it ends in two shells. Two quills are posed back of the side, being shirred at the top from the belt down the length of two hands, then allowed to fall loosely, then gathered again, and again left to hang as if pleated. The corsage is a basque in front and a long princess shape behind, being draped low on the skirt. On the front is a scarf shirred at the shoulders and again at the waist, with loose pleats between the shirrings and below them. The deep collar is of the Algérienne silk, and cuffs of the same are on the sleeves above a shirred and pleated satin scarf. Alençon lace jabots down the front, with similar lace in the neck and wrists. Basket bonnet of white straw, faced with red Surah, and trimmed with blue like the dress, and pink and blue ostrich tips. Wood-colored gants de Suède, fastened by many buttons. Red Surah parasol with bamboo stick, trimmed with a red ribbon bow. Light boots tipped with black patent-leather.

COACHING TOILETTE.

See illustration on front page.

THIS gay costume has a skirt of scarlet geranium French watered silk laid in pleats, and trimmed with two rows of ivory lace. The over-skirt and the new tunic corsage are of ivory white nuns' veiling. The over-skirt is shirred at the top a great depth below the waist, and falls open in front, leaving two deep points toward the sides; the back has simple drapery, and is not trimmed with lace. The tunic corsage is fully shirred all around from just below the waist down on the hips. This is made over a plain lining that extends slightly below the shirring. A coquille of lace is around the neck, and a jabot down the front. The sleeves are shirred around the arm, trimmed with a cuff of the scarlet watered silk, and finished with two full frills of lace. A collar with pleating of the silk trims the back. The lower part of the tunic corsage has a panier effect, and is draped behind by scarlet watered ribbon. Undressed kid gloves of light tan shade, fastened by eighteen buttons. White straw hat, lined with pleated scarlet satin, and trimmed with scarlet and ivory white plumes. Corsage bouquet of scarlet and sulphur-colored flowers. Scarlet satin parasol, trimmed with ivory lace and flowers like those on the corsage.

STITCHES USED IN FRAME EMBROIDERY.

By MRS. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

V.—(Continued.)

Simple Cross Stitch.—The worsted or silk is here brought up again to the surface, one thread below the spot where it was last inserted, and is crossed over the first or "tent" stitch, forming a regular and even cross on the surface.

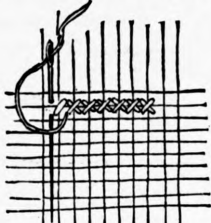


Fig. 15.—SIMPLE CROSS STITCH.

Persian Cross Stitch.—The peculiarity of this stitch is that in the first instance the silk or worsted is carried across two threads of the canvas ground, and is brought up in the intermediate space. It is then crossed over the latter half of the original stitch, and a fresh start is made. Much of the beauty of Persian embroidery is produced by the irregularity of the crossing; the stitches being taken in masses, in any direction that seems most suitable to the design in hand, instead of being placed in regular rows, with the stitches all sloping in one direction, as is the case with modern "Berlin work," this, with the happy choice of colors for which the Persians are so justly famous, produces a singular richness of effect.

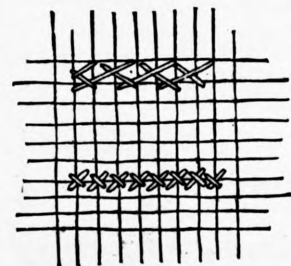


Fig. 16.—PERSIAN CROSS STITCH.

Allied to these canvas stitches, and having their origin in them, are the numerous forms of groundings, which are now worked on coarse linens, or, in fact, on any fabric, and have sometimes, though incorrectly, been called darning stitches, probably from their resemblance to the patterns which are found on old samplers, for darning stockings, table linen, etc. Almost any pattern can be produced in this style of embroidery, simply by varying the relative length of the stitches.

Following the nomenclature of the committee which named and catalogued the specimens of ancient needle-work exhibited in the South Kensington Museum in 1872, the Royal School classes all the varieties of these grounding stitches under the name of cushion stitch.

Cushion Stitches are taken, as in laid embroidery, so as to leave all the silk and crewel on the surface, and only a single thread of the ground is taken up; but in place of lying in long lines from end to end of the material, they are of even length,

and are taken in a pattern, such as a wavy line or a zigzag; so that when finished the ground presents the appearance of a woven fabric. We give an illustration of one variety of cushion stitch,

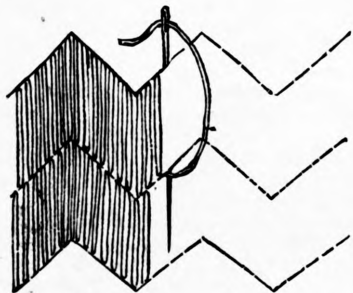


Fig. 17.—CUSHION STITCH.

which may either be worked in a frame, as just described, or in the hand, as in the wood-cut. Many of the fabrics known as "tapestries" are woven imitations of these grounds, and carry embroidery so perfectly that, except for small pieces, it seems a waste of hand labor to work them in, as the effect is not very far removed from that of woven material, while the expense is very much greater.

The ancient specimens of this stitch are worked on a coarse canvas, differing greatly from that which was recently used for Berlin-wool work. It can not now be procured, unless made specially to order. It has been replaced by a coarse hand-woven linen for the use of the school, but the old canvas is greatly superior, as its looseness makes it easier for the worker to keep the stitches in regular lines. In some ancient specimens of this needle-work the design is worked in feather stitch, and the whole ground in cushion stitch; in others the design is in fine cross or tent stitch. Several beautiful examples of this kind of embroidery are in the South Kensington Museum; they are Italian, of the seventeenth century.

A variety of cushion stitch frequently seen in old Italian embroideries was taught in the Royal School of Art Needle-Work by Miss Burden, and used, under her direction, in working flesh in some large figures designed by Mr. Walter Crane for wall decoration, and exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition. The stitches are kept of one uniform length across the design. The second row is started from the middle of the stitch above, and reaches to the middle of the next one, keeping the stitches of the same length throughout. Its beauty consists in its perfect regularity. If worked in the hand, the needle must be brought back underneath the material, as in satin stitch; but in the frame all the silk or worsted can be kept on the surface, with the exception of the minute fastening stitches. The effect when finished is that of a woven fabric. It is really more suitable in its original character of a ground stitch than for working flesh.

This has been named "Burden stitch." This form of cushion stitch worked extremely fine has been used for flesh in very ancient embroideries, even before the introduction of the *opus Anglicanum*, and is found in the works of the Flemish, German, Italian, and French schools of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It seems to have been worked in a frame on fine canvas, or on a fabric of very even threads, and the stitches so taken that the same amount of silk appears on the back as on the surface of the embroidery.

In a toilette-cover of ancient Spanish work, recently added to the South Kensington Museum, the design is entirely embroidered in varieties of cushion stitch, in black floss silk upon a white linen ground. It is, however, extremely rare to see this stitch used in any other way than as a ground except in actual canvas work, in which varieties of it are often used to fill in portions of the design, while another stitch will be devoted entirely to the grounding. These stitches were also often executed on an open net.

Stem Stitch is used in frame embroidery, but does not differ in any way from that described in hand stitches, except that the needle is, of course, worked through the material with both hands, one under and one above, as is the case in all frame work. The same may be said of *split stitch*, but this is more frequently (because more easily) worked in a frame than done in the hand.

Japanese Stitch is a modification of stem; its peculiarity consists in the worker taking very long stitches and then bringing the needle back to within a short distance of the first starting-place, so



Fig. 19.—JAPANESE STITCH.

that the stitches may lie in even parallel lines, advancing by gradation from left to right. It is principally used for working water or ground in a landscape.

Tambour Work has fallen into disuse, but was greatly admired when our grandmothers, in the last century, sprigged Indian muslins or silks with colored flowers for dresses, and copied or adapted Indian designs on fine linen coverlets. There are exquisite specimens of the stitch to be found in England and America, and in France it was in

vogue in the days of Marie Antoinette. Its use is now almost confined to the manufacture of what is known as Irish or Limerick lace, which is made on net in the old tambour frames, and with a tambour or crochet hook. The tambour frame is formed of two hoops of wood or iron made to fit loosely one within the other. Both hoops are covered with baize or flannel wound round them till the inner one can only just be passed through the outer. The fabric to be embroidered is placed over the smaller one, and the other is pressed down over it, and firmly fixed with a screw. A small wooden frame of this description is universally used in Ireland for white embroidery on linen or muslin. In tambour work the thread is kept below the frame, and guided by the left hand, while the hook or crochet-needle is passed from the surface through the fabric, and brings up a loop of the thread through the preceding stitch, and the needle is again inserted, forming thus a close chain stitch on the surface of the work. The difficulty of working chain stitch in a frame probably led to the introduction of a hook for this class of embroidery.

Lastly, we must mention the *opus Anglicum* or *Anglicanum*, though, being strictly ecclesiastical, it is very seldom called for. Dr. Rock and other authorities agree in thinking that the distinctive feature of this style, which was introduced about the end of the thirteenth century, was a new way of working the flesh in subjects containing figures. Instead of the faces being worked in rows of straight stitches (like that described as Burden stitch), as in the old German, Flemish, and Italian work of that period, the English embroiderers invented a new stitch, which they commenced in the centre of the cheek and worked round and round, gradually letting the lines fall into outer circles of ordinary feather stitch. Having thus prepared an elastic surface, they proceeded to model the forms and make lights and shadows by pressing the work into hollows with small heated metal balls, the work being probably damped to assist the process. So skillfully was this done that the effect is still the same after the lapse of five centuries. We must add that the effect, however much appreciated in the thirteenth century, is rather curious and quaint than beautiful. The Lyon cope in the Kensington Museum, of the thirteenth century, is a fine specimen of these bas-relief figures. The whole cope shows the immense variety of stitches worked at that period. On examination with a microscope, the flesh stitch appears to be merely a fine split stitch worked spirally, as fruit is now worked.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 16, Vol. XIV.]

THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

By MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

AUTHOR OF "ALL OR NOTHING," "THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE," "A GOLDEN SORROW," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

"THE AGONY COLUMN."

MRS. TOWNLEY GORE received her friend with great cordiality at her house in Kaiser Gardens. The comfortable and elegant morning-room to which Miss Chevenix was conducted displayed no signs of disarray or want of habitual habitation, but was as exactly disposed as if the lady of the house had never been away from it.

Mrs. Townley Gore's provision for her own comforts was of a minute and foreseeing kind, never disconcerted by accidents or interrupted by the unexpected. Nothing in which she was concerned was unimportant to her, and the attention of her household was concentrated upon that fact. Other people might have to put up with rooms half covered up, and meals deficient in the accessories of luxury, when they came up to town unexpectedly, and at a few hours' notice; but not she. The freshest of flowers were carefully arranged in their receptacles, the writing-table was set out ready for use, and Mrs. Townley Gore's first words to her visitor explained that she had already got through a good deal of business that morning.

"I have to get back to Horndean as soon as possible," she continued, when Beatrix had removed her bonnet and taken her seat, "because my husband's tiresome gout makes him perfectly useless, and there are endless things to be seen to. Banting's people go down to-day, and I must get away early to-morrow."

There was such an entire absence of sentiment about the speaker that Miss Chevenix did not think it necessary to throw the expression of any into the brief sentence of condolence in which she referred to Mrs. Townley Gore's loss.

"Ah, yes, poor old man; it is very sad, of course."

"There was no relationship, I believe, between you and him?"

"None at all. Mr. Horndean was a friend—indeed, I believe an admirer—of my mother's, and accepted the guardianship of myself and my brother when she died. I rather think he wanted her to marry him—my father died when my brother was a child—but she would not. He was an odd sort of person, wonderfully wedded to his own way, like most old bachelors, and as he did not care very much about London, we did not see a great deal of him except when we went to Horndean in the autumn."

"He was very wealthy, was he not?"

"Very well off, but nothing tremendous. Horndean is worth about six thousand a year."

"And he has left it to your brother. Had he no relatives?"

"Only some very distant ones, whom he knew nothing about. He was what is called a self-made man, and one great advantage of such self-making is that a man can do just as he likes with his own. Poor Mr. Horndean was a little too fond of keeping his independence well before

everybody's eyes, and it was this that brought about the first misunderstanding between him and my brother. Frederick is a high-handed, indolent sort of fellow, and he could not stand being alternately coaxed with the gain and threatened with the loss of Horndean. Ever since his school-boy days this was Mr. Horndean's system with him, and he never could see that it was a bad one, though he had plenty of proof of it. It was uncomfortable for me, too, for whenever Frederick and Mr. Horndean quarrelled—and that was almost as often as they met—both sides of the story were told to me, and I was expected by each to take part against the other."

"Were their disagreements of a serious nature? I suppose not, as they have not had a serious effect."

"They were of every kind, and on all sorts of subjects. I have often wondered why Mr. Horndean did not wash his hands, as they say, of Frederick altogether when he came of age, and the guardianship business was at an end. It seems too absurd to talk of such a thing in connection with a dry, formal, matter-of-fact, severe old man; but, however absurd, I do believe it to be true that it was Frederick's likeness to my mother which made our guardian hold on to him, and that Frederick owes his good fortune to that likeness."

"Is it very striking?"

"Yes. I see it too, but Mr. Horndean would have it that the resemblance was quite extraordinary, and I am sure it always influenced him in Frederick's favor. The great grievance of all was that Frederick would not go and live—'settle down,' as Mr. Horndean called it—at Horndean, and in that I was especially called upon to interfere. Just as if he would have settled down anywhere to anything! Of course I knew it was vain to think of such a thing, and perfectly useless to point out the advantages of the offer. There was a great feud for a long time, and Frederick was off, amusing himself, I don't remember where. At all events, he got into debt and difficulty, and Mr. Horndean relented, and paid his debts, and renewed the proposal about his 'settling down.' He did not succeed this time any better than at first, and then I began to be afraid that Frederick really had tried his patience too far, for he made no sign at all; and when I told him that Frederick had started for the East with a travelling party, he said, very grimly, he was glad he found himself in a position to afford such an expedition, but that if I pleased we would not discuss my brother for the future. On the hint, then, I did not speak, except to Frederick, and you may judge how little success I had with him when I tell you that, although I know he has been 'about' in Italy and France since his trip to Palestine, he has never turned up in London nor gone near Horndean."

"Did Mr. Horndean never see him again after their last falling out?"

"Never; and I am inclined to think my brother owes his inheritance to Mr. Horndean's ignorance that he had returned to Europe. I said nothing about it, because I knew the old subject would be revived, and with the former result; that if they met, it would only be to disagree, and the poor old man was so evidently failing, that it was well for every reason to avoid anything of that kind. It has all turned out for the best; he never carried out his frequent threat of altering the will which he made when I married, and while Frederick was still quite a boy. He had had time to get over his last vexation with him, and felt as kindly toward him as ever, and all this might have been altered if they had met again."

The sang-froid of her friend was not lost on Miss Chevenix, but she admired that quality, and recognized its usefulness.

"You evidently managed that matter very well."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Townley Gore; "circumstances managed it for me. I did nothing but avoid mentioning Frederick's return. I should not have felt justified in interfering actively to keep them apart if I had known where my brother was; but he had taken one of his sullen and erratic fits last winter, after a sharp letter that I really had to write to him, quite in his own interests, and I have not had a line from him for months, nor do I know in the least where he is at this moment."

"But that is very serious," said Beatrix. "I should be terribly alarmed if I were you. I had no notion you meant so much by 'no news of my brother.' I thought you only intended to say that he had not yet arrived at Horndean."

"I am not alarmed at all," said Mrs. Townley Gore, "but I am very much annoyed. It is most vexatious and unbecoming that Frederick should not be here just now, and it involves me in a great deal of trouble besides, for of course all that he ought to attend to devolves on me, and it will be very awkward for me when the will is read, and I can not tell the lawyers where my brother is."

"I thought the will had been read."

"No; it will be read after the funeral. I know about it from poor Mr. Horndean himself; he told me during the time he was so much better that we thought he might still have some years to live. And my object in coming to town is to find out, if possible, where Frederick is, and get him to England for the funeral. Nothing is known of him at his club; his letters are lying there."

"Mr. Horndean's death will be announced; he will see that."

"Not necessarily, if he is abroad, as he surely must be, or he would have been heard of at his club."

"What was quite the last you heard of him?"

"Directly, a note that he wrote to the housekeeper at Horndean, and which she sent on to me to Paris. A characteristic production, without date or address, but the postmark Paris; merely asking her to let him have a line to his

London club to give him the last news of Mr. Horndean, and adding, 'Please tell him I am quite a dab at painting, and he will have to turn out the old fogies in the gallery to make room for my great works.' The housekeeper is very fond of Frederick—he has known him since he was a child—and she sent me the letter without mentioning it to her master."

"Would he have been displeased by it, then?"

"Indeed he would. He never understood, and honestly disliked, a joke of any kind. This was a peculiarity which Frederick never could be made to respect, and a jest at the expense of his pictures or his gems would have deeply offended him."

"Was Mr. Horndean a collector?"

"Yes, in a small way. There are some good old pictures, a number of valuable engravings, and some curios in jewelry and carving at Horndean. Altogether, it is a very fair heritage, and my brother is a lucky man. I do wish this unfortunate contretemps had not occurred."

"How long is it since the housekeeper sent you on the letter which seemed to make it certain that Mr. Lorton was in Paris when it was written?"

"Just eight weeks ago. Her own letter to me, in which it was inclosed, induced me to start at once, and after I got to Horndean I wrote to Frederick, to his club, begging that he would come at once. Then Mr. Horndean rallied, and I did not much mind about my brother, for Mr. Townley Gore joined me, and there were some annoyances of a domestic nature to attend to, when Mr. Horndean's state again became alarming. I wrote once more, and on receiving no answer, I made an attempt to find Frederick through a person in Paris who knows him, and would have been likely to be a good deal with him if he had been long there."

"Did nothing come of the inquiry?"

"Nothing satisfactory. I made out pretty clearly that he had been in Paris, but his letter to the housekeeper had told as much as that, and some one had called on his behalf at the house we had in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, to ascertain whether I was there, on the very day I left Paris. That was all; from that day he has made no sign, and I am totally at a loss to know what to do. It is impossible to put off the funeral beyond a week, and it will be positively indecent if Frederick does not appear at it."

"But if you have not told other people that Mr. Lorton had returned from his trip to the East," remarked Beatrix, consolingly, "no one will be any the wiser."

"That is true, my dear girl, and a satisfaction so far as it goes; but it does not take the load of worry off me, and I wish you and I between us could hit upon some plan of getting at Frederick in the mean time, without letting the family lawyer or the police into the secret of the state of affairs."

"I should advertise in a form of words which he would understand, in the agony column of tomorrow's *Times*; even though you may not be certain of his looking at the English papers, it is much more likely that he does than that he does not: it is a chance, and it seems to be the only one."

"A very good idea; a thousand thanks for it. We will concoct the advertisement and send it to the office at once."

Mrs. Townley Gore took her place at her writing-table, and after a good deal of consideration, consultation, and alteration, the following form of advertisement was decided on:

FREDERICK.—Look at "Deaths" in all the lists of this week. Our old friend did not change his mind with respect to you. Come with all possible speed to your own home.

This business dispatched, the friends talked of other matters—of what Beatrix had been doing, of her looks, which Mrs. Townley Gore declared to be more charming than ever, and indeed she did genuinely admire the beauty that was of an order so totally distinct from her own; of the invitations she had received, and the general plans for the season; and of the happily brief period during which Mrs. Townley Gore would need to be in eclipse in consequence of the entirely unlamented death of the old man who had been her steady friend for so long, and had left her troublesome brother a fortune.

After luncheon the carriage was announced; not Mrs. Townley Gore's own smart and well-known equipage, but a plain and decorous vehicle from a livery-stable; and the two ladies went out on the business of the hour which their souls loved.

When mourning is not very deep, and is to be worn without any sentiment corresponding to its color, it is almost as pleasant to select as clothes of any other kind, and Mrs. Townley Gore and Miss Chevenix both belonged to the class of women who take a real delight in shopping, and are patient and painstaking over the process.

Mrs. Townley Gore left Miss Chevenix at home, and it was just as the carriage turned into Chesterfield Street, Mayfair, that Beatrix said to her companion:

"You never told me what you did about the girl who bored you so in the winter—the girl Mr. Townley Gore was so much interested about. Did you get her off your hands satisfactorily? Things of that sort are so hard to manage."

"Oh yes," answered Mrs. Townley Gore, carelessly, but sweetly; "the poor thing is very nicely placed with the family of an old school friend."

"How fortunate! I remember your telling me she moped terribly. Here we are. A thousand thanks. You will not come in for a minute? I shall count on hearing from you when Mr. Lorton turns up. Good-by."

Miss Chevenix looked over the cards and letters on the hall table before she went up to dress. None of the former were particularly interesting; all the latter were very much the reverse. They were mostly bills, and some of them were her

own business. She felt tired and cross; she wished she were not going to the Lyceum Theatre that evening with Mrs. Maberley. She disliked Mrs. Maberley more than she disliked any of her father's particular friends, but she never ventured to manifest her repugnance to her, and she could not exactly define its cause.

Most people would have described Mrs. Maberley as an insignificant but lady-like and unpretending person, and yet she impressed Beatrix painfully, and imposed upon her restraint such as no one else in the world made her feel.

"I have not any dangerous secrets, happily," thought Beatrix, gazing gloomily at her image in the glass, while her maid was arranging the bright braids of her magnificent hair, in which she never wore any ornament, whatever the fashion might be; "I am not in any hidden trouble; but I have to tell myself so, and to keep on assuring myself of it, when I am with that woman—she has such a way of making me feel as if I were in her power, and there was something she knew. It is time for me to get out of all this; I am tired of it, and every time I see into the steady prosperity of those other people's lives I feel more and more tired of it. What are we, I wonder? Adventurers, perhaps, and Mrs. Maberley knows it. But we don't adventure. It is a pleasant life enough, only I have had enough of it, but it is same, though not tame, and as systematic as if we were shop-keeping Dissenters. What luck some people have, and how quietly they take it. Six thousand a year! and a position among the landed gentry!—the sort of thing I have heard papa speak of as the most enviable of all positions, a kind of earthly heaven; better indeed, for he does not believe in heaven, and he does believe in landed property. Mrs. Townley Gore accepts it all as coolly as if it were the due of that brother of hers. I wonder what he's like; I rather like the notion of him she gives one. A man with a will of his own, and not too easy to manage. Lucky, too, that, if he is not dead somewhere—drowned, or murdered, or something. Well, if he were, she would get over it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SLIGHTLY ELEVATED.

I KNEW it was the first instant I glanced at him, as he stepped into the elevator, and then, seeing a lady, took off his hat and stood there with it in his hand, while others filed in and seated themselves. I wondered if he had seen me. I hoped in heaven he had not. It was not very bright in the place, and I cast down my eyes with a truly ostrich-like sagacity, forgetting I could be seen if I did not see; forgetting too the mirrors lining the box if one happened to look in them. However, at the second floor he left, and I went on, thankful I had not been obliged to make the stir of moving out before he did.

I would not have gone down to dinner that day if I could have helped it, I said to myself—not although mamma had asked the Loverings to dine, and my new garnet velvet had just come home. But mamma would have made such a song of it that one thing would be as bad as the other.

I was hardly inside my room when I locked the door, and fell on the bed so faint that I should have died if at last I had not been able to cry—a good long refreshing cry that lasted till I grew so angry with myself it dried my tears. And then Amy came to the door, but I told her she must go along into mamma's room; she couldn't come in there. And she went away declaring it was fine time of day, and other things of the sort, till I bethought me that it was fine time of day if I fainted away, and cried myself ill, and locked my sister out of her room, all because I had happened to meet Loring Richards in the elevator five years after our boy and girl engagement was broken.

I call it a boy and girl engagement; but it had been life of my life, and it had almost torn my heart out in coming to an end. And what had he cared—the great dark handsome creature, standing there without a line upon his face that told of any trouble it had been to him, who had left me to suffer all I had had to suffer alone? Not go down to dinner? I would go if I went up in a chariot of fire directly afterward. I sprang up and bathed my face, and powdered it till it was cool, and unlocked the door and called Amy, and sat bent over a novel, and thoroughly absorbed in it, my hair streaming round my face and shoulders, till she was dressed, having to hurry a little for some caller in our parlor. Then I blew off my powder, took a hot bath, called Davis, and had her brush my hair till it tingled, and put on the garnet velvet with its creamy duchesse lace and the yellow pearls—everybody dresses so at that hotel. I only came near breaking down when, Davis not being able to find a jewel I wanted, I tumbled over the things myself, and a little old miniature that nobody knew I had kept tumbled from its hiding-place, and showed me for half an instant that proud grave face. But I recovered presently, and I looked in the glass, and defied him to tell that I cared a straw, even if he saw me in that vast caravansary of the splendid hotel dining-room, with its chandeliers, its mirrors, its frescoes, and its throngs. And anybody would have been justified in making such remarks as were convenient concerning my vanity who could have known the second thought that flashed through me as I looked in that glass, and saw the olive oval with its rich flush, the dark and glowing eye, the dewy lip, the clear soft outlines. If I thought it was a picture Loring Richards or another might be glad to see, how could I help the thought?

The Loverings were waiting when I went into the parlor, mamma and Amy, who had become used to my caprices in five years, talking as if they were not half worried to death for fear I

was not going to dine at all—mamma's soul being deeply concerned in doing the Loverings honor; for she meant that Amy should marry the Doctor, if obliged to give up hope of my accepting Mr. Lovering's bonds and stocks with himself. Poor mamma had come to make a fetch to herself of bonds and stocks. And it was a condescension, in a manner, for them to dine with us, anyway, at a hotel—the aristocrats of the Avenue in general despising the cuisine and the herd of the vulgar who get their two or three days' yearly splendor at an inn, and these being aristocrats in particular, and cruelly conservative in practice and principle.

So we went down. And mamma sailed in with Mr. Lovering, and Amy with the Doctor, and I followed with Julia Lovering, whose little soul curled all up at contact with the crowd, like a sea-anemone when you touch it; and just at the door my train caught on a carpet hook, and a couple of servants made haste to loosen it, but not before a gentleman had stooped and set it free, and bowed without looking up, and passed on; and it was Loring Richards, and he had not known me again. So near me, and had not known me! Once, the air my garment brushed would have thrilled him through and through! And you can imagine if I knew whether I were eating gumbo soup, or Blue Point oysters, or what not, after that! What was Loring Richards doing there? Who was that lady he joined in the hall? Had he married? Was he here, possibly, on his wedding journey? Had he, then, forgotten me?

If it had not been for mamma's claret, which she quietly pushed toward me, in a minute I should have fallen off my chair; but that brought the blood back. Forgotten me! Well, why should I be the only one to remember? Let me forget. Alas! had I not been trying to forget for five years? But I leaned over my plate to ask Mr. Lovering a question, the length of whose reply I knew would be like spool silk, warranted three hundred yards; and I was hanging on his words, when my eyes caught sight of a person that had just come in, and was seated a few tables distant, had taken out a newspaper, and was never glancing up from the column. A chair was turned down toward him, and it remained vacant for some time. For his bride? No; a man does not come down to dinner and leave his bride to follow alone. For his wife of longer date? When I had the opportunity of another look, a dazzling creature sat there, a golden-headed darling, radiant as if a star had turned a rose. Was I not ashamed of myself to wish to look that way! What did I care for Loring Richards, or his wife either, if I had one? Not in that direction again did I turn my head. I was gay and all alive myself, and Mr. Lovering was all devotion. I knew by some other senses when those two left the room, but not by my eyes or ears.

"Who is that going out?" asked Mr. Lovering. "If his looks were a burning-glass, you would be in flames."

"One of the waiters?" I asked. "There is a French count among them, you know, and a Polish refugee."

"Margaret!" exclaimed mamma, "how should you know anything about such people?"

"Oh, mamma, I am interested in them; and since I joined the Internationals, and the Nihilists, and the Marianne, and the rest, I know all about such people." I saw Mr. Lovering's hair slowly begin to rise on end. "That old rag-picker," I added, "told me yesterday that—"

But Mr. Lovering's head looked more and more like an electric hair-brush, and mamma cried, "Margaret!"

"Why, mamma, we are all human beings together."

"I really must insist—" began mamma; and then Amy giggled, and mamma looked as if she thought I had gone out of my head, and Amy was hysterically sympathetic.

"Your daughter's advanced opinions," said Mr. Lovering, stiffly, "are a surprise to me."

"You silly little mother," Amy laughed. "It is our boating club at home, the Internationals, our charity school, the Nihilists, our sewing club, our book club, our—"

"I really thought you meant secret societies," gasped that old goose of an elderly lover.

"And what if I had?" said I, my native vigor returning. "What if I were own cousin to Vera Sassalitch?"

"Do have her name right," said the Doctor. "I was afraid that our young ladies would be following Natalushka's fashions as soon as Mr. Black made her so charming."

"Charming?" said his father. "A girl with such ideas charming?"

"I am rejoiced to hear you express yourself so," said mamma.

"And I," said I. "Because they are my ideas."

"Which are your ideas?" he asked. "Mine, or those of that young Russian girl and her like?"

"Hers, certainly," I said. "The ideas of humanity and brotherhood." And my heart began to beat like an engine one hears in the night, with a wild sort of exultation that now, no matter what had happened to Loring Richards, I had made it impossible that I should ever marry Mr. Lovering's stocks and bonds, for the temptation was out of the way: he would never ask me.

But it had all been a little too much for me. And I saw that mamma was comprehending the situation, and growing angrier and angrier. Oh, how angry the dear soul was! "You look very pale, Margaret," she said. "Are you not well? I see by your conversation that you are not quite yourself. You had better go to your room. Our friends will excuse you, I am sure." And I bowed to them all, and caught the Doctor's twinkling eye—the Doctor who wanted no young mother-in-law—and rose and slipped from the room before either he or his father could offer me an arm. I could not have held out through another five minutes.

The elevator was just coming up from the lower hall. I stepped in. A gentleman in it took off his hat as usual. I seated myself, the boy closed the door, and we softly slid upward. We ascended half way to the next floor, when we paused with a slight jar. The boy looked up at the bell signals; pulled one string, and then another; pushed open the door against the blank wall, and then, before he had shut it, there came a sudden sense of breathlessness, and we had shot up toward the roof like a catapult; the boy had flung himself out as we passed one of the open spaces of the flying floors; and all at once we stopped again with a shock, suspended by some unknown agency between the two upper floors, with some seventy feet of empty space under us, and nothing that we knew of between us and destruction.

The light in the elevator had gone out, and only a dim glimmer from the jets in the upper hall made darkness visible. For a moment I closed my eyes, and leaned back, half lifeless. "It is horrible," I gasped. For I thought of the fierce shock, the crushing of body and bone that was to follow at any moment, if we fell to the lower pavement, if we were driven up into the timbers of the roof. Then came the thought that it was but for a moment after all, and with it would end all that was so unbearable. Loring Richards's wife and Loring Richards himself would be nothing then to me. No more torture, no more heart-break, no more tears—just peace. And there came with that a certain gladness over all the immediate horror. "Are you afraid?" I said, turning to the other occupant of the cage, at whom I had not glanced.

"Afraid, Margaret! Here?—alone with you?" came the answer.

"Loring! Oh, how dreadful! And—and your wife—"

"My wife! There is only one wife possible for me, Margaret, and you have kept me away from her for five years."

"Do you say you are not married to that lovely creature at the table—"

"Married? To my cousin Rose? And you ask me that, Margaret?—you?"

I raised my eyes to look at him. He was standing directly before me in the half-shadow. "Oh, Loring," I said, "we are in the face of death. Can you forgive me—now, when there is nothing left for us but to die?"

He bent and caught me to his heart. "At any rate," he said, "to die together. There is no greater bliss than that."

"Oh yes," I cried—"to live together. Ah, will nobody save us? Oh, when we have just found each other after all these bitter years! Were they bitter to you, Loring?"

And just then the ropes began to slide softly over the pulleys again, and we went easily slipping down, and gently alighted at the lower hall as if nothing had been the matter. Talk of the total depravity of inanimate things! It is sacrilege. I believe that elevator knew just what it was doing. But you ought to have seen dear mamma's face when Loring told her that he should not let me out of his sight again till he had a legal claim upon me, and he would be glad of her company and Amy's in the Church of the Heavenly Haven in exactly one half-hour's time!

Scrim Curtain with Antique Lace Insertion and Edging.—Figs. 1-3.

See illustrations on page 468.

This scrim curtain is trimmed on the inner edge and the bottom with antique lace insertion and edging, which is technically known as netted guipure. Fig. 2 gives the design for the insertion, and Fig. 3 that for the edging. The ground is worked in straight netting with rather coarse linen thread, and then darned in the manner shown in the illustrations in point de toile, point de reprise, and point d'esprit with similar thread. The lace is button-hole stitched around the outer edge, after which the surplus net is cut away. The lambrequin is of dark olive plush, and is edged at the bottom with twisted fringe in the same shade; it is draped on the curtain rod in the manner shown in the illustration, and finished with tassels at the ends. The curtain band is of silk and wool passementerie ornamented with clusters of pendent balls.

Black Satin Morning Slipper.

See illustration on page 469.

This black satin slipper is lined with red satin, and trimmed with steel lace, which is headed around the top of the slipper with heavy steel cord. The rosette of steel lace on the front surrounds three leaf-shaped pieces of white cloth, which are embroidered with red silk in chain stitch, and with red and iridescent beads.

Ladies' Hats.—Figs. 1-3.

See illustration on page 469.

The flaring brim of the Tuscan straw bonnet Fig. 1 is five inches wide in the front and half as wide in the back; it is wired an inch from the edge, and faced with pleated white Spanish lace. A band an inch wide and fourteen inches long, made of stiff net and ribbon wire, and covered with maize satin, on which a half-wreath of wild roses is mounted, is fastened inside the brim. The outside trimming consists of maize satin ribbon an inch and a half wide, which is edged on each side with white Spanish lace three inches wide, and is twined about the hat in the manner shown in the illustration. A gilt and steel ornament is set in the middle of the front and another at the left side.

The large round hat Fig. 2 is of English straw. The brim is faced two inches deep around the edge with a bias strip of Bordeaux red Surah, which is covered by pleated white lace four inches wide. A wreath of large shaded red roses encircles the crown, and terminates in hanging sprays of buds in the back. A large soft bow of shaded red satin ribbon four inches wide is fastened on the crown at the middle of the front above the wreath.

The satin straw bonnet Fig. 3 has a high sloping crown and a wide brim which forms revers on both sides. The brim is wired, faced with pale lemon-colored plush, and edged, except for eighteen inches around the front, with gathered white lace two inches and a half wide. Pale lemon-colored satin ribbon four inches wide is folded lengthwise through the middle and fastened on the right side of the crown. The ribbon is carried around the front of the crown and beneath the brim on the left side of the back, arranged in loops and ends on the revers, and carried over the front, where it is caught down with three gilt ornaments, to the point where it began. The right side is trimmed with a cluster of pink, red, and yellow roses with leaves.



ON THE DOWNS.



A PÉRISSEUR.

ÉTRETAT—AN ARTISTS' RESORT.

By HENRY BACON.

OFF the railroad line on the Normandy coast, about twenty miles east of Havre, is the little town of Étretat, that has become popular during the last quarter of a century as the summer residence of artists and authors. Alphonse Karr, Offenbach, Courbet Poitevin, and their comrades first established themselves here when it was only a thatched-roofed fishing village, living at the little tavern, the principal house of entertainment—a joyous, productive, Bohemian life amongst the primitive peasants and fishermen, and the picturesque Normandy scenery.

But the place has grown since those days. As some one has said, "Follow artists and journalists, and you will find something worth finding," so a crowd has followed these pioneers, and Étretat at the present time is a flourishing sea-side summer residence, with many fine villas and several flourishing hotels, dating its history and prosperity from the time of Alphonse Karr's first visit, giving his name to its principal street, and doing him honor by wearing his portrait in Deck faience on the façade of the principal hotel.

Although the summer visitors far outnumber the native population—the fishermen and their families—the place still preserves many of its primitive aspects, and the artistic element is predominant amongst its summer visitors.

The town is located, like many along the coast, in a valley, on a stream running into the sea, with a half-moon-shaped beach about a mile long, inclosed by chalk cliffs, each extremity terminating in natural arches, that are the chief wonder of the locality, and have been reproduced on many a canvas and stage decoration. These arches are common along the coast, being worn in past ages by the waves through projections of the chalk cliffs. The most important and curious is the arch on the west of Étretat beach, which bears the name of Porte d'Aval, with the extreme portion standing out into the sea like a gigantic flying-buttress. Porte d'Amont, the arch to the east, is much smaller and more regular, and does not attract as much attention, being in full view of its majestic companion.

There are two large hotels and several smaller ones that accommodate the visitors who come to Étretat for a short time, but it is the fashion to have one's own dwelling. It is not necessary to buy or build, as the town is mostly composed of small stone houses built with the savings of the inhabitants, neatly, sometimes comfortably, furnished. These are let for the summer months at very reasonable prices. Often the owners are willing to perform the duties of servants to the lodgers. And there are many charming private cottages with picturesque gardens about them, and several large châteaux on the outskirts of the town.

But no matter where we lodge, on the Rue Alphonse Karr, at the hotels, or in some little street without a name, we all meet at the casino on the beach—a long low building containing ball-room,

reading-room, card-room, café, etc.—which is open by subscription to all.

In front of the casino has been built a terrace, where we promenade up and down after dinner, and between the showers on stormy days. From the terrace a flight of steps leads down between the bathing-houses to the beach; for the beach in front of the casino is hired by the casino company from the government, which retains the ownership of all the sea-coast a certain distance above high-water line. All who bathe here pay a small sum for the privilege to the establishment, which has always several stalwart men on duty during bathing hours to assist the bathers and prevent accidents. These men are old sailors, natives of the place, who are autocrats in their way, for they order those out of the water who they consider are remaining too long, and, if the weather is stormy, forbid any one going in when they know it is dangerous.

The beach is shingly, descending rapidly, and the rising and falling tides form terraces where the spectators lounge or sit in groups on curious folding-chairs supplied in very liberal quantity by the casino, and these chairs adapt themselves remarkably to the locality, as they can be used and turned in almost any way, the broad edges keeping them from sinking between the pebbles.

Out amongst the bathers are often seen many little canoes moving quickly through the water, peculiar to French sea-side places, appropriately called périssoirs, that are as difficult to become accustomed to as the velocipede on land, the least uncertain motion or heavy wave upsetting them, making it necessary for the occupant to man the little vessel in bathing costume, ready for any emergency; to launch and to land are the most difficult operations, unless there is a dead calm, and more assurance is needed in landing than in entering a ball-room, for one is obliged to land in the face of all the people on the beach, who wear an expectant look and a smile that often broadens into a merry laugh as on the last wave the périssoir upsets, and the crew is obliged to swim ashore.

The fishermen's part of the beach is the picturesque portion, and the great attraction to the painter.

On the crest are rows of old worthless weather-beaten boats, covered with boards and thatched roofs, with doors and windows cut in them, now used for store-houses for nets and other fishing-tackle. Before them are many huge clumsy capstans, with beams and ropes beside them; then the boats, broad and heavily built, of ancient model, each painted in primitive colors chosen by the owner to designate his property. These boats are family affairs; they have them christened before their first voyage, like a newborn babe, with the priest and town's-people assisting, and much galette (short-cake) distributed to the children. They name them after the saints, as they do their children, and on their saint's day decorate the mast with a bunch of green.

When there is a wedding in the town, they decorate them with flags, and when any of the family dies, put the boat in mourning by painting the topmast black. One scarcely ever finds a portrait of one of the family hanging in one of the fishermen's thatched-roofed cottages, but often some rude effigy of the boats; and if a painter wishes to secure the everlasting favor of one of these fishermen, it is not the child he sketches, but the portrait of the favorite boat, paying much more attention, if he is cunning, to the painted number upon the bow than to the artistic quality of his production.

Before Étretat was frequented by strangers, these capstans and the dismantled hulks were placed anywhere their owners had seen fit—probably many of them had been there for several hundred years—and the place was much more picturesque than now. But when the casino was built, the government officials thought a little more regularity along the beach, so that the stranger could have a pleasant promenade from one end to another, was desirable, and engineers were sent to move the caloges and capstans into line. But the fishermen had not yet learned that the town's improvement and the influx of strangers were to bring them more comforts, and the

engineers were mobbed, the crowd being led by an old woman, strong in limb and tongue. The improvers were routed by the fishwives' band, and the Mayor, wearing a tricolored scarf, his badge of office, supported by the garde-champêtre, his only military force at command, was forced to appear upon the ground to quiet the mutiny. Of course the government officers at last prevailed, and now there is more regularity along the walk, and a line of thatched-roofed hulks that one of the English-reading visitors has christened Peggotty's Row.

Even the costumes of the natives have undergone "improvements." Machine manufactures have become cheaper than homespun. They still wear the huge high boots, but rainy weather brings out some of the picturesque old clothes. The red petticoats with tucked-up over-dresses and white caps are becoming rare, only to be found on the old women; and only one of the red piratical-looking caps that used to be worn by all the fishermen now survives, and that can only be seen pleasant days on old Père Maillard, sunning his eighty-four years amongst the boats.

"Do you know who he is?" asked an old man, who had seen me talking to Père Maillard. "He's my father. There are five generations of us here on the beach."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "you are a numerous family."

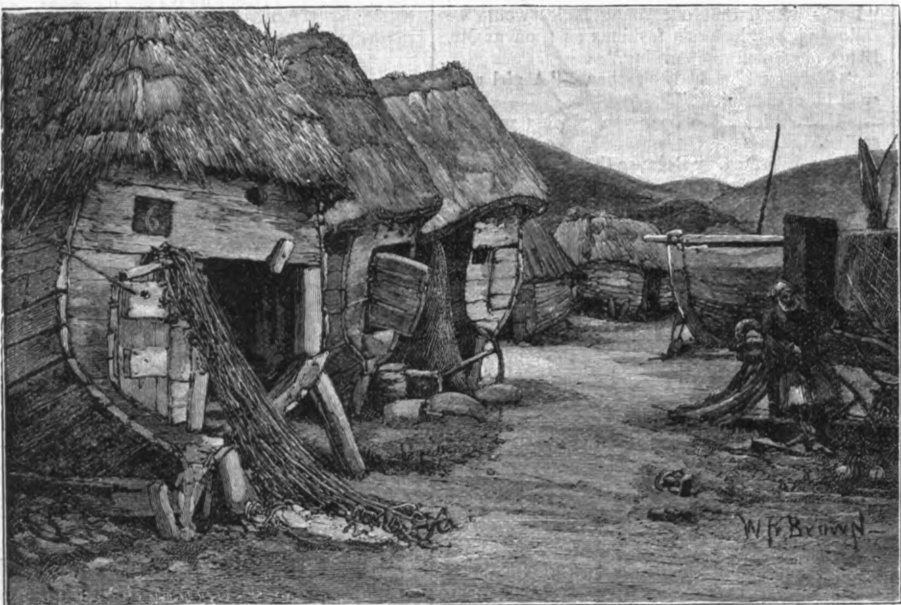
"Yes; but not so many as that of Zephir the baigneur. His mother had nineteen children. Zephir is one of the youngest. Did you ever know his brother Joseph? He used to amuse the Parisians—all strangers are called by the natives Parisians—"by breaking one of those cobble-stones with his fist."

On the downs, a little way inland, can be seen from below a clump of large trees, which shelters the farm of Amont from the north wind. This farm is the favorite resort for landscape artists, and is spoken of by the painters as "the farm." Here in pleasant weather there are always several artists at work, sometimes more than several; and the farmer—a friend of painters, although not a patron—has put an empty room in one of his out-buildings at their disposal, where they keep their easels and parasols, and this room has become quite a museum, for here we find many sketches in progress, and others, commenced summers before, that their owners have never returned to finish.

Étretat is not one of those places that have an interest alone in the past. We enjoy it to-day, and lay plans for the morrow. It is interesting to know the Romans gave it its name and laid out the road, but we do not care a great deal for such information, we study the pretty bathing costumes much more than our histories, and look forward with delight to our next summer's vacation, hoping the while nothing will occur to raise the rents, or hasten the building of the railroad.



PÈRE MAILLARD.

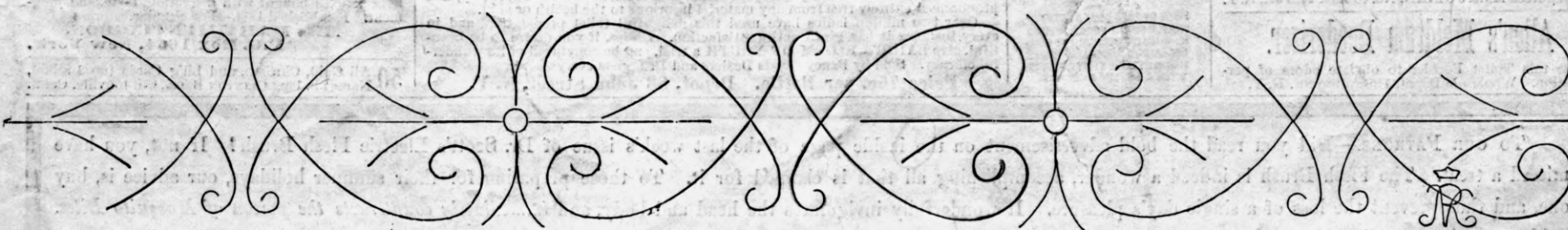


PEGGOTTY'S ROW.



ARTISTS ON THE BEACH.

ÉTRETAT SKETCHES.



Kate Greenaway Designs for Doyleys, etc.; and Border.

See illustrations on page 477.

THESE effective Kate Greenaway figures for doyleys, wall-pockets, or such small objects are finely worked in outline with the finest crewels or silks, in one or two shades of a color; blue is perhaps the favorite. Some of the more important lines are more thickly worked than the others, but the chief shading or variety is given by the use of two or more shades; thus the chief outlines are dark blue, the designs on the dresses or the folds will be of lighter blue, and the face lines in the lightest shade. Stem stitch is used, and split stitch where the line is to be very fine.

The pretty border at the foot of the page is well adapted for various purposes, such as finishing other patterns, trimming dresses, aprons, towels, etc., or may be used for insertions. It is worked in outline stitch, in one or two colors.

Black Satin Neck-Tie.

See illustration on page 469.

This black satin neck-tie consists of a bias strip five inches and a half wide. The ends are sloped from each side to a point at the middle, and are edged with steel lace, headed by steel cord sewed down in loops, and ornamented besides with steel bead leaves and berries. These leaves are cut out of black stiff net; the edges and veins are defined with steel beads strung on fine wire, and the surface is studded with single beads.

Silver Chest.

See illustration on page 469.

This carved-wood chest, which is designed to hold silver-ware, is divided inside into compartments adapted to the purpose.

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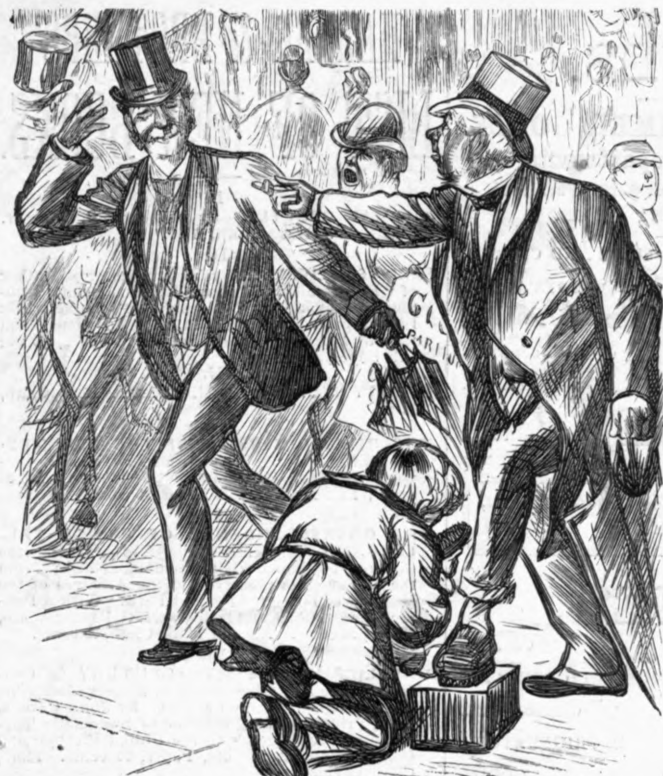
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A NARROW ESCAPE.

BARNICKLE (the most adhesive old bore in town). "Oh, stop a minute, my boy"—
(tries to clutch him)—"I've something particular."
BROWN (just clearing him). "Ah, Barny! Can't stop! Just lounging down the street.
Good-bye. See you soon." (Aside.) "How lucky!"
[Saunters to next corner, and off like a shot.]

FACETIÆ.

A very bald gentleman was exhibiting to a friend his well-appointed toilette table, whereon were brushes of every size and shape.
"Yes, I see, I see," said the friend; "you have everything—that is, everything except—"
"Except what?"
"Hair."

A little boy, while looking out of the window of his home, saw a fan-tailed pigeon alight in front of the house. "Oh, mother, come here!" he cried, "and see a pigeon with a bustle and train on."

A traveller says that if he were asked to describe the first sensation of a camel ride, he would say, "Take a music stool, and having wound it up as high as it would go, put it in a cart without springs, get on top, and next drive the cart transversely across a ploughed field, and you will then form some notion of the terror and uncertainty you would experience on a camel ride."



JUST HIS LUCK.

HE TOOK HER UNRESISTING HAND, AND WHISPERED, "AMARANTHE! DEAR AM—" JUST THEN—WHACK! BANG! THE DEMON OF THE DINING-ROOM SOUNDED THE GONG FOR SUPPER, AND THE OPPORTUNITY WAS GONE FOREVER.

A little fellow, who knew Mother Goose better than he knew his Bible, was asked in his class, "Who were thrown into the fiery furnace?" This was too much for him. The question was passed. The answer came promptly, "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego." This was a mortification to the little fellow; and when the next question came, "Who put them in?" he answered, with a jump, "Little Johnny Green!"

"Do as ye would that men should do unto you," is a glorious precept. Is this the reason why women kiss each other when they meet?

BUSINESS MAN. "You vagabond! You send in word that you would see me on business, and when I ask what your business is, you beg!"
VAGABOND. "But you forget, sir; begging is my business."

Speaking of one of his works to a critic, a dramatic author said, with the consciousness of modest worth, "It has had many imitators."
"Yes," replied the critic, "especially beforehand."

Why is the letter G like the sun?—Because it is the centre of light.

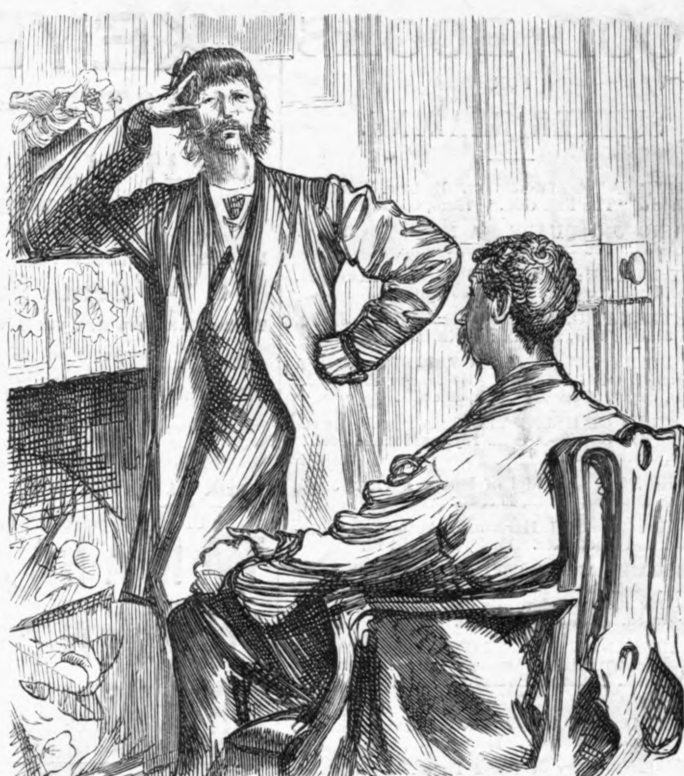
The impecunious man who married an heiress always spoke of her as a capital wife.

It rains alike on the just and the unjust—on the just mainly, because the unjust have borrowed their umbrellas.

"Always pay as you go," said an old Aberdonian to his nephew.
"But, uncle, suppose I haven't anything to pay with?"
"Then don't go."

When Disraeli first came forward at Wycombe as a Parliamentary candidate, he was opposed by a territorial magnate. Of course the friends of the latter made much of the connection of the magnate with the county, etc., at the hustings.
"On what do you stand?" shouted a man in the crowd to Disraeli.
"I stand," he replied, "on what you never will—on my head."

under, Jim, he's cummin'! We'll make a dollar



HARMONY.

SMITH (Philistine). "I heard it was all 'off' between you and Miss Rowssett."
WOBBINSON (Esthete). "Ya-as. Incompatibility of complexion!—she didn't suit my Furr'tchar!"

It has been averred that a lady with a diamond ring will scratch her nose, in a given period, four times as often as any other woman.

"Dear me!" exclaimed a landlady, "it does seem impossible for me to make both ends meet."
"Well, then," said the boarder, "suppose you make one end vegetables?"

"We're in a pickle now," said a man in a crowd.
"A regular jam," said another.

"Heaven preserve us!" mourned an old lady.

They had been engaged for a long time, and one evening were reading the paper together.

"Look, love," he exclaimed, "only fifteen dollars for a suit of clothes!"

"Is it a wedding suit?" she asked, looking naively at her lover.

"Oh no," he answered; "it is a business suit."
"Well, I meant business," she replied.

"Amantha," he murmured, with pathos in his voice, "why do you quiver at my touch? Why do you shrink from my embrace as the startled fawn trembles at the rustling of the autumn leaves?"
"I've been vaccinated," she said.

A SHORT TURN.—A jocosely youth reports that an intimate friend of his has a distant relative who made such a short turn of the velocipede that he cut off his own ear by running his hind wheel over it.



2. SAD DISAPPOINTMENT.—"Brave boy! noble deed! I am the President of the Humane Society, and you shall have a Medal for this."

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. XIV.—No. 31.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1881.

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Tulle and Lace Cap.

See illustration on page 484.

THE stiff net frame of this cap is ten inches and a half long and three inches and a half wide; it is rounded on the front edge from the middle to the ends, wired, and bound with narrow ribbon. This is covered with a three-cornered piece of white figured tulle, which is surrounded with lace, and arranged in upturned folds in the manner shown in the illustration. The straight edge of the tulle, which is taken to the back, is thirty inches long, and the corner at the middle of the

front is rounded off. The ends which hang from the sides are tacked together. Large faceted mother-of-pearl beads head the lace on the front edge of the cap, and a tea-rose is fastened on the left end of the scarf.

Surah and Lace Cravat Bow.

See illustration on page 484.

THIS cravat bow is composed of a soft knot and a pleated end of bias maize Surah, and white lace three inches wide, which are arranged in the manner shown in the illustration on a stiff net back.

Embroidered Tidy.—Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 484.

THIS cream-colored silk gauze tidy is embroidered in the design a quarter of which is given in Fig. 2. In working it the outlines of the design are transferred to the material, and the interlaced twigs are executed in satin stitch with light and dark brown embroidery silk; the single stitches at the knots are in gold thread. The flowers are worked in chain stitch with blue silk in three shades, their centres in knotted stitch with gold thread, and the vines and stems in point Russe

and stem stitch, and leaflets in satin stitch with réséda silk. The tidy is hemmed, and the hem is ornamented with a cross seam in light blue silk, and edged with cream lace.

Lace and Ribbon Cap.

See illustration on page 484.

THE foundation of this cap consists of a stiff net frame nine inches and a half long and three inches and a half wide at the middle of the front, whence it is sloped to a point at each end; it is edged with wire, and bound with taffeta ribbon. Three rows of white lace two inches wide are set



Fig. 1.—YOUNG GIRL'S BOATING COSTUME.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. III., Figs. 14-16.

Fig. 2.—BATISTE AND SATIN SURAH DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—INDIA MUSLIN DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

on the frame in the manner shown in the illustration, and loops of blue satin ribbon half an inch wide are fastened at regular intervals between the folds of the lace. Blue satin ribbon two inches wide covers the edge of the last row of lace; the ends, which hang from the sides, are crossed in the back. A bias strip of white India mull two inches and a half wide, surrounded with lace, is carried across the back of the cap, and twisted in a bow near the ends, where it is tacked to the blue ribbon.

THANK GOD!

THANK God! To-day in various phrase
The nation lifts its solemn praise,
A million pulses beat as one,
While swift the joyous tidings run
That Heaven hath happy answer sent,
And God hath saved our President.

In busy throngs of restless streets,
Where tidal traffic surging meets;
In lonely shadow of the pines,
In cabin homes on frontier lines,
Where lovely ladies, silken shod,
Tread marble halls or velvet sod;
Where, in the rock recesses dim,
The miner labors, avert and grim—
Alike hath been the sore lament,
The mourning for our President.

So, sturdy hands in haunts remote,
From lumber camp and fisher's boat,
Upraised in glad revulsion, clasp
White scholar-hands in friendly grasp,
And children's sweet fresh voices cry,
"The cloud is vanished from the sky."
The land o'erflows with deep content,
For God hath saved our President.

Our President! We crown him now
With greener laurels on his brow,
A stainless, brave Sir Galahad,
In robes of spotless whiteness clad;
When faint at ebb of parting life,
His manly courage cheered his wife,
Who, in this hour of pain and care,
Is armored by a world at prayer,
Whose need the tenderest pity lent
To our "God save the President!"

O music hushed, O bells that hung
In tower and porch with silent tongue,
The while in sorrow wore away
Our gloomiest Independence-day,
Strike up in wrenthen splendors rare,
Clash grandly on the throbbing air!
O flags, half-mast to flutter faint
When hissed that saddest whisper, "Slain,"
Bloom brightly into waving flowers,
To greet the rapt and radiant hours!
O people, kneel in reverent awe—
For God is love, and love is law—
And own, in praise with trembling blent,
That God hath saved our President!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1881.

TWO NEW NOVELETTES.

With this Number we begin the publication of two charming Novelettes for summer reading, "MISS ANDERSON'S COLORS," by the favorite novelist F. W. ROBINSON; and "IN ALSACE," translated by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," from the French of MADAME GUIZOT DE WITT. The latter story will be concluded in our next Number.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 89 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued July 12, contains a full description, with working plans, of a boy's row-boat, or flat-bottomed skiff, such as any bright boy with the requisite materials and a few tools may build for himself. It also contains a beautifully illustrated article on girls' cooking clubs; a full-page reproduction of MILLAIS'S painting of "Queen Elizabeth at the Age of Sixteen"; and a great variety of other interesting and instructive matter.

MURDER MOST FOUL.

WHILE the country still quivers with the excitement of horror over the diabolical attempt upon the life of its great and good ruler, the mind naturally reverts to similar attempts throughout the kingdoms and the centuries, and fails to see in any of them other than "murder most foul."

Such has been the rumor of atrocities of administration in various governments that it has of late been a question whose answer has been allowed by many minds to hang in an even balance whether the taking off of tyrants were not sometimes a righteous thing in view of the possible relief to millions coming by the removal of one. But the answer to all such questions was given eighteen hundred years ago in that code of moral laws which forbade the doing of evil that good might come, and it is given as strongly in the natural feelings of the human heart, which, save for individual instances, has never been able under any circumstances to hold regicides in less than abhorrence.

The heroic fashion of deifying the assassin of the throned and crowned as one of higher

and more glorious aims than the royal victim with whose blood his hands are warm and wet, is something that goes no further than the little circle of litterateurs who must have something with which to kindle their worthless enthusiasms, and who, like LANDOR and SWINBURNE and their coterie, have pleased themselves with irresponsible pens that catch the fanciful gilding of glory, and lose the stain of passion and crime and blood. The great body of humanity spurns the thought, and has no fine-spun theories that make murder less than murder, or can regard the action as less infamous under the shadow of the purple than in an alley of the city slums. It is not to be disputed, however, that this idle fashion of thought has here and there exerted a contagious and ruinous influence, and that there are people among us who speak in the vein of high philosophy, whose eyes are so dazzled when the steel flashes through the fierce light that beats about a throne that they are blind to the fact of murder, and blind also to the effect that no good was ever wrought by the summary and easy process that changes the obnoxious man, but not the obnoxious measures.

To decent and sober common-sense it is impossible that there should be made to appear anything efficient, anything great, or grand, or even picturesque, in the methods of an assassination whose plan is matured in the darkness of cowardly conspiracy, and whose execution is usually one with no interest in life of his own, and no weight or stake in society, a social if not a moral desperado, and in the best event a misled fanatic—a fanatic who is not only valueless to society with his total want of equipoise, but an injurious fungus upon its growth. There is no romance in the name of the idiotic creature who burned the temple at Ephesus, and these fools, without an obolus to ferry them over Styx, fire temples vaster far, and meddle with sacred things that their ignorant touch can but profane. In no case can the murder of one man change the system of a nation's government, and wrongs to be righted, of a political nature, can be righted only through slow and innocent means that imply growth and accretion, and not convulsion. It may be well to make it unpopular to be a king, but murder is not the way to do it, and it does but turn the general mass of once disapproving feeling to the side of the outraged.

That there is a class of floating adventurers, without money, without place, with only a shallow froth of intelligence, who make the welkin ring with strident and blatant outcry of theories leading to such ends, is to be acknowledged while deplored. But they are almost universally people unworthy of any respect, and who would fail personally at any juncture requiring concerted action, or humble self-forgetfulness, who have no gift but the gift of tongues, and find that fired only through hatred of those whose superior condition is the result of labor or of achievement, on the part of somebody, that would be impossible to these adventurers or their race. It is lamentable when any are led astray by the utterances of such wretches, who may admire the red-handed king-killers, but can never rival them.

Even the French Revolution, responsible as it is for many wild socialistic ideas, never countenanced assassination, for it always preserved at least the semblance of judicial proceeding in its death-dealing, and king-killing was known before its day. What the wrongs of the Russian people may be we do not pretend to know, but they must be infinite indeed to turn the milk of human kindness in the white breasts of woman to the currents of wolfish veins, to justify the deeds of the VERA SASSULITCHES and SOPHIE PIEROFFSKIS and their mates; and all can see that murder done in their behalf has hurt but not helped them. From the days of RAVAILLAC and those before him to the days of ORSINI and those after him, assassination to the broad mind of the people is able to take no other form than that of the lowest murder, of a stabbing in the back and in the dark, in no wise ennobled by the absence of effort to escape on the part of the murderer, whether he is illustrating his own fanaticism or is the crazed instrument of conspirators. Life is the breath of God breathed into the nostrils of man, we feel, and he that takes it from ruler or from pauper commits a sin against the Holy Ghost.

The recent imitator of these murderous fools, in our own land of freedom and peace and happy plenty, deserves personally not a moment's notice, as he appears to have been an imbecile rogue from his cradle, loving only crazy notoriety. Of him it is only to be said that if he had his faculties in sufficient order to commit his crime, he had them in sufficient order to receive the penalty of that crime. That he has had his predecessors and may have his successors is not a matter to dwell on, since, ruler or

ruled, we are none of us safe in walking the streets with madmen. Yet in spite of himself he has rendered us one service in the midst of the horrible and heinous commission of his crime, in uniting us as one family from north to south, from east to west, in a way that it seems nothing else could do—in a way to make the heart beat and the tears gush, so that we have but one common feeling—and in throwing fresh light on the beauty of our institutions, under which, however hot the canvass, election once over, the man elected is the accepted of both parties and all men, around whom the hearts of all citizens build a rampart of protection at need. And the black deed has, moreover, served to arouse a sensation of kinship throughout all the races of Christendom, and the islands beyond the East, as we hear the ruler of the adjacent country put an end to his festivities during our season of suspense and sorrow; and we receive the sympathetic messages of kings and queens and foreign peoples from one end of the earth to the other.

SUGGESTIONS FOR INDIGENT MAIDEN LADIES.

I AM an indigent maiden lady myself. It is therefore natural that I should know the peculiarities of this class, and the problems of life presented to such minds. Why not suggest to others some of the answers to these problems which have occurred to me in my own bewilderment?

"If I had my life to live over again, I'd live it awful different," remarked my pet Irish housemaid the other day. And indeed if most of us knew at twenty that fifty would find us still maiden ladies, and still indigent, we should, no doubt, proceed very differently.

But at twenty there are so many possibilities that it would be almost wrong to narrow our lives, as we should if we were sure of the future that awaits us. At twenty, a woman who is good for anything is often so "glad to be alive" that she is also almost "glad to earn a living," if that is the reasonable thing for her to do. She loves to be independent, she wants to help the whole world, and she wants untold money. She likes heavy silk better than alpaca, and seal-skin mittens better than worsted ones. But without entering at all into the woman's rights question, we are justified in saying that she will not be able to earn very much, try as she may; and if she is sensible, she probably will not trouble herself much about silk or seal-skin, though in a moment of strong temptation she may buy six-button gloves with money which might have been put into the bank.

But when she has economized to the utmost in dress, she still needs money. She wants concerts and lectures, and books and pictures, private German lessons, a piano, a trip to the international exhibition, one little delightful vacation with the Tourjée tourists in Europe. She must have these things, not for pleasure alone, though she dearly likes that, but for education; she wants the fullest life; she is on fire to use all her faculties.

But she cheerfully economizes in all these things, and still there is a struggle to make the ends meet. Shall her father's house be mortgaged when she can help him about the grocer's bill? Shall her mother be overworked when she can hire a servant? Why can not Tom go to college? And what a shame that Fanny's wonderful voice should not be cultivated! Here economy ceases to be a virtue.

I do not know a woman that earns her living who lives beyond her means, but neither have I ever known one who laid aside any money before she was thirty. With all their poor little economies, their salaries are too small for that.

From twenty to twenty-five, such women fluctuate between black despair and glorious happiness. Happiness prevails, on the whole, because they have boundless hope. But the years go by, and one possibility after another disappears. The fairy prince does not come to carry off the captive maiden; the song she was to sing, and thereby move the world, is still unsung; the picture she was to paint is painted only in her burning brain. And now the beauty has faded, and the prince will never know the princess; the voice is too cracked ever to sing the song, and dull daily cares have driven the picture out of the mind.

This is the despairing moment when women marry for a home, or consent to be supported by rich relatives who do not want them, or when they learn that they must economize in deadly earnest. But why economize? Who of us even by eternal vigilance can lay aside enough to live upon before old age overtakes us? A hundred dollars is a large sum to spare from our salaries, but how many years we should have to save a hundred dollars before the income of our savings would approximate to our present small earnings! Let us eat, drink, and be merry. How much better to economize life and strength by living a free and happy life than to haggle over a few paltry dollars! Surely, surely; but what are we to do when we are past work? We may die suddenly before that day comes; still, we may not. Tom may be in a position to help us; but Tom has a wife and family. Fanny may marry a rich man—who will not want to support her sisters. There is the Old Ladies' Home, and that is a blessed charity.

One enterprising lady I know presents a little subscription book to each of her friends, requesting the contribution of a penny from each. She hopes, at the age of sixty-five, when she will be eligible to the home, to have a hundred dollars—

the admission fee. Another puts all her cast-off clothing into an immense chest, against the time when she shall no longer be able to earn more clothing. But why do I harrow your minds? And what advice have I to give? First, we must know the truth. As for the advice, it is not worth much—not anything to many temperaments. Such as it is, it is comprised under four heads.

First, save something every year you work. It will be difficult, but I should suppose it possible for most women who are teachers, or dressmakers, or book-keepers, or even clerks, to save fifty dollars a year.

I hear a storm of indignation. It is not possible, you say, and if it were, your employers, especially the school-boards, would reduce your salaries instantly.

Well, that is partly true, and I know your vacation trip has given you a ten years' lease of life, and you can wear your seal-skin sacque till extreme old age, so I do not expect any woman under thirty to follow my advice. Still, I give it: save fifty dollars a year.

Second, do not invest more than a hundred dollars in one place. Put a little money in the bank, a little in government bonds, a little in a life-insurance with an endowment policy, a little in a co-operative store, a very little in Western farms, etc. The interest may be small, but it is not likely that all the investments will fail at once.

Third, make up your mind at the outset that this process must be continued many years, so that the accumulating interest will be an important item in the fortune you are amassing. For instance, fifty dollars a year for thirty years, if not at interest, would give you only fifteen hundred dollars; if at interest at five per cent., it would give you not far from three thousand dollars. If you began at twenty, you might retire at fifty. You will not begin till thirty, but perhaps some years you may save more, and at any rate you can retire at sixty, and is not this a better prospect than the Old Ladies' Home?

Is the woman demoted that she thinks we can live on the income of three thousand dollars? Well—

Fourth, you must plan to live in the simplest way when you cease working. You will say you would rather continue to work than to live so. That is right; work as long as you can. But it will not hamper your life to know it is possible to stop when you are too old and feeble, or when the conditions of work become intolerable.

But could any woman lead a rational life on three thousand dollars? Many would be willing to try for that if they thought so.

It would be cheaper as well as pleasanter for two friends to combine their forces. I know several pretty villages on the railroad, not far from the city, where two such ladies could easily secure four good rooms for fifty dollars' rent. They could easily do their house-work themselves. The expense for fuel need not exceed thirty dollars a year for such an establishment, as I know by experience. Perhaps you will not believe that a hundred dollars would furnish the table with an abundance of wholesome, substantial, appetizing food. But buy a pound of the best steak, and see how many dinners it will make two maiden ladies. For rent, fuel, and board, each partner thus pays ninety dollars a year. In such a quiet home, forty dollars would clothe her in as neat and lady-like a way as a hundred and fifty dollars would do when she goes out to earn her living. Then, if her three thousand dollars can be invested at five per cent., she will still have twenty dollars a year left for postage, travelling, gifts, books—but let us settle in a village with a public library.

After all, would it not be just as dismal to lead such a scrawny life as this as to live from hand to mouth, and trust Providence for our old age?

Perhaps so. We must, at all events, trust Providence, or we shall be mere misers. We might toil our thirty years, and lose our earnings in a day. If we could not bear the loss with fortitude, we ought never to try to save; we are altogether unworthy.

Thirty years of toil, and only a pittance at the end! But we have the toil, at any rate, and the pittance makes half the difference between carking care and serenity. And could we not lead a cozy, happy, blessed life in those sweet country homes?

Can we serve God and Mammon? In the anxious endeavor to make our accounts balance, are we thinking only of Mammon? Oh no! It is often "plain living" which makes "high thinking" possible.

We want the freest, fullest, richest life all through. But we must accept our conditions, and while we are on the earth, we must tread it firmly, though our faces are steadfastly turned to the heavens.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

TRAVELLING DRESSES.

ELEGANCE, ease, and durability have often enough been designated as the three essential characteristics of the travelling dress, the *sine qua non*, in fact; for unless it possess in some degree a combination of these qualities, the travelling costume has little advantage over the ordinary street dress or rough mountain suit. As it is destined for hard service, and apt at some critical moment to become the sole dependence of the wearer, it is important that a material should be carefully chosen which can be artistically employed without relying upon elaborate design or decoration for satisfactory results. Good taste and common-sense have alike decreed simplicity, and in this dress, of all others, must showiness and tawdriness be strictly avoided.

CHEVIOTS.

Of all the dress stuffs in the market the Cheviots are the favorites of the season. These come

in checks, plaids, and stripes of every color, the prevailing tones being dull reds and browns with a cross of yellow, neutral grays with blue and invisible green and negative reddish-purple shades. Some are rather large in the square or stripe, and perhaps a trifle loud, but the average run in warm combinations of color, which, by giving the effect of a single tone, lend an air of simplicity at a distance. Cheviots are never combined with other materials. A certain rigid air is maintained in these costumes by the avoidance of bouffant draperies in the over-dress and a strict adherence to the Amazon cut in the basque—a severity which is much favored, and well suited to this fabric. It is not becoming to the face, and is a hard material for unskilled hands to manage, besides being somewhat heavy for midsummer wear; but the English rules which govern so many of our toilettes at present have ordained its use, and may not be disobeyed.

CAMEL'S-HAIR AND FLANNEL SUITS.

Should the choice be something more dainty, capable of fine folding and draping, it will fall on the best quality of camel's-hair or fine flannel. The best imported French dresses show these goods made up over silk in different styles. The firm, light texture of the camel's-hair makes it a staple article, as little menaced by Worth's neglect as gros grain itself, which people will continue to wear in spite of dressmakers' proscriptions. It appears in all the new shades, and combines beautifully with Surah, Sicilienne, satin, silk, or velvet, without looking cumbersome or out of season. A more appropriate and subdued effect is secured where one color alone is introduced, but this is not often the case in any but the imported suits. One of these—a very soft fine flannel, dark navy blue in color—is trimmed tastefully, though not gaudily, with graduating bands of striped gros grain ribbon, where the light blue, olive, and chardon tints run lengthwise on a black ground. The foundation round skirt of navy blue silk is finished with the fine knife-pleating at the bottom that is unfailing on a well-made dress.

There is no over-dress. A succession of half-inch tucks, running, not horizontally, but the length of the figure, from the band to within a few inches of the braid, is laid around the entire skirt a slight distance apart. Near the bottom the tucking ceases, allowing the stuff to fall in a scant flounce over the small knife-pleating. A wide band of the gros grain ribbon edges the flounce, surmounted by two narrower rows, which approach the tucks. The peculiar success of this skirt is due to the full pleated effect given by the regular rows of tucking, which, caught in at the waist, fall as airily and loosely about the figure as though composed of a single thickness. A folded scarf of flannel edged with the wide trimming passes over the hips from the sash loopings at the back to a low single point below the knee in front, where it ends in a large double bow. A summer wrap, in the fichu shape so much worn, with long ends hanging to the knee, is trimmed with black silk fringe, lightened by dashes of pale olive, blue, and chardon silk, to the waist line, where it is loosely knotted. The tabs are shirred, and finished with black silk tassels enlivened in the same way. The basque is a short double-breasted postilion, with pleated coat-tail back. Round standing collar and a plain cuff on a tight coat sleeve are completed on upper and lower side by three fine bands of the ribbed silk trimming. Ornamental steel buttons uniting the different shades used in the dress appear on dress front, coat tail, and cuff. For severe weather, with this suit may be worn a handsome tweed Ulster of mixed gray, faced and trimmed with navy blue silk. A "rough-and-ready" broad-brimmed black straw hat, turned up on one side, and covered with curling black plumes, gives a demurely coquettish touch to the costume, which furthermore includes the indispensable tan-colored gloves and a black fringed parasol. On a tall graceful figure the effect is very striking, without being in the least questionable or outré, as the light bands might lead one to suppose. The success of every dress depends, of course, entirely upon the "chic" of the wearer, but reproductions of this one for slight persons might be undertaken in the new canorous blue, sage green, bronze, olive, plum, or deep heliotrope shades, and black, with very pleasing results.

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS.

Subdued shades must, of course, be selected for travelling, as being both more serviceable and stylish, and in drab, olive, brown, black, blue, and invisible green may be adapted to any complexion. Should this particular costume be imitated, any fabric that is flexible and fine will cling smoothly to the figure in these long tucked lines, without necessitating the expensive purchase of the choicest camel's-hair or flannel. Besides, many other dress stuffs are more youthful than these, and the choice is so wide as to enable every individual fastidious taste to satisfy itself. French bunting, beige, cashmere, armures (figured or plain and of one shade), tricot cloth, honeycomb cloth, camel's-hair serge, serge proper, heather tweed, and all flannel-finished materials are among the novelties for this purpose.

MODELS FOR TRAVELLING DRESSES.

A very simple and English-looking suit is made of a subdued yellowish brick-dust flannel. Basque and over-dress of the plain goods, caught over an untrimmed round skirt of striped dull red and yellow. The fullness of the upper skirt is all bunched together, and caught in a strap below the left hip, falling back in graceful lines. A trim, tightly fitting postilion basque, with a heavy silk cord running around the lower edge and in double lines up the front on either side of the

thers add the finishing English character, which youth and beauty succeed in carrying off triumphantly. A simple camel's-hair travelling dress made up over silk has under and over skirt in one band. A deep pleating reaching to the knee is laid in single box pleats around the bottom of the skirt. On the flat space between the folds stretch long military ornaments of wide black braiding, with the trefoil looping at the lower end. An ample over-dress is secured by two straight breadths of the material, falling to the edge of the dress in front, and drawing aside to show the under-dress, and form double points. To the right and left of the opening the ornamental braidings, with trefoil loopings at either end, like passementerie frogs, are placed above each other, and decrease in size as they near the top. This trimming might look heavy were it employed to excess, but judiciously managed, it gives simply a sense of richness. The front breadths are drawn up at the sides, back of the hip seams, and abundant draperies of the untrimmed camel's-hair fall gracefully from the band behind to the bottom of the dress, nearly covering the flounce. The basque, which is perfect in cut and fit, and entirely unadorned, with the exception of the braid binding the lower edge and the buttons, is cut on the new bias French pattern, short on the hips, with the two front darts very close together, and the bust easy and full. Plain sleeves and upright collar increase the unostentatious beauty of these simple lines and folds, which in this instance have developed into a becoming, shapely toilette, trim without stiffness, elegant without show.

ULSTERS AND HATS.

As many ladies are having their Ulsters made with special reference to these useful dresses, it may be added that for this a snuff-colored Ulster, with huge pockets and collar of Lincoln green, is designed. It is severely plain, like the dress, showing no tendency toward the shirred styles of the early spring and summer. Two hats are furnished, a wide-brimmed coffee-colored Manilla straw, curving down over the ears like the sea-side shapes; it is, in fact, intended for use on beaches and sunny drives. Deep blue velvet facing, and a perfect crown of navy blue ostrich plumes curling outward, make this hat elaborate and becoming, but the particular feature of the costume when donned for actual travel is the low straw turban. With a number of imported costumes these low, graceful coverings have been insisted on, but the style makes its way rather slowly through the press of huge curved and picturesque shapes that stock the market. It is surely coming in, however, and will be properly valued by those who have tossed and turned in railway carriages in a vain endeavor to find the soft side of the flaring brim. The turban appropriately accompanies the low head-dress, as when tipped forward over the nose it loses all its charm of outline. The new finely braided and "rough-and-ready" straws in which it comes slant a little toward the back. The brims are covered with shirred or plain velvet of a dark shade, frequently black, without reference to the color of the straw. Breasts, wings, and occasionally short ostrich tips trim the crown, long waving plumes being supposed to detract from the dignity of the style. As it is very trying to some faces to conceal the fluffy hair on the forehead, it is permitted to drop the hat back on the hair to the top of the frizzes. A dotted black net or real thread veil assists in keeping the hair tidy and the eyes free from cinders, besides shrouding the features becomingly.

For ordinary travelling use, when the color of the dress is not matched, black hats are the favorite selection for old and young. Whatever they require in jauntiness, to be properly becoming to a school-girl, they gain from the gypsy shapes and fantastic brims of the present modes. Little addition is made to the straw, over and above a load of feathers. These are used in extravagant quantities, some of the large sizes being fairly hidden under a mass of as many as fifteen medium-sized ostrich tips. A more sedate character is readily imparted to the close-sitting "capotes" by free use of black lace, jet, and satin Surahs. The heat, as well as the fashion for midsummer, dictates the abolition of strings on all but dress bonnets.

BOOTS, HOSIERY, AND GLOVES.

To go from one extremity to the other, it may be said that, in spite of the fact that the foot is more elegantly and comfortably shod in a high, neatly fitting walking boot than aught else, it is not an unusual thing to see ladies wearing low ties or high-heeled slippers on their journeys.

This practice, which is in wretched taste, calls out all that is novel in the line of fine hosiery. New styles with ecclesiastical names are the special feature of the hour, and will continue foremost in the autumn. Carmelite slate (a cool gray) bishop's violet (a brilliant purple), pilgrims' gray and canorous blue, bronze and olives, are the latest shades which are introduced in the best qualities of English silk hose only. There is a great demand for plain stockings, that is, for a single solid color for evening and day wear. They come in ruby, plum, steel gray, cream white, and the standard evening shades, rose, blue, etc., at prices which range from \$7 to \$15 a pair. "Moutarde anglaise" and coachman's drab are worn principally with black toilettes, and are comparatively low-priced, costing about \$5 a pair. In the line of open-work fancy goods, what is called the "dentelle" hose is most varied and elaborate, with the strong mesh of the silk ground and the heavy embroidery of the pattern. All that the most extravagant fancy can desire in embroidered combinations can be found in these

a pair. Less expensive novelties come in sponge silk, a mixture of cotton and silk, in fast colors, with the figures in all the embroidered hose worked by hand. A great many persons prefer the lisle-thread stocking for summer wear for its gossamer texture and coolness. They average \$3 and \$3 50 a pair. White silk open-worked or hand-embroidered hose for brides are about the same price. Mourning hosiery is again more costly. For young widows, fine soft gray silk, and hair-stripes in black and white, reach \$6 a pair; for more advanced stages of widowhood the stripes broaden evenly, until they are about half an inch wide.

Children's styles in dressed silk, raw or sponge silk, come double at the knee, and only in plain colors, as fancy combinations are not held in good taste where they show so much. Balbriggans are equally in demand for little folk, on whose hosiery less money can be spent, for rough usage comes to the best of it; \$5 is the highest price paid for the best qualities in children's sizes.

In fine silk for the hands the Jersey glove is the last freak. It has no opening for buttons at the wrist, and is as long as the eighteen-button length in the Bernhardt kid. In black it finds special favor, but can be had in old gold, slate grays, and tan-color. It stretches as tightly over the hand as the Jersey over the body, but wrinkles slightly above the wrist, though not as much as the Bernhardt. It is cooler and more durable than the dressed or undressed kid, and extremely dressy with light toilettes for the sea-shore or the country.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; A. T. STEWART & Co.; and STERN BROTHERS.

PERSONAL.

KENTON COLLEGE has just made Senator SHERMAN an LL.D.

The husband of JULIA SMITH, of Glastonbury, Connecticut, Mr. PARKER, is seriously ill.

Mr. GLADSTONE entertained Mr. WHITELAW REID in London the other day.

Mr. JOHN G. WHITTIER is spending the season at North Conway.

People abroad seem to have gone mad over fancy fairs, as if they were a new invention. The Old English Fair at London, *La Foire aux Plaisirs* at Paris, and a Bazar at Bagshot have been occupying the attention of noble and simple. At the first, Lord GREY DE WILTON, in shirt sleeves and white apron, played waiter, and the Princess of Wales, in heliotrope satin and army lace, bought kittens at fifty dollars a pair, and people arrived in Sedan-chairs; at the second, a countess in old gold satin presided at the dairy; while at the last, given at the residence of the Duke of Connaught, Prince LEOPOLD sold walking-sticks, and took the part of auctioneer, and the Princess LOUISE sold at a stall dressed in crevel-embroidered white holland.

Fifty thousand dollars is the little present the Duke of Portland will give his cousin, Miss BENTINCK, on her marriage with Lord GLAMIS.

The Greeks at Missolonghi have raised a statue of Pentellic marble, by the sculptor VITALIS of Smyrna, to Lord BYRON, on the spot where his heart was buried.

Baron BLANC, who married an American, and who was lately Italian Minister at Washington, has been ambassador to eight different countries, twice a peace-maker on the battlefield, twice an agent in seating kings on their thrones, three times a member of international arbitration, and twice Under-Secretary of State. His career was begun as secretary to Count CAVOUR.

The marriage of the Princess VICTORIA of Baden to the heir-apparent of Sweden and Norway will take place on the same day as the silver wedding of her parents, September 20.

On the occasion of the Grand Prix at Paris, Queen ISABELLA—whom it is proper to address as "Majesté," not as "votre Majesté"—wore old gold satin, trimmed with bands of black velvet, and a horseshoe of diamonds.

Articles on "The Poetry and Humor of the Scottish Language," which appeared in *Blackwood* ten years ago, attributed to Lord NEAVES, were written by Dr. CHARLES MACKAY.

The Duchesse de Fitz-James gave a "muslin ball" lately in Paris, at the coming out of her granddaughter, Mlle. DE CHARENTE, and decorated her house with wild spring flowers, while a Miss POLK, of the White House family, was among the guests.

A gun of historic interest, with the lone star of Texas and the name of General JOSEPH GREEN engraved in gold upon it, and with a golden eagle set in the stock, was lately bought by a Yuma (Arizona Territory) gunsmith.

A flower service yearly, at which children present bouquets, which are afterward distributed amongst the hospitals, is a regular institution in many London churches.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS *filis* has been transformed into ALEXANDRE DUMAS *grandpère*.

The Bodleian Library, at Oxford, possesses the only existing manuscript of the first Anglo-Saxon poet, CÆDMON, who died in 680.

The well-known oarsman of Yale, Mr. JULIAN KENNEDY, is manager of the Edgar Thompson Steel-Works at Pittsburgh, and now "paddles his own canoe" instead of rowing races.

General IGNATIEFF's estate in the valley of the Donetz is called New York.

A silver dollar of the United States, of 1804, only eight of which are in existence, was bought lately by Mr. S. L. COHEN for one hundred and fifty dollars. The British Museum has one, which cost eight hundred dollars; so it would seem as if Mr. COHEN had made a bargain.

The agent of Baron ROTHSCHILD, of Paris, lately paid over twenty-two hundred dollars for a little etching of VANDYCK, at the sale of the late Mr. BALM's collection, which was very much wanted by the British Museum to complete the finest collection of VANDYCK etchings in the world.

The distinguished geographer and explorer

certain death, having prepared himself by going through with a course of Mohammedan divinity under a priest of that religion. He speaks twenty-nine languages, and his wife is a Catholic lady of the old ARUNDEL of Wardour stock, and a Countess of the Holy Roman Empire in her own right.

Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON's picture of NELIE GRANT SARTORIS is said to make her look like a girl of fourteen.

Mrs. HOWE, the mother of the wife of the late Vice-President HENRY WILSON, is living at the old homestead, at the age of ninety-four.

The LELANDS and WILLARDS and many of the great hotel proprietors of this part of the country originated in Vermont.

The widow of UHLAND, the German poet, is dead at Stuttgart, at the age of eighty-two.

The printing of M. LITRE's dictionary lasted from September 27, 1859, to July 4, 1872, and if it had been set up in a single column, would have been more than twenty-three miles long.

BISMARCK wears a very broad hat, and the Prince of Wales, whom LABOUCHERE begs not to wear a chimney-pot hat, has had a copy made for his use.

The poet and preacher of Iceland, JON THORLAKSON, worked as a blacksmith, and tanded cattle; but at the age of seventy he finished a translation of MILTON's "Paradise Lost," having previously translated POPE's "Essay on Man" into Icelandic.

It is predicted that the future historians will select the new portrait of the Princess of Wales, taken in court dress, by BASSANO, to illustrate biographies of her Royal Highness.

In a forty-six-year-old "annual," *Heath's Book of Beauty*, edited by the Countess of Blessington, the step-mother of HOBART Pasha is represented as wearing a turban—coming events thus casting their shadows before.

The centenary of the birth of GEORGE STEPHENSON was celebrated at Rome lately, while at Wylam-on-Tyne, near Newcastle, England, an oak was planted on the same day near the cottage where he was born.

Twenty years ago, Mrs. MARY A. LIVERMORE says, there were but eleven employments open to women, and now there are no less than two hundred and eighty-seven. The world moves.

While a slave in Virginia, State Senator BURTON, of Fort Bend County, Texas, who is now worth ten thousand dollars, was taught to read and write by his mistress, whom he afterward rewarded by supporting her till her death, the war having impoverished her, and sending her daughter a check for one thousand dollars on her wedding day.

Mr. HOWARD ROBERTS, of Philadelphia, will execute the statue of ROBERT FULTON for the House of Representatives at Washington, and Miss BLANCHE NEVINS, of Lancaster, is selected as the sculptor of Dr. MUELENBERG's statue.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS's celebrated dwelling, Monte Cristo, near St. Germain—with its mock Château d'If, on the lake, its Moorish chamber and saloon, the walls and pillars papered with the title-pages of his three hundred romances, tales, and dramas—is for sale.

Thirty original letters written by JEFFERSON, MONROE, MADISON and others are to be given to the Virginia Historical Society by Hon. A. H. STEWART, together with the sword of his grandfather, Major ALEXANDER STEWART, used in the Revolutionary contest at Guilford Court House, North Carolina.

The prize given by the Cambridge Syndicate to the best Senior girl student in England has just been won by Miss AGNES ELIOT.

In connection with his scientific explorations of the Bay of Naples, M. DOHRN has introduced the telephone, and discovers that the diver and boatman overhead can converse intelligently and quickly with each other.

At the marriage of ex-Governor BULLOCK's daughter, myrtle blossoms were used instead of orange flowers.

New Hall, Sutton, the oldest inhabited house in England, built in 1200, in which CHARLES II. was concealed during the civil war, has fallen under the hammer.

Sir JULIUS BENEDECT's infant son is to have the Prince of Wales and Lord LATHAM for god-fathers.

It is asserted by Sir GARDINER WILKINSON that Egyptian mummies have been discovered with teeth stopped with gold. There is nothing new under the sun.

The new residence of Secretary BLAINE in Washington is to be simply "a square, old-fashioned house."

A "reading party" for the coast of Normandy, for the months of July and August, is being formed by Professor and Mrs. STEADMAN ALDIS, of England, for the benefit of ladies preparing for university examinations in the fall. It would not be amiss to adopt the idea in this country.

An auk's egg was sold in London not long ago for five hundred dollars; only fifty of these eggs are known to be in existence, but the fabled roc's egg could scarcely command a higher price if offered for sale.

Each king present at the late peace conference between Sir SAMUEL ROWE and the step-father of the King of the Ashantees, Prince BUAKI, at Elmina, had a mammoth umbrella of brilliant colors held over him, while Prince BUAKI himself was covered with gold ornaments, his arms being so heavy with golden bracelets that they were supported by a man on each side.

An original autograph letter from JOHN HANCOCK to BENJAMIN FRANKLIN has been given to the Historical Society of Delaware.

Madame CARLA SERENA is the only lady who has been made an honorary member of all the principal geographical societies of Europe.

The design for the frame of HUNTINGTON's portrait of Mrs. HAYES, by Mr. BENN PITMAN, is confined in its decorations to subjects which are the products of this country—oak branch, leaf, and acorn, Maximilian sunflower, hawthorn leaf and blossom, and water-lily.

DARWIN's niece asked him what a cat has that no other animal has; after grave reflection he gave it up, and she answered, "Kittens."

The Baroness BURDETT-COUTTS is President, and the Duke of Connaught, the Earl of Rosslyn, Prince CHRISTIAN, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Earl of Verulam, Lord BERWICK, and Lord LEIGH are

Infant's Knitted Stocking.

This stocking, which is designed to be drawn over those ordinarily worn by infants, for protection and warmth in travelling, is knitted with colored purse silk, and is plain throughout, with the exception of the rim at the top, which is plain and purled alternately. The pattern is similar to that



Fig. 1.—INFANT'S BATISTE ROBE.
For description see Supplement.

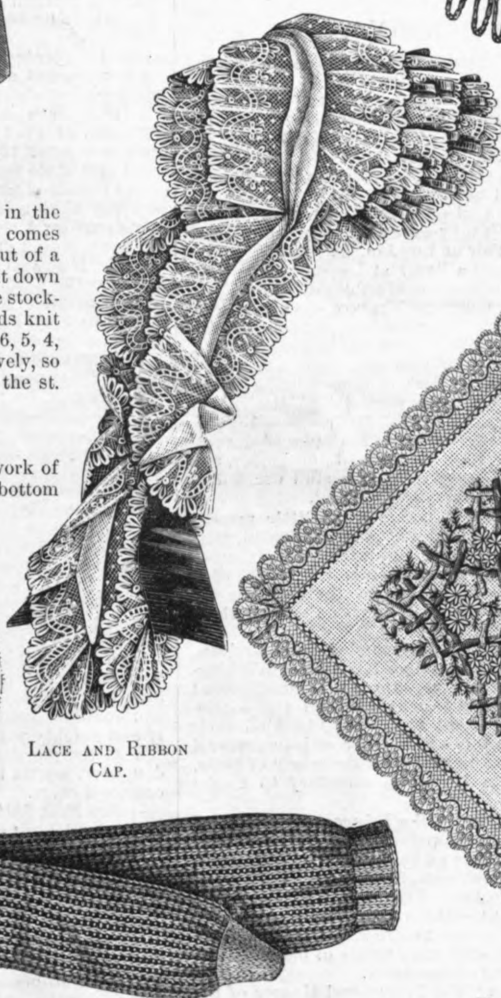
183 rounds plain throughout, but in the last of these release each st. that comes above, and was originally knitted out of a thread in the 16th round, raveling it down to that round. Work the toe of the stocking on the remaining st. in 30 rounds knit plain, narrowing at intervals of 7, 6, 5, 4, and 3 rounds and stitches respectively, so that at the end of the last round the st. will all be worked off.

Bead Necklace.

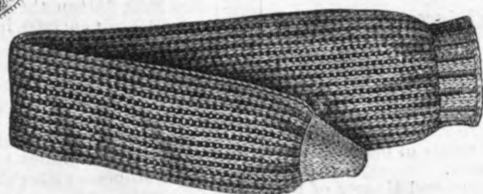
This necklace consists of a net-work of steel and jet beads, finished at the bottom



SURAH AND LACE
CRAVAT BOW.



LACE AND RIBBON
CAP.



INFANT'S KNITTED STOCKING.



BEAD
NECKLACE.

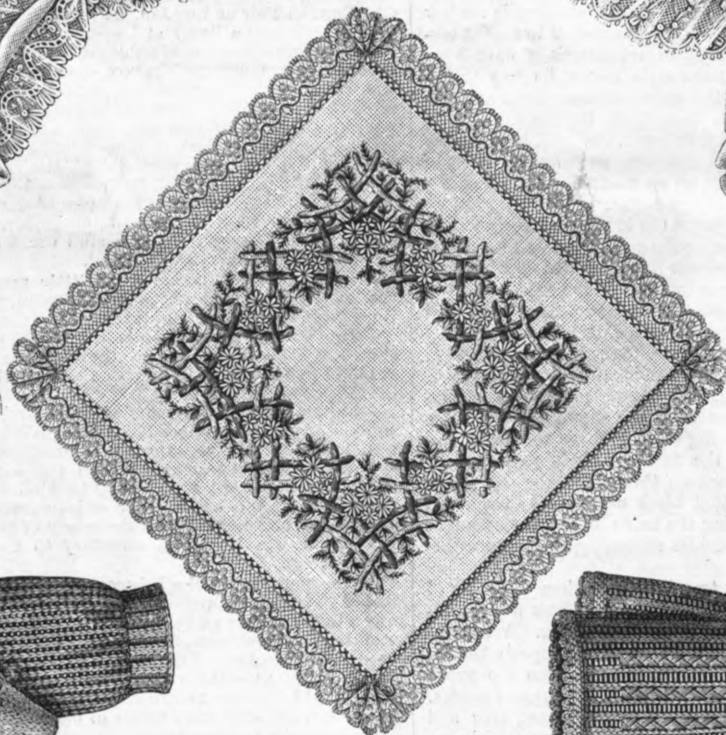
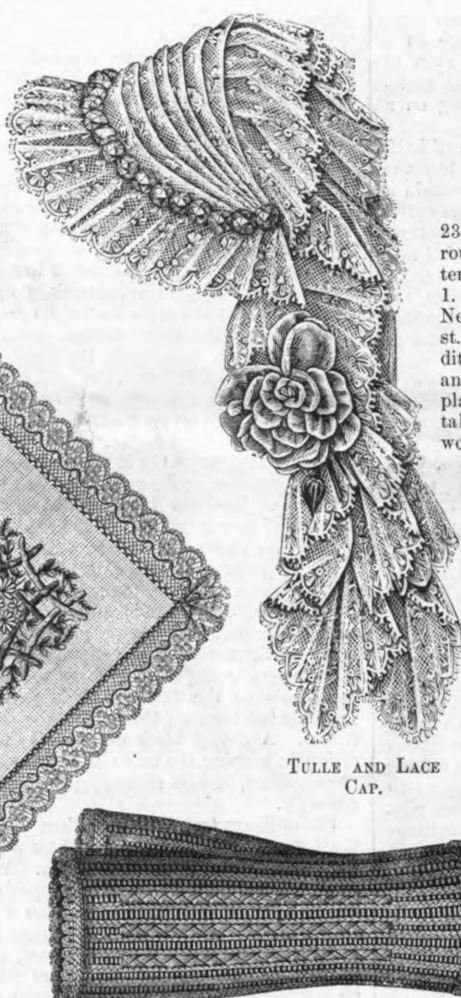


Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED TIDY.
[See Fig. 2, Page 485.]



TULLE AND LACE
CAP.

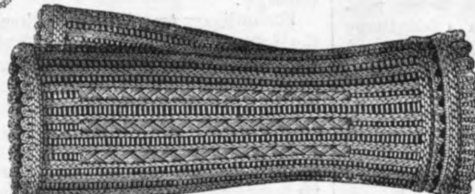


Fig. 1.—LADY'S KNITTED MITT.—[See Fig. 2.]



GAUZE AND LACE CRAVAT
BOW.

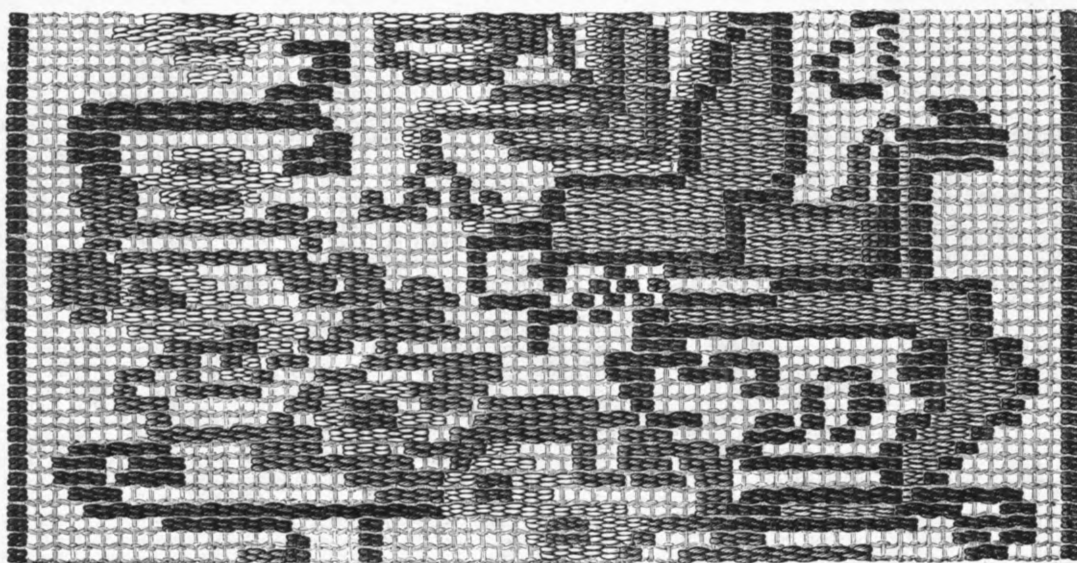


Fig. 2.—BORDER FOR PORTIERE, FIG. 1, PAGE 493.—CUSHION STITCH.

shown in Fig. 2, which gives the detail for the mitt on this page, and the open-work is produced by dropping stitches at regular intervals. To make the stocking, begin with a foundation of 96 st. (stitch), and work in rounds as follows: 1st-15th rounds.—Alternately knit 2 st. and purl 2 st. 16th round.—Alternately put the thread forward and knit 2 st. together. Knit the following

11th and 12th rounds.—Knit plain. 13th-15th rounds.—Purled. 16th-18th rounds.—Knit plain. 19th round.—Alternately t. o. twice and k. 3 st. together (to do so, slip the first st., k. the following 2 together, and drop the slipped st. over the resulting st.). 20th-22d rounds.—Knit plain, except in the 20th round, in which take 2 st., 1 plain and 1 purled, out of the double thread in the preceding round.

the thread over the needle) and k. (knit plain) 2 st. together. 6th-9th rounds.—Knit plain. 10th round.—Take up the foundation st. on needles, turn down the first 4 rounds to the wrong side of the work, and knit plain, taking each st. in the last round together with the corresponding st. of the foundation, thus forming a firm double edge for the mitt.

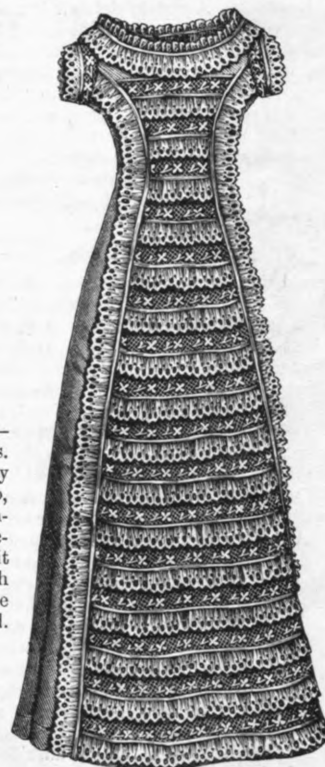


Fig. 2.—INFANT'S BATISTE ROBE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 17-20.

23d-25th rounds.—Purled. 26th round.—Knit plain. 27th round.—Alternately t. o., k. 2 st. together, and k. 1. 28th-88th rounds.—Knit plain. Next take, for the thumb, the first 15 st. apart on two needles, cast on 15 additional st. in connection with these, and work on the 30 st. 15 rounds knit plain. In the 16th round of the thumb take a needle threaded with cotton, and work as follows: * T. o., put the needle through the next st., stringing it on the thread, k. 2; repeat from *. The ends of the thread are

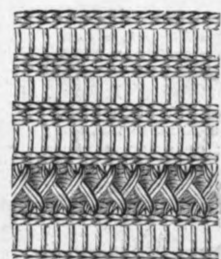
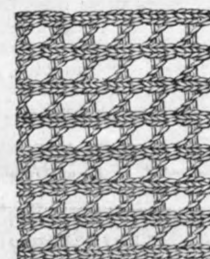
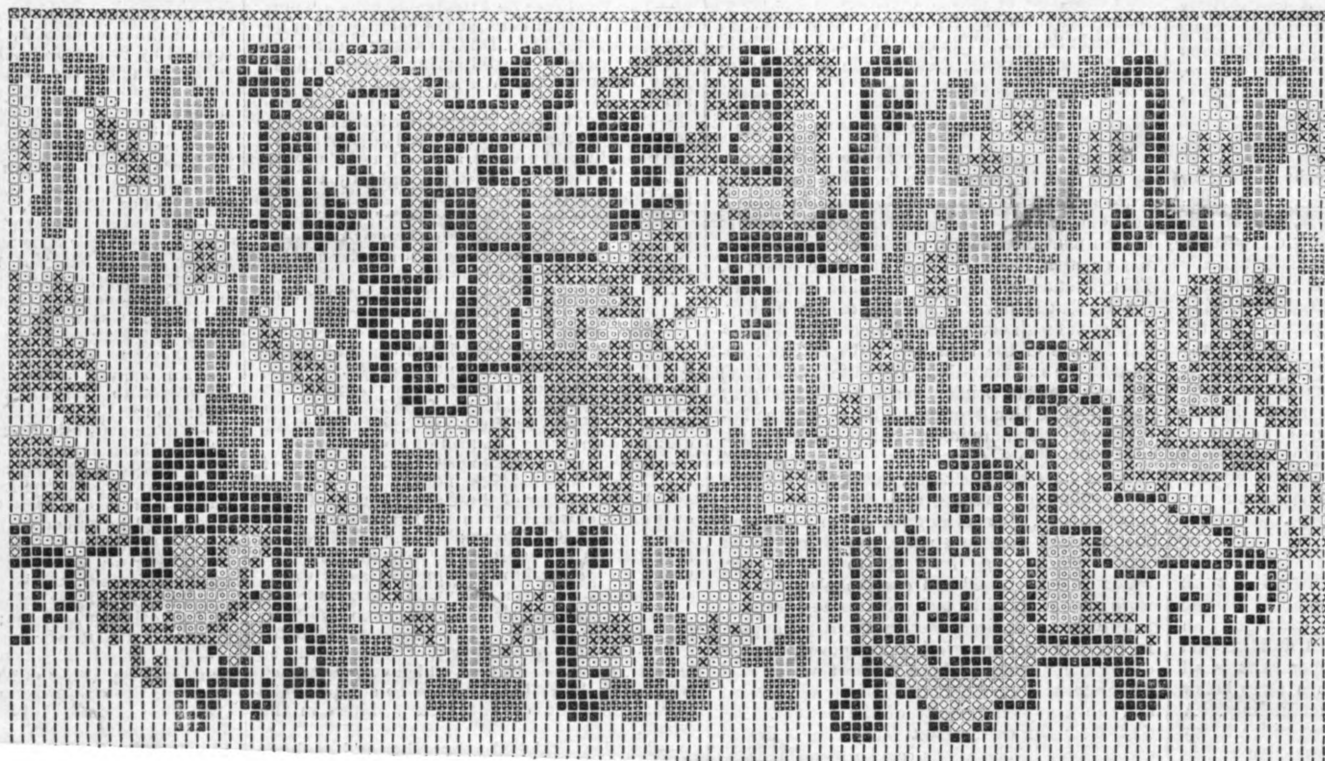


Fig. 2.—DETAIL OF KNITTED MITT, FIG. 1.

with pendent loops, and attached at the top to a black velvet ribbon, which is embroidered with similar beads, and tied in a bow in the back.

Lady's Knitted Mitt.—Figs. 1 and 2.

This mitt, which is specially adapted for country wear, is knitted with écu thread or crochet cotton. The back is ornamented with three rows in cross stitch worked in the manner shown in Fig. 2. Begin the work with a foun-



KNITTED FOUNDATION.

tied, holding the st. on it for the time being. 17th and 18th rounds.—Knit plain, taking 1 st. out of every thread. 19th-21st rounds.—Purled. 22d and 23d rounds.—Knit plain. 24th round.—Work for the notched edge of the thumb as follows: * In connection with the next st. cast on 3 st., drop the 2d of them from the needle over the 3d, slip the 3d, k. the 1st, and drop the 3d over the resulting st., k. the st. next to which the 3 were cast on, and drop the previous st. over the resulting st., k. the next 2 st.

*, but in casting on the 3 st. for the next tooth, cast them on over the st. left from the last, and in every second tooth, instead of knitting 2 st. together, knit only 1. This round completes the thumb. Take up the 15 st. cast on at the beginning of the thumb, and on these, together with the st. that had been set aside, knit plain 20 rounds, and then work 9 rounds as in the 16th-24th rounds of the thumb. Finally, remove the thread

round.—Take 2 st., 1 plain and 1 purled, out of each double thread, and knit plain the rest. Repeat the 1st-17th rounds 17 times; in the 1st round in every repetition knit together the first st. knitted in the preceding round and the st. nearest it of those that were left aside in the 16th and 17th rounds, and in order not to decrease the number of st., take 2 st. out of the preceding st. At the end of the last repetition knit 15 rounds plain, and then cast off the st. Work the edging around



Fig. 1.—MONOGRAM.

from the 16th round of the thumb, and that from the corresponding round in the hand, releasing the st. that were strung on them, and ravel them to form the open spaces shown in Fig. 2.

Child's Knitted and Crochet Collar.—Figs. 1 and 2.

This child's collar is worked with fine knitting cotton. Fig. 2 shows a section in full size, giving the details of the work. The inner part is knitted, and the lace edging is in crochet. To make it, begin with a foundation of 17 st. (stitch), and work back and forth as follows: 1st-15th rounds.—Knit plain throughout. 16th round.—Knit 2 st., 3 times alternately put the thread over twice and knit 3 st. together, then knit 1 st.; the remaining st. are not used in this and the following round. 17th

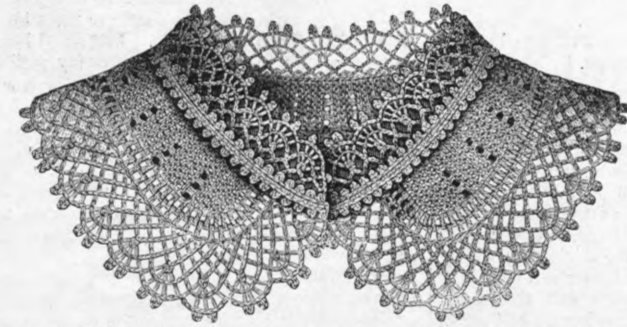


Fig. 1.—CHILD'S KNITTED AND CROCHET COLLAR.—[See Fig. 2.]

Fig. 2.—DESIGN PAGE 484.—SAT-STITCH, AND POINT

FOR TIDY, FIG. 1, IN AND CHAIN RUSSIE EMBROIDERY.



AGRAFE FOR THE HAIR.

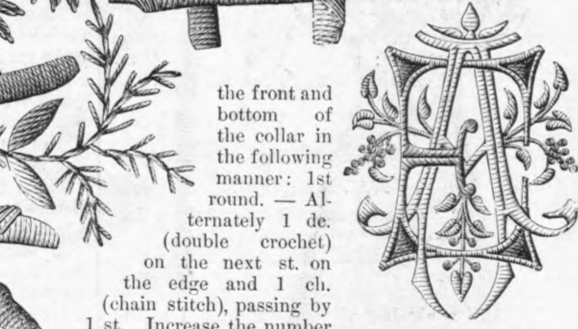


Fig. 2.—MONOGRAM.

may be necessary to prevent tension. 2d round.—Alternately 1 dc. around the next ch. in the preceding round and 1 ch. 3d round.—Alternately 1 sc. (single crochet) around the next ch. in the preceding round and 7 ch., passing 3 st. 4th and 5th rounds.—1 sc. on the first st. in the preceding round, then alternately 7 ch. and 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the following 7; 1 sc. on the last st. in the round. 6th round.—* 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 7 in the preceding round, 10 ch., 1 sc. on the 4th of them, forming a loop, 3 ch., 1 sc. on the

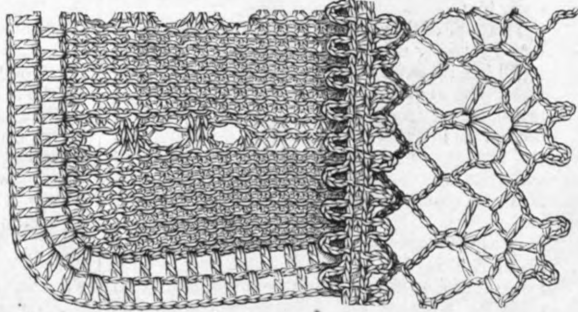


Fig. 2.—KNITTING AND CROCHET WORK FOR CHILD'S COLLAR, FIG. 1.



Fig. 1.—GUIPURE AND NUNS' VEILING DRESS. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. V., Figs. 21-30.

Fig. 2.—PLAIN AND FIGURED PERCALE DRESS. For description see Supplement.



Fig. 3.—STRIPED INDIA MUSLIN DRESS. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—SATTEEN DRESS. For description see Supplement.

middle ch. of the next 7, 7 ch.; repeat from *. 7th round.—1 sc. on the first st. in the preceding round, 4 ch., * 4 dc. separated by 3 ch. around the next loop, 4 ch., 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 7, 4 ch.; repeat from *. 8th round.—* 1 dc. around the following 3 ch., 3 ch., 3 dc. separated by 1 p. (picot, consisting of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of them) around the next 3 ch., 3 ch., 1 dc. around the following 3 ch.; repeat from *. Edge the collar at the neck with 4 rounds worked as in the 3d, 6th, 7th, and 8th rounds of the edging, and then crochet on the edge stitches on which the first of the 4 rounds is worked 2 picot rounds as shown in Fig. 2, 1 forward, turned toward the edging, and 1 back, turned toward the inner part of the collar, in the following manner: alternately 1 p. and 1 sc. around the following second st. on the edge.

MISS ANDERSON'S COLORS.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY," "POOR HUMANITY," "COWARD CONSCIENCE," ETC.

I.

I WAS a big boy of fourteen when I fell in love with Miss Anderson. A precocious youth for my age, it was thought, and one whose amatory proclivities had been unduly developed by the study of all the penny novels and romances that could be procured in the town, or that the liberal supply of pocket-money would run to which was furnished by my parents and guardians: one parent maternal, and one guardian masculine, who became in due course my mother's second husband, and whom I had hated by instinct from the first moment of my setting eyes upon him.

I was one of the pupils of Doctor Ragstaff's academy for young gentlemen at Weston-super-Mare. I had been a pupil from the early age of twelve, which was at the time my father died, and when my mother, I fancied, wanted to get rid of me. I did her an injustice, but I was full of morbid fancies at that period, and my guardian, trustee, and what not I have said that I disliked. The real fact was that I was far from a strong boy, and the doctors had warned my mother that I was better in the country: I was a boy growing very fast, a lanky youth, thin and cadaverous, with a love of fiction unnaturally developed, and some taste for painting and drawing which no one would develop for me. My nickname at Doctor Ragstaff's was "Hair-pin;" and as I was considered a somewhat effeminate youth for my age, possibly in conjunction with my lath-like proportions, it was not wholly inappropriate. Two years after my introduction to the Ragstaff seminary I became passionately devoted to Miss Anderson; and the history of that boy-love forms the first portion of this little chronicle.

It is as well to state at once that being an odd boy, mine was very naturally an odd passion. I am as fully convinced now in sober manhood as I was in the hot blood of my fourteen years that I was truly and desperately in love with Janie Anderson. There was no mistake about it; I had all the symptoms of the most violent species of the disorder. I could not eat, I could not sleep, I wrote poetry in large quantities, I neglected my lessons, I forgot to have my hair cut, I had but the one thought morning, noon, and night, that she was very precious to me, and that life without her would be a precious blank. It was a love too deep to take anybody into my confidence; it was so intensely deep that the whole world remained in complete ignorance of my passion, and my inhuman principal compelled me to swallow large draughts of the most filthy compounds because I was looking pale and worn. As if tincture of rhubarb or the salts of Epsom, comforting as those preparations may be under less afflictive circumstances, could have had any ruddy or robust effect upon me!

No—there was not a soul who suspected my attachment to Miss Anderson. Concealment preyed upon my hollow cheeks; and, "How dreadfully poorly that boy is looking!" I heard Doctor Ragstaff say petulantly to the tutor. "Any one would think we were starving him to death." I was being starved for want of a reciprocal affection; but no one suspected it—Janie Anderson least of all of them, at first. The master was anxious, and the medical attendant drugged me, and tried the most terrible experiments; but I loved on, and gave no utterance to my absorbing passion.

I was a very reserved boy, and sensitive to ridicule: this saved me from becoming the laughing-stock of my comrades, the butt for the witticisms of a large community, with whom I had not a single tie of sympathy. It was enough to love—to feel that the secret of my adoration was apart from them, unknown by them, and yet was everything to me. There was a consolation in this, and in my small way I was perfectly contented. The idea of a hundred and twenty boys—red-cheeked, impudent, bloated boys—becoming cognizant of my love for Janie Anderson, threw me into a cold perspiration to imagine. I was making a fool of myself undoubtedly, but only to myself. To the world at large I was "out of sorts," and growing too fast; I should be better presently.

On the contrary, I got no better. I saw Miss Anderson twice every Sunday in the distant pews under the gallery where it was customary to pack Miss Fitzsimmons's numerous pupils, and several times a week in our early morning walks we crossed each other's path in our respective lines of march. Miss Anderson did not regard me as her admirer, although she was a young lady of about my own age, who looked about her with great interest, and might have seen my earnest gaze without much trouble. She had eyes for Thomas Swann and little Charlie Hunter and the

ambitious Griggs, not to mention Teddy Bennett, who was our biggest boy, and was growing a mustache; but in no one instance did she glance at me. I had not a grin eternally stamped upon my countenance. When Miss Fitzsimmons's young ladies came in sight on the parade, or were proceeding up or down the path through Kewstoke Woods, I felt fit to drop, and actually turned faint, but I did not begin nudging my companion with my elbows, or falling into clown-like antics, like the rest of them. I preserved my outward decorum, and moved not a muscle of my respectful countenance. Perhaps if I had moved a muscle or two somewhere—I believe one or two of the rudest boys even moved the muscles of their left eyelids *en passant*—my silent attachment for Miss Anderson might have been suspected a little earlier; but it was not my nature to be demonstrative, and I pursued the even and somewhat monotonous tenor of my way, consoled by the one poor thought that there was no one in our school whom she really loved, and that to smile at Bennett one day was to cut him for Bob Griggs the next, and forget the two of them for young Hunter on the Sunday.

By degrees the school acquired the information, false, true, or distorted, that pretty Janie Anderson was a real heiress—an uncommonly real heiress, to whom untold wealth of the most indescribable description would devolve upon the death of her father, a gorgeous being of great importance in India, but whether military, civil, or commercial was not quite clear to us. But an Indian nabob, or a nabob pickle merchant, mattered nothing to me. I loved her for herself alone.

Whether her father's Eastern life had given her in any way ideas of Eastern colors or display I can not affirm for certain, but it began to impress itself upon me that she was always the brightest and most gayly dressed of Miss Fitzsimmons's young ladies, and that there was considerable effect in the colors she displayed, however "pronounced" they might occasionally be. She looked extremely well in everything, if at times a little *bizarre*; and a bright sky blue dress, a dazzling crimson bow, a flower, or an emerald green ribbon, that would have vulgarized the appearance of nine young ladies out of ten, appeared to me to adorn her equally, and to give especial tone to some peculiar trait of dazzling beauty. Yes, I was very far gone in those dreamy, morbidly sensitive, happy and unhappy days, when Janie Anderson was all the world to me.

A boy of strong imaginative powers, my mind went back to the days of chivalry, when the knights of old wore their lady-loves' colors in their casques or plumes—"or anywhere else they could stick 'em," Hunter said, who was an irreverent young beast—and it began to impress itself clearly upon my mind that if any love-lorn being had a right to choose his colors from the colors of the maid whom he adored, that being was myself. It was a delicate compliment, which would be conveyed by degrees to her; it was only a question of time. If she were observant and appreciative, it would clear up the whole mystery of my profound attachment to her: I could afford to wait and watch and pray.

There was only one huge difficulty in the way—which color was it to be? What were the colors of Miss Anderson under which I was to fight and die? Miss Anderson was seldom dressed twice alike; it was evidently *carte blanche* as to the expenses of her wardrobe; and she was the envy and glory of the Pelican House Academy. I had it! I would change color with her change; I would watch each varying shade of dress or ribbon, and suit myself to match. I would wear upon my breast, close over my throbbing heart, and therefore slightly on the left side, a neck-tie of the exact hue and shade—or as near as I could get it—which Miss Anderson might be honoring for the nonce.

I had a liberal supply of pocket-money; there were in my box various colored silk handkerchiefs which would assist me in my plan when my expenses became too much for me; I could reduce my supply of penny numbers; I could sternly refuse to lend any more money to my impetuous brethren who were always in difficulties and arrears; I could deprive myself of the tart-like luxuries of life, and devote myself heart and soul to Janie.

And I did. And it was a long, long time before any one guessed my secret, and then it was discovered by the young ladies of Miss Fitzsimmons's seminary—"the blooming Pelicans," Griggs had vulgarly christened them—and not by any of the dull-witted, thick-headed youths amongst whom my unhappy lot was cast.

Even then it took six months, or close upon six months, before the suspicion dawned upon the feminine mind that something more was meant than met the eye. I was so demure a youth, so grave and reverend a signor, that the girls could not believe it of me, and thought it was a mere coincidence. This I learned afterward, but I forestall matters.

I became as watchful and observant as a fox in the goosing season. I was very quickly aware that what Miss Anderson was pleased to wear on Saturday afternoon—when the band was playing in the hotel grounds, or in the Parade, or in Ellenborough Park, and when Miss Fitzsimmons's young ladies were allowed to promenade for half an hour—would be, as a rule, displayed in the Fitzsimmons pew at church on the following Sunday morning. And this gave me the opportunity of making Saturday-evening purchases by express permission of Doctor Ragstaff. This was the rule of Miss Anderson's colors, I repeat; for there were several exceptions in the course of the six months, and then I was more or less at fault.

It began, of course, to be remarked amongst my school-fellows that I had taken to neck-ties of a vivid hue, and much ridicule as to my choice of color was hurled at me in consequence, but not

the biggest boy in the school dreamed of associating "Hair-pin" with Miss Anderson. "It was only my confounded vanity," Tompkins said, tugging at my "get-up" one Sunday morning with two hands. "What made me think of such absurd colors he couldn't make out, and blowed if he was going to stand it, for one. He wasn't going to have the shine taken out of him like that."

Tompkins was the head boy, and a bit of a bully; but he succumbed to my indomitable will. I was not to be turned from the set purpose of my life by a jest or studied insult, meek and uncomplaining as I might be. That I suffered mentally I need not say, and that there were times even when I prayed that Janie's colors might for a week or two be temporarily subdued; for every color did not suit me, and green made me positively hideous of aspect. Still, I kept on with my plan, persevering to the end of time—or, strictly speaking, to the end of the term.

Just before the beginning of the summer vacation, then, Janie Anderson discovered that she might add my name to the long list of her admirers at Weston-super-Mare. A lemon-colored ribbon with red spots was the clue to my secret. Miss Anderson had had her suspicions aroused, and this was the "test question." On the Saturday she had appeared on the Parade with a hat trimmed with the ribbon mentioned, and with a fancy bow of the same color at her throat. She was dark, and the effect was absolutely charming—never had she seemed to my dotting eyes so perfect, so sublime—and I did not hesitate as to these colors for myself until I was before Crumpey & Wrop's plate-glass in the High Street, and saw the very article in the window, labelled "From Paris, 1s. 11d. per yard." Then I recoiled, not so much at the price, although it was approaching the end of the term, and the exchequer was showing manifest signs of depletion, as at the very startling appearance it presented amongst a box of ordinary bonnet ribbons.

I had often purchased bonnet ribbons before, and had been ingenious enough, by the aid of surreptitious padding, to pass them off as neckties to my contemporaries; but this, as young Griggs would have said, was "a corker." I could not believe that anything which had been so becoming to Miss Anderson would, apart from her ethereal self, look so horribly startling. Still, *noblesse oblige*—the Knight of the Snow-white Plume would not have faltered, rather would have glowed with pride at the distinction which it gave him; so I stepped into the shop, and bought three-quarters of a yard, with the young lady who measured it off surveying me critically.

I had been there so frequently of Saturday evenings, my purchases were so particularly eccentric, and Miss Anderson dealt there so very regularly on the Thursday or Friday, that it was probable that the attendant might have a suspicion at last of my deep attachment. Would she betray me? Would it become necessary to bribe her into secrecy, or to beg her to subdue that aggravating smile which puckered up the corners of her mouth, and suggested a solution to the mystery in which I was wrapped? I did not know. In the holidays with my mother I would think it over seriously.

When I surveyed myself in the glass at five-and-twenty minutes to eleven on the following Sunday morning, I felt my heart sink dreadfully, I was so awfully demonstrative about the chest. The lemon silk in the broad morning glare was nothing but the brightest brimstone, and the red spots were only large blobs of crimson gore, and looked like danger signals at a distance. That I should catch the eye of the whole wide world I was convinced at once. I was surely going to proclaim on the house-tops that I was Janie Anderson's devoted slave, and that her name would be found in big capital letters on my swollen heart.

I hesitated, then I shook off any sense of recant cowardice, and went down stairs, at the very last moment, when the boys were getting into rank, and it would be too late for many irritating personalities to be launched at me. The boys saw me and my tie, however, and grinned from ear to ear immediately; Griggs, who was about my age and size, and was generally paired off with me in the procession to church, seized the opportunity of my propinquity to murmur, ironically, "Oh! what a gorgeous swell!" and Doctor Ragstaff, who was putting on his gloves in the hall, gasped for breath, and then came toward me slowly and ponderously, with a stony glare at my adornments.

"Griffin," said my preceptor, sternly, "are you making yourself a ridiculous object out of bravado, or from sheer stupidity?"

"I—I don't know what you mean, sir."

"I mean that absurd neck-tie, sir," he shouted. "No one but a being lost to all sense of propriety would put on such a vulgar thing as that on a Sabbath morning."

"Indeed, sir."

"Indeed, sir!—yes, sir!" growled Doctor Ragstaff; "and it is in shocking bad taste, sir—a clown's taste, and no one but a clown would think of wearing it. Go up stairs and take it off directly. Go—no, stop, you can't go—there's the five-minute bell. Quick, march—you must take the consequences of facing the eyes of society, and—turn your jacket up, do, or we shall be the laughing-stock of the whole town. And during the afternoon, Griffin, oblige me by learning the nineteenth chapter of St. John, instead of going out for the usual promenade with us. Forward!"

We marched to church, Doctor Ragstaff and myself hardly in the most devout frame of mind, and the boys disposed to be hilarious. I did not object to turn the lapels of my jacket over my brilliant neck-tie, and to walk on coweringly, as if in the middle of a snow-storm; but in church I defied them all, and was true to my colors—or rather her colors—to the last. I displayed my tie and shirt front to the public gaze, for Janie

Anderson wore lemon and crimson also, and hers was no clown's taste, as the Goth of a school-master had affirmed. And Janie Anderson, for the first time in her life, smiled at me—almost broke into rippling laughter, I believe—and whispered several times to her companion, Miss Terryball, and looked up and smiled again, and bestowed so much gracious attention in my direction that, as it afterward transpired, she was sent to bed by Miss Fitzsimmons directly she got home, and was doomed to bread-and-water diet for the remainder of the day.

And all this was for my sake! When I knew all the truth, I thought my heart would break. To think—as I used to think constantly—that she had suffered for me, there was the apex to the big mountain of my love.

Shall I say that I returned the smile? I did, and with all the fervor of my nature, thawed at last from its reserve.

"What are you grinning at, Hair-pin?" mumbled Griggs, in the middle of his prayers. "Is there anything the matter?"

"Nothing, Griggs—nothing," I responded, in a whisper.

I was in ecstasy; on the wings of love I was soaring in imagination all about the church. I blush to think now of my boy's irreverence, and complete forgetfulness of everything but her. But I was happy; Janie Anderson and I understood each other at last! This was true affection, the reward of my undeviating constancy.

I was in the seventh heaven of delight, and I fear the whole of the Reverend John Poundtext's sermon was lost upon me; the school seemed demoralized, and there was so much whispering and general fluttering among the dove-cotes of the Fitzsimmonses that the more orderly of the congregation were completely scandalized. Happy and memorable morning of my undevoutness, I can not erase thee from the record of my boy's life—of a romance stronger than are most boys' follies or sentiments, as a rule. I returned home to take off my neck-tie, and receive my punishment with philosophy—with joy, even, for it was for Janie Anderson's sake. I was resigned to my seclusion; I could think of her, and of her smiles. I could even, over the nineteenth chapter of St. John, which I was diligently committing to memory, plan out my future life with her—our courtship and marriage, the blessings on the union, bestowed freely upon us by an Indian nabob and my widowed mother.

Till the end of July—one more fortnight—my life was roscate. I saw her in the distance twice or thrice a week; I wore her colors on my bosom faithfully, though I was grateful for the more subdued tone about them which suddenly, and, as I thought, very remarkably, set in. I was only fretting, unboylike to the last, at the close advent of the holidays, and the seven long weary weeks which would intervene before I saw her again, even if—oh, awful thought!—it was fixed as fate that she should return to Miss Fitzsimmons.

Two days before the holidays there came a startling surprise to me. Doctor Ragstaff had known it all along; but this was like *him*. He had kept his secret well, the myrmidon!

It had been arranged that the news should be broken to me at the last moment, as I was a weak and sensitive boy, forsooth, and took the affairs of life a little strangely. Had I been a "cracked" boy, or a boy likely to be cracked, I could not have been treated more like a child. Hence I behaved like a child away from them—but not before their faces; oh no!—and not at all like a young man going on for fifteen years of age!

It was broken to me by degrees, and in old Ragstaff's most presumptive manner, that my mother had married, quietly and privately, a fortnight since, the trustee to her estate and mine, and that a brand-new father had been provided for me. I remembered the other so well, I had been during my whole life so much the father's boy rather than the mother's, that the match seemed as sacrilegious as Hamlet's mother's match with Claudius. Life was a trouble to me; it was more than a trouble when it was told me that under these circumstances I had no home to return to, that the house in town was empty, and my mother and step-father had gone to Italy for their honeymoon. Thus it became imperatively necessary for me to remain during the vacation under the protection of Doctor Ragstaff.

It was my misfortune, and there was no resisting it. I said, "Very well, sir," and maintained my dignity till I was in my own room, when I gave way a bit. When I had recovered somewhat, which was the next day, there were fresh items for my consideration. I found that I was somewhat of an incubus to Doctor Ragstaff, and very much in the way of his calculations. He was going up several mountains, having an insane passion for going up mountains abroad; and Mrs. Ragstaff, whom I liked very much, and who was a gentle, sickly, and much-stamped-upon lady—speaking metaphorically, of course, for the Doctor did not kick her—was going with him part of the way—to sit at the foot of the mountains, possibly, till he came down again. And neither Doctor Ragstaff nor his wife wanted to be bothered with me. One was too robust, and the other too ailing, and I was a boy in the way.

The suggestion came at length that I should stop at Weston-super-Mare. Doctor Ragstaff's maiden sister remained in charge of the establishment; and though she was not remarkably cheerful company, she would be better than the Doctor.

"You will be quite your own master, Griffin, in due bounds of reason," said Doctor Ragstaff, in a cheerful and persuasive tone; "and there will be nobody to interfere with you, and no occasion to trouble about too much study. You can bathe, attend the amusements of the place, see all the company, take my pony-trap out once or twice a week, and, in fact, thoroughly enjoy yourself. And there's the run of my private library, Griffin, and you will find Roberts's *Discovery and History of Florida* very entertaining reading, and *The*

Naturalist's Library, on the top shelf, full of instructive pictures. Good-by, and a pleasant holiday to you, my boy. Bless you—till September next."

And away he went, and I was left alone at school. I was left in a bad way, with everything to depress me utterly. Miss Fitzsimmons's pupils had been scattered to the four corners of the earth; the house in which I lived was an empty barracks; the school-rooms through which I wandered were full of ugly echoes; I might never see Janie Anderson again; my mother was married, and my new father I did not like.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Monograms.—Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustration on page 485.

THESE monograms, which are designed for handkerchiefs, etc., are worked on batiste or linen with fine embroidery cotton in satin, stem, overcast, and knotted stitch.

Agrafe for the Hair.

See illustration on page 485.

THIS gold or silver agrafe is mounted on a heavy double pin. It simulates the top of a comb, and can be worn where the latter could not be conveniently inserted.

"WHERE THE BROOK AND THE WILLOW KISS."

A word, a look, two clasped hands,
Their plighted troths are taken;
Their hearts are light, their future bright:
Can aught this fond dream waken?

A word, a look, two clasped hands,
Their plighted troths are broken;
Their paths diverge—will they e'er merge?
A lone heart beat the token.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 16, Vol. XIV.]

THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

By MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

AUTHOR OF "ALL OR NOTHING," "THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE," "A GOLDEN SORROW," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

HORNDEN OF HORNDEN.

NOTHING could be more creditable to a man than to have made himself on the pattern and to the extent of which the late Mr. Horndean had offered a distinguished example. The pattern was that of an estimable member of society, who discharged all his obligations with exactitude, gave no offense, and had no history, save in the self-making particular; the extent was that of a landed proprietor in Hampshire, with a considerable fortune invested in safe and remunerative securities. He had been a lucky man in almost everything he had undertaken, and had had his way in all but a solitary instance: the one woman whom he had loved was not for him. Whether that contrariety of fate had lastingly imbibed the other favors of fortune, no human being, save Mr. Horndean himself, could have told; he was a reserved man, whose quiet manners were a preservative against the prejudice that is sometimes extended to success when it does not demonstrate itself in folly and extravagance. These forms his success had never taken, partly because he really was a sensible man, and partly because it had not completed itself until he was sufficiently advanced in life to be aware of the emptiness of folly, and the unsatisfying nature of extravagance. The most entirely appropriate and timely piece of good fortune that had ever befallen him, according to his own estimate, was his getting possession of the fine old house and park on which he had conferred the name of Horndean. The place had been known by another name for more than two centuries, and had many recollections and traditions connected with it, some of them worthy and lofty, others evil and mean, but there had come an end to the old line and the old history; the last of the historic family to which the place had belonged was a man who had revived in his own person its evil and the mean traditions during a long and worthless life that came to its fitting close in exile and contempt. No son of his succeeding to an inheritance which was simply one of debt and dishonor, the place was sold. Mr. Horndean bought it, and all who knew him at the time, and the neighborhood who did not know him, supposed that now another of the fine old English country places would be turned into building ground, and a vulgar speculator would avail himself of the contiguity of the all-involving railway to plant a vulgar townlet in its stead. Everybody was mistaken: Mr. Horndean settled down to live in the old house, after it had been substantially repaired, but not in the least injured in an ideal sense in the process, and the only Philistine act of which he was guilty was the change of name.

"I mean those who come after me to be Horndean of Horndean," Miss Lorton's guardian had said, in explaining to her his reasons for turning Charlecote Chase into Horndean. "I am proud of the name I have made respectable and kept clean, and I hope no one will ever sully it as the last Charlecote of Charlecote stained and degraded his."

The lady to whom he spoke concluded very reasonably from this explanation that Mr. Horndean meant to marry; indeed, without it she would have thought such an intention likely, after the acquisition of a fine place like that. Whether Mr. Horndean did or did not marry was not then a material concern of Miss Lorton's, for she was herself engaged to marry Mr. Townley Gore. Of course the new place would not be so pleasant a resource for her with as without a Mrs. Horndean, but beyond that consideration it was immaterial to her. Her brother's interest in the

matter was a closer one, for Mr. Horndean had no relatives in anything like an obligatory degree of kinship to him, and he had always taken his honorary relation to the Lortons very seriously. Her brother's interest must, however, take care of itself; Miss Lorton was a reasonable person at every period of her life, and she was quite well aware that it would be both absurd and unbecoming for her to exhibit either surprise or discontent that her guardian—a well-preserved man, some years short of sixty—should think of founding a family after having secured so satisfactory a stake in the country as Horndean. Her guardian did nothing of the sort, however. He merely settled down at the "translated" Charlecote Chase, gave her a splendid wedding in the grand old house, made her and her friends welcome there each autumn for a few weeks of well-ordered hospitality, and took to collecting. He was not a fanatical collector, and his former business habits and ideas kept him from exceeding his means; but he certainly did expend a good deal of money—for which both Mrs. Townley Gore and her brother could have found a more satisfactory use—on the purchase of miniatures, enameled china, Elzevirs, and precious stones.

In the harmless pursuits of adding to his little museum, and admiring its contents, the last fifteen years of Mr. Horndean's life, which had been one of unremitting toil until its middle period was reached, passed peacefully enough away. Perhaps if he had been called upon at its close to declare what moment of it had been the most completely filled with entire and unmixed satisfaction, he would have named that in which he saw his own collection of Hungarian garnets described as "unrivalled" among private collections in a learned article upon precious stones in one of the great quarterlies. It was over now, that life, with its early and respectable struggles, its creditable success, its presumable but hidden grief, its real loneliness, its harmless gratifications, its pride, not to be condemned, although it might have been manifested after a less Philistine fashion; and the troublesome ward, the only son of the woman Mr. Horndean had loved, but who was not for him, was heir to Horndean.

Frederick Lorton, who had never in his life worked with steady, self-denying, self-restraining purpose for any object, was to have the enjoyment of all that Mr. Horndean had acquired by long years of steady and purposeful endeavor, and he had not even seen his benefactor on his death-bed, or afforded him the satisfaction of believing that his counsels had made any impression on the wayward young man.

Mr. Horndean and Frederick Lorton had never been very good friends since the boy had become a man. The two were as antagonistic in temperament as they were unlike in tastes. Of his two wards, the joint legacy of his dead love and his dead friend, the girl had of late been preferred, and if he could have made a Horndean of Horndean of her by a stroke of his pen, it is probable Mrs. Townley Gore would have been his heiress. This, however, could not be done, and the old man's pride found a dreary gratification in a disposition of his property in which his feelings had hardly any share. He had had his good things in his time, and he had not merited them ill, as merely human merit goes. He had been a just man; but among those good things, the best, which is love, was not included; that he had neither gained nor given.

The spring was in its utmost beauty of the tender green period when the master of Horndean lay yet unburied within the walls of the old house and had opened its doors to so many brides and bridegrooms, and closed them behind so many dead men and women, of a race whose place was to know it no more forever. That beauty was exceptionally exquisite at Horndean, for the park was famous for its trees, oak and elm, beech and ash, in all their varieties, and great cedars and copper beeches stood stately in the vicinity of the house, which was approached on one side by a noble double avenue of chestnuts and thorns, white and red. Later in the spring, when the lilacs, laburnums, and hawthorns should have fully flowered, and the great banks of rhododendrons should be in their first bloom, the place would be a paradise of color, and the formal gardens, with their laurel and yew hedges, inclosed within serried ranks of magnificent trees, a vast parterre of roses of every hue loading the soft air with their perfume. The house, a spacious building of red brick (toned by time and its growths into a most harmonious color), with white stone facings, was almost square, with two grand entrances, and a superb marble central hall, or saloon, with a cupola roof. The garden front consisted of two lines of large and lofty windows, with a wide balcony in the centre of the upper line. These windows belonged to a vast drawing-room, or gallery, which extended along the entire front, and was a singularly beautiful and elegantly proportioned apartment, panelled in oak, with a richly painted ceiling, and an open fire-place with a carved oak chimney-piece of great value. In the recesses between the windows, which reached from the floor to the ceiling, were placed the cases that contained Mr. Horndean's collections, occupying about half the space in each recess, the upper half being filled by book-cases. The books were rare and valuable, but they did not form a "collection," in the same sense as the other objects, for Mr. Horndean had, so to speak, bought Charlecote Chase "all standing," and the coat of arms of the extinct family was stamped on the buff and gold covers of the folios, octavos, and quartos, and the portfolios of engravings that had rested undisturbed since its flourishing days. Rich furniture in faded crimson damask and gold; heavy damask hangings; a number of fine cabinets, some of them curiosities of old Chinese fabrics; a few marble busts and small groups, and an ancient harpsichord, daintily painted in the sentimental and pastoral style of the period when Strephon and Chloe were the exponents of the eternal legend of love and youth, combined

to lend to the "Long Gallery" an aspect entirely unlike that of a modern drawing-room. Some fine portraits, for which those of Charles Surface's ancestors might be supposed to entertain a fellow-feeling, for they too had been knocked down in the lump, without even a protest on behalf of a Sir Oliver among them—were fitted into the panels opposite the long windows, and beneath each stood a coffer or a chest, some velvet covered, and ornamented with the fleur-de-lis in wrought brass, others in the Florentine or Venetian workmanship. All day the light poured into this beautiful room, so silent and yet so eloquent, so lonely, and yet full of so many memories from so many lands—in the morning through the eastern, in the evening through the western windows, and between those hours through the long line of the front facing the grand old garden, with the stately trees and the solemnly noisy rookery beyond. There were smaller but still spacious drawing-rooms, a fine library, great dining-hall, and the vast marble saloon already mentioned; but the gallery was the pride of the house in modern as it had been in ancient days, and in that room the late owner had found all the pleasure of his later years. To add to his collections a choice gem or jewel, a rare bit of china, to inscribe in his perfectly arranged and scrupulously kept catalogue the history of a snuff-box or a bonbonnière, on whose lid some blowsy or languishing beauty simpered—preparatory in many cases to looking out of the little window, for the beauties were chiefly of the period of the authors of *La Sainte Guillotine*—to set down the date and condition of an Elzevir, which probably nobody had ever read, and which he most assuredly never would read, or the subject of an enamel, with the name of the atelier which produced it. These and other occupations connected with his collections were the harmless delights of the old man's life. They were mostly unshared, but he did not care about that. The only reflection that spoiled or damped his pleasure sometimes was one which he could not keep away—Who would care for his collections when he was gone? He would sadly answer to this question of his own, "No one," and then he would look round at the rich and beautiful objects that an utter stranger had bought "in the lump," and which were dumb now forever, but had once been eloquent to men and women whose life-histories were all closed, and feel with strange meanness and bitterness that the things he loved would soon be as dumb and meaningless. They should not be sold "in the lump" to a stranger, however; he would take order against that. The Horndean collection should be an heirloom, and descend with the place, never to be diverted from the possession of Horndean of Horndean.

And now the time had come when this provision against the inevitable change and oblivion, which human nature hates and struggles against so vainly, was to be carried into effect. The great doors of Horndean House were about to close behind the mortal remains of its new owner, and Mr. Lorton was to reign in his stead. The ceremonial that succeeds death in rich men's houses was observed on this occasion with the strictest propriety, and nothing was wanting to the funeral rites—except mourning for the dead man. There was none of that, but a decent gravity pervaded the household. Mrs. Grimshaw, the housekeeper, felt some real regret for him, and Mrs. Townley Gore's manners were good under all circumstances; so that there was no levity or unbecoming behavior during the week of silence and down-drawn blinds, for Mrs. Grimshaw was as absolute in one sphere as Mrs. Townley Gore was in another. There was a great deal of curiosity among the household and in the neighborhood concerning the will: this was not shared by Mr. and Mrs. Townley Gore; they knew that Frederick Lorton was to have Horndean, and that his sister was to receive a handsome legacy. Poor Mr. Townley Gore had had his gout to think of more continuously than usual since he had been at Horndean. A luxurious country house, nothing to do, and a state of things which prescribes almost unrelieved solitude are bad for persons of Mr. Townley Gore's sort; and they proved bad for him: he was thrown too much upon the risky resources of eating and drinking, and the enemy made advances upon him. Of course he was terribly cut up, as he told his doctor, in entire good faith, by Mr. Horndean's death, but he should be very glad when they could get back to town again. His wife behaved admirably; she was really very anxious about her brother, and there was a great deal to be done; but she never worried him; she seemed perfectly equal to it all. Mr. Townley Gore disliked with all the force of his selfish and ease-loving nature the proximity of death; the pressure of the one supreme and inevitable fact upon his attention was extremely irksome to him; for there was no escaping from it, although he secluded himself strictly to the handsome suite of rooms which he always occupied in Mr. Horndean's house. There was no getting away from the consciousness that the end of all the pleasantness, which, though it had been somewhat disproportionately tempered with gout of late, his soul still loved, was coming with the even-footed hours. "One can't forget it in a house whose master is lying dead," Mr. Townley Gore would say to himself, peevishly, quite convinced that in the forgetting, and not in the constant remembering, are peace and wisdom. Thus time dragged heavily within the fine old mansion where so many masters of it had lain dead, and the arrival of the day fixed for the funeral was looked for as a relief by all.

Early on the morning of the appointed day a telegram from her brother was handed to Mrs. Townley Gore. It had been dispatched from Charing Cross, and it contained these words: "I have been dangerously ill. Learned the news only yesterday. I am coming down by first train. A friend comes with me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. A. B. F.—In the belief that many readers will echo your sentiments, we take pleasure in publishing your esteemed favor concerning the article on "Chaperons and their Duties," which which appeared in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 28, Vol. XIV.

"Permit me to thank you for your editorial in the *Bazar* of July 9, on chaperons. It is high time Americans knew the importance of having such guards for their daughters. 'The vivacious American girl, with all her inherited hatred of authority,' needs a chaperon more than she is aware of or is willing to admit. Please call attention to the article, so that more will read it."

CLARA M.—Either cashmere, foulard, or Surah of dark green will be handsome to combine with your brocade. Find design among illustrations in *Bazar* No. 25, Vol. XIV.

Mrs. A. L. K.—As you have twenty-five yards of your gray silk, make the entire dress of it, and trim it with black Spanish lace in the new style that decrees black for trimming colors, or else add cuffs, collar, and bands of watered silk. Any of the designs on the first page of *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. XIV., will be handsome for this dress. If you object to black lace, use the *écru* embroidery on net for trimming.

T. S.—Get a short walking costume of one of the fine qualities of cashmere in pale or dark porcelain blue, which is nearly gray, for your dress to be married in, and used afterward for a visiting suit. Combine it with watered silk of the same shade, as that will probably be a fashionable fabric next winter.

GRADUATE.—For a graduating dress, as you are in mourning, get the fine thin wool fabric like *barège*, called nuns' veiling. Make it with a basque that is made entirely of fine lengthwise tucks; also tuck the sleeves, and wear a belt of white gros grain. Then put two deep pleatings across the front breadth, heading the top one with deep shirring at the belt. Drape the back like an over-skirt.

A YOUNG MOTHER.—A hat of white piqué shaped on cords will be pretty for your boy baby. A sword sash is one that is gathered at the ends to a tassel.

A SUBSCRIBER.—"P. P. C." in the corner of a visiting-card stands for "*pour prendre congé*," or to take leave.

A "FAIR BARBARIAN."—The *Ugly Girl Papers* are published in book form by Harper & Brothers, who will send you the volume by mail on receipt of \$1.

Mrs. CHARLES D.—We do not design monograms at the request of our readers. You can get such things done at any store for the sale of decorative needlework, etc. A wheel would be nice wrought in the collar of the bicycle blouse.

B. P. R.—All the large dry-goods stores import the embroidery on net this season. It is very expensive, being far more costly than the Spanish lace used for trimming.

Mrs. S. M. H.—We do not reply by mail to inquiries about needlework. Any of the fancy needlework stores that advertise in the *Bazar* will supply the material you want if you communicate directly with them.

L. C.—Your crape veil will not be injured if you travel in a drawing-room car; but it is safer to have a black grenadine veil, either square or long, tied closely over the bonnet.

C. D. E. H.—Trim the pale blue French hunting with white lace—either Languedoc or Russian—and do not combine it with anything. It should be a round skirt, with from three to five pleated flounces, each edged with lace. These flounces need not go all around, but must be visible where the over-skirt drapery does not conceal the lower skirt. The Greek over-skirt draped high on the hip is prettiest for this. The basque is then fully shirred at the waist, or it may be a youthful-looking round waist, cut surplice, and worn with a soft belt that is tied in an immense sash bow at the back, with ends hanging quite low on the skirt.

E. E.—Make a young lady's beige dress like sample with a hunting jacket and round skirt. Put three deep pleated flounces across the back breadth, covering the skirt from belt to foot. Then drape a deep apron on the front and sides, and have a single deep pleating there at the foot. Read about coiffures in the *New York Fashions of Bazar* No. 28, Vol. XIV. For a black wrap for summer have one of the Mother Hubbard fashions, gathered at the neck, not reaching to the waist behind, and hanging in long shirred tabs in front. Trim with Spanish lace and jet.

AN OLD GRANDMOTHER.—You had better send your black embroidered stockings to a French scourer and have him restore the color perfectly. We do not know their methods.

K. Z. H.—A flat coil, braids passing back and forth low between the ears, and small loops of braids or of coils, are all worn by girls of sixteen. For the front hair, bangs and large waves; also the half rings or curves on the forehead that ladies have worn so long.

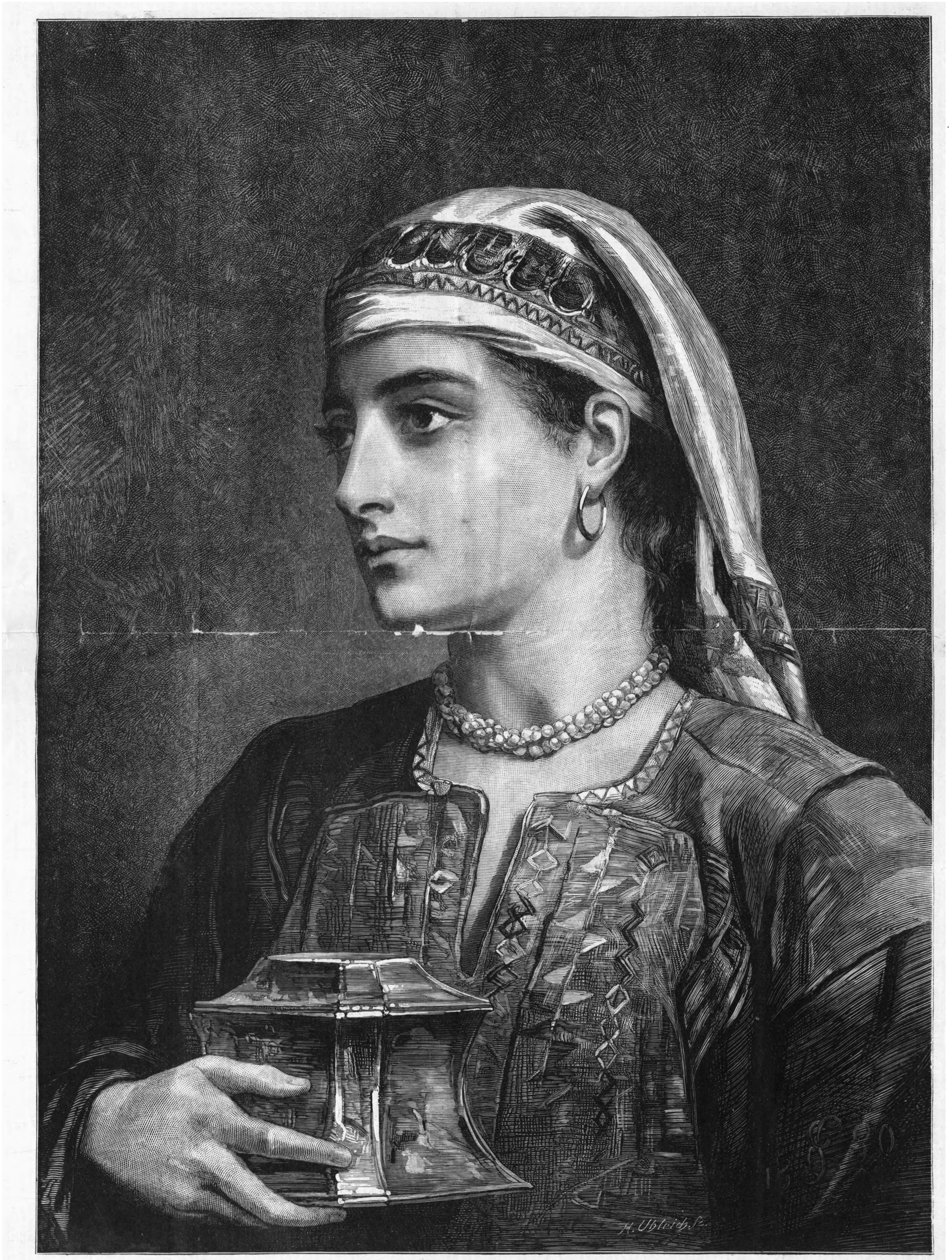
JUNE.—Read about white dresses for graduates in *New York Fashions of Bazar* No. 28, Vol. XIV.

A FRENCH LADY.—An article on the etiquette of mourning will soon appear in the *Bazar*, and give you all the hints you need. The French customs in mourning allow greater latitude in the use of ornaments than those of the English.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Use gathered Spanish lace on the edge of your black grenadine. A skirt of satin Surah, with pleatings edged with Spanish lace, would be more stylish and much lighter than one of velvet.

M. E. M.—Make a blue flannel dress with a hunting jacket, pleated skirt, and apron over-skirt. Do not trim it except with rows of stitching, or else with rows of braid.

Mrs. J. H. R.—A black satin Surah should not be combined with brocade. If you want it very dressy, have the basque and back drapery, also a small wrinkled scarf like an apron across the upper part of the front, made of the satin Surah, and trimmed very fully with Spanish lace. Then have the front of the skirt covered with black watered silk falling in two soft puffs across the top, and forming a deep flounce below, edged with Spanish lace. If you like the new stylish combinations of white and black, do not use the watered silk, but have instead striped satin in even white and black stripes, each stripe two-thirds of an inch broad, and make from three to five pleated flounces of these stripes to cover the front and side gores. Then use a little of the striped goods on the neck and sleeves, and plenty of Spanish lace. This suit worn with a white bonnet trimmed with white plumes or red ombre plumes, or else the natural plumes of mixed black and white, is stylish, and is becoming to any one. A red parasol and tan-colored gloves complete it for the street. Have your white lawn trimmed with wide Hamburg in open designs. Have three deep pleated flounces up the back, each edged with the Hamburg, and a deep apron in front, similarly trimmed, falling on a single flounce. The waist may be either a hunting jacket or a shirred basque.



TYPES OF BEAUTY, No. 4.—FROM A PAINTING BY EDWIN LONG, A. R. A.—[SEE PAGE 490.]

TYPES OF BEAUTY, NO. IV.

THE glowing Egyptian princess whom Mr. Long has selected as his ideal of beauty may well challenge comparison with her European rivals in this gallery of female loveliness. The proud daughter of the Nile is as regal in her bearing as Semiramis herself, and looks a worthy representative of the ancient race of Rameses and Pharaohs. The choice is a very natural one, since it is in Oriental scenes, and more especially in portraiture, that the artist has won the deservedly high reputation which he enjoys in England, where he has been warmly commended by Ruskin and other celebrated art critics. Among his best-known pictures are "The Babylonian Marriage Market," exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1875; "An Egyptian Feast," in 1877, which the *Saturday Review* styled the only subject picture of the year of great importance; and "The Gods and their Makers," in 1878, also an Egyptian piece, which was highly praised. He has likewise exhibited various genre pictures; and a fine portrait of Henry Irving as Richard the Third. He is an assiduous archaeological student, and his pictures are highly praised for their subtlety and refinement of color. The exquisite engraving which we publish herewith is an admirable reproduction of the original.

For the benefit of many readers who may wish to preserve these beautiful art pictures, we will recall that No. 1, by Frank Dicksee, appeared in *Harper's Bazar*, Vol. XIII., No. 39; No. 2, by Philip H. Calderon, R.A., in Vol. XIV., No. 8; and No. 3, by George D. Leslie, R.A., in Vol. XIV., No. 15.

IN ALSACE.

By MADAME GUIZOT DE WITT.

Translated by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

CHAPTER I.

THE little stream ran murmuring softly over its pebbly bed until, stopped by some large stone, it began leaping and bounding, dashing its white foam in the sunlight which crept through the pine trunks down to the slippery bridge. In the middle of it stood Salome, gazing upward to the sombre forest which crowned the mountain's top, and then glancing behind her to the autumn-tinted wood. Right and left were smiling meadows where the aftermath was just being cut. Through them Salome's cows were slowly climbing homeward, lowing gently for the accustomed hand which was waiting to milk them, while the soft tinkle of their bells sounded through the quiet air.

Salome listened dreamily, lingering on the bridge, and forgetting that her mother had sent her to help Frederica in making the hay. Frederica was too busy to call her, and yet surprised at her non-arrival, with a sort of Martha feeling at her sister's leaving her to toil alone. Soon Salome roused herself, and began to work vehemently, that her father, shaking his head, said, "Ah, Salome, it is the lazy folks who are always in a hurry."

Salome blushed, for she was not lazy, only dreaming. She led a double life, which sometimes made her neglect the practical duties so scrupulously fulfilled by Frederica; but, as her mother often said, "When she likes to do a thing, nobody can do it better than my little Salome."

Now she worked vigorously, determined not to notice the picturesque black shadows of the fir-trees, but only to see that night was coming and her task not half done. She collected the hay in a heap upon one of the nets which lay spread on the ground, drew it together tightly with cords, and prepared to lift the perfumed burden on to Frederica's head, well protected by a cushion so as to bear the load, and carry it up to the forester's house. Before she had done this, a hand much stronger than hers now seized the net, and to her own surprise, as well as Frederica's, placed it on the head of the latter with the utmost adroitness.

Salome's blue eyes danced with pleasure. "You back again here, Monsieur Morand?"

The young forester laughed. "Master Dominic is not a tattler, evidently. He knew that I was to come for some months, to live with him and learn his business."

"Father knew and never said a word!" cried Salome, laughing too. "And now I know why mother told Frederica to put clean sheets on the little bed in the hay-loft. I thought it was for Cousin Joseph, who has not been here for three weeks. The trees will have lost all their leaves before he comes to look at them."

"Perhaps your cousin prefers to admire the fading leaves in some other valley," said Morand, knocking the hay from his coat. "When one is shut up all the week in an office, or a manufactory, one likes variety on Sundays. I'll bet you anything M. Joseph has taken his walks elsewhere, and has on his table a big bunch of crocuses to remind him of his last walk there."

Salome ceased laughing. "Joseph does not care for crocuses," said she, sharply. "He says they remind him that winter is coming, when he can not get to our house. Evidently you don't know much of my cousin."

"I shall probably know more by-and-by, if he comes here so often," answered Morand, tying up another bundle of hay, which this time Salome took upon her head to carry. But, unlike Frederica, she could not carry it without lifting up her hand to steady it, and at best could scarcely keep her balance. Several times Morand thought she would have to give in, but the girl knew her invalid mother was watching her from the window, and wished to appear at the hay-shed neither tired nor out of breath. Passing the little window, she asked for a kiss—like a baby!

"No time to come in, mother. I stopped lazily on the bridge, and but for Monsieur Morand, Frederica and I should not have done our work

by now. Father says truly, 'Idle folks are always in a hurry.'"

The mother smiled from the chair, whence she never rose if she could help it. She could do a little house-work in the daytime, and she never betrayed what long hours of pain night always brought her. Suffering was written on her face. Of her seven children only these two remained. Five lay in the little mountain grave-yard, which their mother could no longer visit—till the day when tender hands should lay her beside them.

Salome had no remembrance of these lost ones, but she loved her mother with every pore of her heart, and knew how her mother had loved all these, and mourned for them as only mothers do.

The kiss given and taken, Salome sprang back to her labor, meeting Frederica coming back with a new bundle of hay, and knitting as she went the long gray stocking, without which she was never seen.

"Frederica never loses a moment," thought Salome, sighing. "She walks faster knitting than I do with my hands free. Well may father say she is as good as any son, as well as a daughter! I must try and imitate her. If Frederica should get married, what in the world should we do at home?"

So they went and came with their burdens, Salome climbing the rocks, Frederica choosing the straight road. Once the younger girl slipped, and her father placed her burden on the head of Morand.

"I am not used to this sort of thing," said he; "I would rather carry it on my back."

"That is not so easy," said Salome, merrily. "You will let it slip; the hay will all come down, and require to be raked up again. You won't like that."

"Come along, Morand," said the old forester; "the soup will get cold, and we must milk the cows before we go in."

Morand looked in despair. He had never milked a cow in his life. "I have much to learn," said he, piteously.

"Supper is waiting," said the practical Frederica, as they hastened on.

Salome noticed, sticking out of the coat which Morand had taken off to carry his awkward burden, a bunch of flowers. "Do you like crocuses, Monsieur Morand?"

"I thought you did, Mademoiselle Salome."

Supper was over. It had grown quite dark; only a few stars glittered on the mountain-tops.

"Take your gun, Morand, and we will make our first round. My second I shall leave till later, when the moon is up. Often people come stealing wood by moonlight."

"What! in this lovely place?" said Morand, who would much rather have sat at the half-open door, listening to the two girls singing.

"When want presses, people will come a long way to steal," said the old forester, briefly.

So off they went. The mother called to Salome to help her to bed, and soon the moon was shining on the shut-up cottage windows.

CHAPTER II.

LIFE passed in busy monotony at the forester's cottage. It was built at the extremity of the valley, which was wide at its entrance, but narrowed down to a mere gorge in the mountain. Often many hours elapsed without a single passer-by appearing. The smiling meadows, filled with cattle, smiled unseen; so did the pretty cottage, with its overhanging roof and its balustraded terrace, where all summer long the womenkind worked, enjoying the only too brief sunshine of the day.

Now it was briefer still. But the harvest was gathered in, the potatoes were housed, the beet-root pulled up, the sour-kraut made (and the mother had pronounced it excellent). Even the gray woollen stockings were all ready for use. Man and beast were well prepared to face the hard winter, and Frederica had an easy mind.

Salome had helped her a good deal, but only in obeying orders, blindly as a little child. Frederica was the heart of the home. Only in one thing her sister surpassed her, and that was in taking care of her mother.

She was a happy-minded girl, this Salome. Often her father listened to her singing. "That child is the sunshine of the house, and she grows prettier every day; but for practical work, give me Frederica."

The old man himself was, however, gayer than usual. Being out-of-doors all day, he did not notice his wife's increasing feebleness, and, unconsciously to himself, the coming of young Morand had brightened and cheered his life. For twenty years he had been accustomed to wander about, gun in hand, through the forest, often meeting not a soul all day long, till he began talking aloud to himself or to the dumb animals for the sake of company. Now he had Morand always beside him, ready to execute his orders, to run after suspicious persons or poachers, to keep count of the fallen trees and the bundles of brushwood. It was Morand who kept in repair the road where the wood-cutters would have to pass next spring, and his strong young arm was always ready with any forest-work that happened to be necessary.

Coming home he usually carried both guns, and the old forester marched on empty-handed, wondering to find himself so little fatigued.

"He seems like one of our own sons," said the old man sometimes to his wife. But the mother smiled sadly. No one could ever be to her what her lost boys were, so good, so handsome, so strong, so brave. Besides, a shade of anxiety sometimes crossed her face as she watched the young forester beside her two daughters, helping Frederica with her daily work, leaning over the balustrade to admire the mountains with the dreamy Salome, or singing with them both at the close of the day.

Morand was not always master of the field. Every Sunday Cousin Joseph, an overseer in a large manufactory some miles off, started at dawn, in order to spend the day at the old forester's cottage. He was a hard-working fellow, implicitly trusted, and with all his heart in his work; but at the core of it lay one thought, which nobody guessed, least of all the girl herself, and that was his cousin Frederica.

Joseph had a sick mother to keep; he could not marry. But he said to himself, "No one ever goes to the valley; the girls see only carters and wood-cutters. The solitude keeps my treasure safe." Now, since Morand had come to learn the forester's trade from old Dominic, Joseph was less at ease. If he missed his Sunday visit, nobody complained. And all week long there was Morand, laughing and chatting with the girls, helping the father, amusing the feeble mother. Joseph became seriously jealous. But one thing reassured him—he felt convinced that Morand preferred the bridge and the meadow with Salome to the house and the stables with Frederica.

"Besides," thought the lover, "he will soon get his nomination to be forester elsewhere. A few months' patience, then my wages will be raised. I shall speak to my uncle, and Frederica will not say me nay."

So things went on. It was with Joseph that the girls rambled about in the forest, gathering Sunday nosegays, while Morand sat under a tree, smoking his pipe. "I walk enough during the week," he said; "on Sundays I prefer being idle. I had rather take off my boots than put them on, and I think flowers growing are much prettier than flowers stuck in vases and basins, and even beer-glasses." At which Frederica would laugh; and set before him a fresh bottle of Alsacian beer; but Salome sighed, and wished that Morand liked better the things she liked so much.

Winter had come. No more flowers in the forest, or leaves on the trees, or paths distinguishable across the mountain-side. The sharp angles of rock vanished, hidden under a white veil of snow. Unless he succeeded in getting a sledge, Joseph was unable to take his Sunday journey to the cottage, where Sundays were just like Mondays, and Mondays like Tuesdays. Often even the two foresters, old and young, were prisoners in-doors, or could only march up and down the outside gallery in their huge fur coats.

Father Dominic smoked so many pipes that his tobacco ran short, and Morand could scarcely get to the village to buy some more. He had asked Frederica if she wanted anything, and she wanted so much that he proposed bringing his commissions home in a sledge.

Salome had but one commission to give—"Don't forget the medicine for mother."

"No," said the young man, as he glanced at the poor sick woman, shivering beside the fire, where all the heat of the fagots could not warm her.

"You can do nothing," said she, faintly smiling, to her daughters. "By spring-time I shall go into the light of the Eternal Sun."

It vexed the forester to hear his wife speak thus. "Oh, you will mend in the spring," said he, and then became suddenly deaf to all further words.

Luckily the cellar was full, the hay-loft likewise, and the granary; but while the roads were stopped up with snow, meat, fresh bread, and green vegetables were unknown in the forester's cottage. Every fortnight Frederica baked; other days sour-kraut and potatoes sufficed for the principal meal. On Fridays Salome took her part in the work. "No one makes cheeses so well as Salome," her mother always declared, and Frederica generally allowed this. "Still," she thought, "it is only once a week that we can afford to eat cheese."

Morand began to weary of his long chats with Father Dominic, and as soon as the wind had swept the snow into drifts, so as to make anything like a foot-road, he sallied out into the forest and up the mountain. Though he was not sensitive to the beauty of flowers and fading leaves, like Cousin Joseph, who, shut up in a town, delighted in the country, still he enjoyed, with a kind of passion, the glory of the winter landscape, the bare glittering trees, the icicles gleaming in the frosty sun. His heart sprang to his lips, and he began singing like a boy. Returning, half frozen with cold and very tired, he yet looked so happy that Salome said,

"Now, for two days at least, we shall have no more grumbling at the winter."

She would have liked herself to go into the forest and up the mountain, but Frederica laughed at the bare idea of such folly, and the mother wholly forbade it.

"I wish I were a little bird, or a mouse, to go where I liked," said Salome, and she envied the owners of those little feet, the marks of which she saw on her door-sill when she swept the snow off it every morning. Foolish Salome!

CHAPTER III.

It was a specially hard winter, as every one agreed. Skating was the sole exercise possible. After Morand had swept the snow away, the two girls used to go skimming like birds over the ponds in the meadow. But Frederica skated far the best, because Salome's mind was absorbed in admiring the grand mountain heights and dark pine forests, clad in their winter dress of shiny white, sharp against the intensely blue sky. When she came home, her mother seemed to watch her with an unquiet look; but Salome kissed the feeble yet ever-busy hands, and smiled.

For a long time now the forester's cottage had been completely isolated from the outside world. The old man grumbled "that it was as bad as living on a desert island; he was tired of listening for the wheels of carts that never came."

His daughters laughed. These carts were often for weeks their sole amusement—the cries of the carters to their horses, the sound of feet along the hard road. They counted every tree that was felled and carried away.

"But now," said Frederica, dolorously, "there is not a cart on the road, not a wood-cutter in the forest, nor even a forester to look after him. Father knows by heart his last newspaper, which he has not read much more than twenty times over."

To beguile the long evenings, Salome tried reading aloud, but the two men invariably fell asleep. So the girl read on to herself. But soon she closed the book; nobody cared for it. Frederica and she had never been to school. All they knew had been taught them by their mother—a school-master's daughter.

Winter seemed never to end. The potatoes getting frosted in the cellar were Frederica's great anxiety, until she had got Morand to cover them close with straw.

"He is as good as a brother to us both," said she, frankly, to Salome, who said nothing.

For Morand, he watched Frederica from morning to night, busy about her household cares. "The time will come," he said softly to himself.

Alas! the time was coming already for the mother of the family, worn out by long sickness. She would have liked to live for her family's sake, and especially for one over whose young head her quick eye saw trouble gathering, but life was slipping from her drop by drop. Each day she quitted her bed with greater difficulty. At last she was not able to dress herself. Her daughters dressed her like a baby, and then fetched Morand to carry her to her straw arm-chair beside the fire. And at night, quite early, he carried her back to her bed.

The moon shone in through the frosty windows. Salome sat at the foot of the bed watching her sleeping mother. The tiled stove warmed the room pleasantly, and through the half-open door the red light of the kitchen fire shone on the face of the sick woman.

"She looks less pale than yesterday," thought Salome. "Perhaps father is right—she will recover in the spring."

Morand and Frederica were laughing together—sometimes even her father too—but Salome only sat and watched her mother. Gradually the fire-light died, but the moonlight began to fill the room. The young watcher closed her eyes, when she opened them again it seemed as if her mother's face had changed. Salome sprang toward her.

"Take care, my child, take care," was murmured, as the listless hand dropped, and over the beloved features came a solemn, terrible beauty. Salome uttered a sharp cry, and lost consciousness.

When she came to herself, she was beside the kitchen fire. Morand alone was sitting near her. From the inner room came the sound of sobbing—an old man's sobs, stunned by the great grief of his life. Frederica wept quietly beside him. Salome rose, and staggering, helped by Morand's strong arm, went in to them. Frederica embraced her, her father laid his hand upon her head.

"Thank God, my child, your mother was not alone when she died."

With great difficulty Morand managed to get sent to Joseph the tidings of his aunt's death. With still greater difficulty the two young men contrived to make preparations for the interment. The funeral procession could scarcely reach the distant cemetery where slept the forester's dead children, and when his two remaining daughters insisted upon going, it was as much as Joseph and Morand could do to help them through the snow. Joseph supported Frederica, Morand Salome. The old father refused all aid. He went and came back alone, and arriving at home, he went into his wife's empty room and locked the door. Outside it Salome, trembling, sank upon her knees.

"Let us say our prayers," she cried, and they all listened while she repeated the Lord's Prayer.

The long and cruel cold, the sunless days, the freezing nights, had done their work, and killed the mother. Her place was empty forever. Salome almost mourned that she herself had been so happy during this winter, the last of her mother's life. And why had that mother's latest words been, "Take care"?

Poor child, she was soon to find out. Spring came at last, the snow began to melt, and communication with the outside world was once more possible. Father Dominic sometimes got his newspaper. If he read it upside down, nobody noticed it; if the paper dropped, nobody picked it up. His wife was dead.

One day he shut himself up in her room, and wrote a letter, gave it to the postman, took his gun, and, without calling Morand, went out into the forest. A week after he gave the young man a letter. It contained Morand's appointment as head forester in another part of the country. But appended was a postscript saying that Dominic Freichard had asked for him as assistant, and he was free to choose either post, but the former would be much more advantageous.

Morand hesitated. The old forester, who had guessed the contents of the letter, had turned aside. Salome watched both with evident anxiety. Frederica, busy preparing dinner, was the only one that took no heed.

Morand met Salome's inquiring eyes. "I am appointed forester to a place, very profitable, but a long way from here."

"A long way from here," repeated the old man. "I begged a favor. I wanted to keep you here. I am not the man I once was; my strength does not come back with spring. I think she must have taken it away with her—all my courage and all my hope."

His daughters tried to comfort him, but he shook his head, without replying. Morand precipitately escaped from the room.

When the young man came back, his dinner was laid for him alone. But Frederica had taken care that all should be quite comfortable for him,

even more so than usual. And she was in the kitchen alone. Morand seized her hands.

"If I go to this far-off place, will you go with me?"

"Wherever you like," said she, simply.

She had hitherto been too busy to think of love, but when Morand took her in his arms, a deep joy took possession of poor Frederica. In the morning Morand had been to her a mere brother, nothing more; and now he seemed everything—beyond her father, Salome, and the dear memory of her mother. She sat down in a chair by the fire, for in truth she trembled too much to stand. Morand also was deeply affected.

At this moment the door opened, and Salome entered. Frederica hastily drew back, but her hands were still clasped in her lover's, and Salome saw it.

"Sister," said Morand, with a smile.

Amazement, almost stupor, was written on the poor girl's white face. All she muttered was, "Does father know?"

"Not yet," answered Morand. "I was just going to look for him in the forest."

"He is in the stable with the sick cow," stammered Salome. Then going up to her sister, she kissed her on the forehead. "Be happy," she said. But when Frederica lifted up her countenance, glowing with the new-found happiness, Salome put her hand before her eyes, as if something blinded them. Then turning to Morand, who stood irresolute at the door, "Brother," she added, holding out her hand. "Now let me go and tell father."

Morand and Frederica sat down again, both silent. Perhaps they felt that their joy was bought by another's pain. But Morand soon recovered himself. "Thine only, for life and death," whispered he to his fiancée, and thought no more.

Meantime Salome mechanically went to the stable. Her father was not there. She sat down on a heap of hay, looking straight before her with blank, dazed eyes. Her pet cows came round her; she noticed their familiar faces, and even the broken horn on the head of one of them, with a vague stupid tenderness. She suffered cruelly, yet could hardly explain to herself why. "Take care, Salome; take care." The very sound of her mother's voice seemed to come to her from afar. Poor Salome dropped her head in her hands.

Like Frederica, she had enjoyed simply and freely the companionship of young Morand, but unlike her, being given to dreaming, she had allowed her dreams to rest upon him, making him the one object of her existence. When she saw the clasped hands of the two lovers, it seemed as if a sword pierced Salome's heart, and even now she felt her life-blood slowly flowing through the wound. Once more she repeated to herself, "Take care, Salome; take care."

The hours passed by. Father Dominic had returned to the house. Morand and Frederica drew their chairs close together, and talked in whispers, absorbed in their own plans and hopes, and already smitten with the instinctive selfishness of which none of us are ashamed when it takes the pleasant form of devotion to somebody else.

Nevertheless, when she saw her father stand silently on the threshold, the girl's other affections woke up again. She ran to the old man, and hid her face on his neck. "Morand loves me; he wishes me for his wife," murmured she.

The old forester started. An image flitted before his eyes—of Frederica's mother, at Frederica's age, but far prettier. His voice shook as he said, tenderly: "God bless thee, child. Make thy husband as happy as *she* made me for five-and-twenty years." Then he stretched out a hand to the young man; but not forgetting his former wish, added, "Do you go or stay?"

Both the lovers hesitated, till Morand said, "You shall decide the matter yourself."

At that moment Salome entered. Her father might well look amazed, even terrified: colorless cheeks, reddened eyes, disordered hair, and an expression at once blank, vague, and wholly pitious. The old man put his arm closely round his daughter, and then said, as if continuing a conversation already begun, "Yes, Morand, when you leave us and go to your new home in the mountain, and have all the responsibility of a forester upon your shoulders, you must take care that the wood-cutters do no injury to the young trees."

Morand looked surprised, but Frederica answered, quickly, "Of course, father, when you come to see us, you will tell Morand many little things which he has not already learned."

So Morand understood, to his great joy, that he had won not only his wife, but his independence.

Salome and her father went out together. In the open air, in sight of the mountain and the forest, where still lay white patches of the winter snow, that long winter, so happy and so sad, the old man drew his daughter to his heart. "Thou shalt be wholly my own," he said, tenderly; "thou shalt replace all whom I have lost."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE Grand Prix of Paris, in which your Fox-hall won so brilliant a victory, was the occasion for an immense display of toilettes, many of which might pass for absolute travesties. Never were so many incongruous colors forced to unite, no matter what the result, such as *erevette*, or shrimp, and lilac, for instance; and as to bonnets, the strangest shapes seemed to have agreed to meet at the Paris races. There is no need of dwelling on these eccentricities; we will speak only of those that enjoy some degree of success, the Pinch, for example, the brim of which forms a sharp angle in front, precisely like a sheet

of paper that has been pinched with the fingers; the same effect is repeated at the back, and sometimes also on one side. While we are on the subject of bonnets, we will mention another, designed for the sea-shore and for country walks. The rather prominent crown of white tulle is entirely covered with white lace, slightly gathered, and three or four fingers wide; similar lace falls around the brim. On the side, a little way back, is a cluster of large flowers without leaves, such as full-blown roses or red poppies. This is extremely becoming. In the morning, and for sea-side wear, sailor hats of rough-and-ready straw, sometimes mixed with a little color, are much worn.

Charming summer costumes are made of colored and white linen stuffs, trimmed with gathered bands of alternate-colored linen, alternating with white open-work bands; for instance, we have seen a cameo pink and white dress, trimmed with lengthwise bands, four inches wide, of gathered pink and white open-work, set on regularly at intervals. White lace completed this simple and very pretty toilette.

Silk tulle dresses are much worn for garden and country-house parties. Here is a model: White tulle skirt, trimmed on the bottom with a narrow white satin flounce, and three flounces, from four to five inches wide, of white tulle, the upper one being headed with five narrow pipings of white satin, set close together. In front is a large tablier, such as were worn a few years ago, which extended to the pouf, and formed, so to speak, a huge shell, being laid in very large pleats, which were not confined, and trimmed on the bottom with eighteen narrow pipings of white satin. Low white satin corsage, with tulle draperies, and short, close-fitting basques, covered in part by a white satin sash, clinging to and outlining the hips; this sash formed very large loops and ends on the back, which mingled with the tulle pouf. The old tablier is therefore re-appearing; it is made flat, or more or less gathered, according to whether the stuff is plain or with small figures, or else with large flowers or arabesque designs, and falls low in front, the side breadths of the skirt, which it leaves uncovered in rejoining the pouf, being filled with trimmings, narrow flounces, puffings, shirrings, etc. Other very elegant skirt fronts are formed by two wide bands of the stuff, pleated in fans or palm leaves; that is to say, all the pleats are drawn close together at the top, and left to spread out toward the bottom, which is finished with lace; this is only pretty in light stuffs—Japanese crapes, silk grenadines, etc. Scarfs are fastened under these palm leaves, and pass around the skirt, meeting in the back. There is a revival of high, pointed bodices, not very long, and laced behind; a small overskirt is joined to these all around by a series of more or less numerous shirrings; this is looped up and fastened to the pouf, forming paniers.

The increasing heat permits the use of small scarfs, which are much worn, especially of stuff like that of the dress, trimmed either with lace, or simply with a bias fold to match the trimming of the costume; they are also of Spanish blonde or of embroidered silk, and are generally crossed in front, and fastened with a passementerie ornament, a brooch, or a bouquet, according to the degree of elegance of the toilette. This does not exclude large mantles, which are much in vogue; they are either of Surah, trimmed with jet and Spanish lace, or wholly of Spanish lace and jet; a few have large magicienne sleeves of jet and lace insertion; these sleeves are large enough to fall straight when the arm is bent. The increasing number of this kind of wrappings warrants the prediction that long cloaks will be much worn next winter.

Velvet is in great favor for trimmings, large sash ends, scarfs, etc.; many mantillas, capes, and basques are also made of braided chenille, trimmed with chenille fringe. These materials, which were formerly only admissible for winter, are now very fashionable for summer wear, especially chenille, which, showing the colored waist as it does through its meshes, has an aspect of lightness.

Gloves are still very long, with and without buttons, especially without for the summer, and wrinkling on the arms. It is the height of elegance to have them somewhat dark, even with light evening dresses, medium tan being the favorite shade. Long black gloves are still very much in vogue, and are stylishly embroidered by hand with silver thread. As novelties we may cite, in addition to what we have previously said concerning handkerchiefs, those wholly of colored linen, whether blue, pink, or lilac, edged with white lace, and with the name embroidered in any kind of script, in white, or else in violet on lilac, red on pink, etc.; that is, in a darker shade than that of the handkerchief itself; others are of écaru linen, with a little escutcheon, representing a whip, horseshoe, or sporting emblems.

Fashionable ladies continue to array themselves at home in the most elegant of déshabillés. We will instance a superb trained dress of peacock blue satin, opening *en revers* all the way down the front, and trimmed on the bottom and around the train with flounces and pinked ruches of the same stuff. The front of the waist and skirt is of pleated white muslin, covered with open-work embroidery, which forms a border on the bottom as if for a real tablier, which stopped above the silk trimming. Peacock blue silk stockings. Slippers of the same, with large Louis XIV. buckles. Broad or high buckles for slippers and belts are the rage of the moment, and many imitation ones are made.

There is a profusion of white embroidery for casino balls and country-house soirées, such as deep muslin flounces, laid in narrow pleats, and trimmed with lace, or else embroidered all over in open-work or wheels; these flounces compose almost the whole skirt, the toilette being completed by silk scarfs or very wide sashes.

Gentlemen have also adopted the sailor hat of

rough-and-ready straw, sometimes mixed with two colors, for sea-side wear; a broad gros grain ribbon covers half the crown, and is tied in a bow, flowing ends being added for very young people. The little felt melon hats worn by men are almost microscopic, the brims becoming narrower and narrower. There are so-called *feather hats*, which are very light; also *béte hats*, which are still lighter, but not so pretty.

Fine open-work or English embroidery has reached a degree of perfection almost equalling the finest old lace, and is the most elegant of all the trimmings in vogue. This embroidery is also worked on China crape, in all colors, for the trimming of silk dresses, and likewise on silk, as it will be on wool for autumn. For the moment the favorite kind is worked on percale as fine as possible, and almost entirely covered with a design wrought with very fine embroidery cotton. On China crape and silk, silk is used for this embroidery.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

SOME SEA-SIDE PETS.

THE enthusiastic interest in the lower forms of life which was awakened by the charming books of Gosse and others has in a great measure subsided, and aquariums are no longer a fashionable necessity. But the gathering of sea-anemones is certainly a very pleasant addition to a sea-side holiday, first, because it supplies an object for the morning ramble; second, because they are just such company as is most desirable on a drowsy, hot afternoon, amusing enough to awaken speculation, without requiring any great exercise of either the intellect or the attention. For I am not going to write of sea-anemones in any scientific manner. I know very little of them scientifically. I shall only point out some of their social or personal peculiarities, in order that collectors may use my observations as a basis for their own.

Of course a glass tank is easily procured, but I always improvised one with a large china washing-basin or soup tureen. Half full of sea water, and furnished with a few *living* sea-weeds and some pieces of rock, they make an excellent summer garden for as many as a dozen specimens of sea-anemones—those starry flowers instinct with life and sensation. Here they will flourish for an indefinite time if the basin is placed so that the sun's rays may fall on it without making the water tepid.

Anemones are found on every coast, either in the dark tide pools, under the sea-weeds, or adhering to the sea-worn stones and rocks. During the ebb of the tide look for the *Sagart* anemone, a slim graceful drab column, striped lengthways with lighter hues. The grayish disk is fancifully pencilled, and has a white mark at the corners of the mouth, and five rows of blue-tinted tentacula. Like the prudent oyster, the *Sagart* retains sufficient water to keep it in luxurious comfort during low tide, and then it remains cushioned within its own walls, or flattens itself to a rock in lazy apathy. It bears the reverse of fortune which conveys it from the wide ocean to a narrow basin with a philosophical fortitude; in fact, it has a very well regulated mind, and a very placid disposition. In two or three hours it will make itself comfortable in some shady corner, plume out its locks, and enjoy the good that is left it. Its temper is so placid that it seldom uses its *acornia*—those tiny white threads which are coiled up in different chambers of its body, and which are powerful weapons against those who annoy it. It is sociable in disposition, and is seldom found alone; at the same time, it is particular as to its associates, and will not make friends except with the queenly *Dianthus*, or some members of the *Plumose* or *Sphyrodita* families. It has no vulgar curiosity about its neighbors, but when it is in semi-darkness, will elongate its slender column some two inches and a half high, and with a proud and graceful bend survey the world around it. Subject to fits of indolence and apathetic flatness which no anemone can equal, it is yet keenly alive to the approach of its favorite food. Serve it with some minced mussel, bit by bit, and with one of its flexible tentacles it will convey it to its brown-lined open mouth, just as an elephant conveys food to his mouth by his trunk. Feed it twice a week in summer, and if you choose to keep it during winter, you will find that a piece of mussel laid on the closed aperture of the body will prove a kind of charm: up will rise the column, out come the tentacles, and the mouth will gape like a young fledgeling's.

If anemones had any sex, I should say the *Dianthus* was queen of the race, for Schiller's Diver never brought up a fairer gem. It is clothed sumptuously in silky hues of pink and creamy white, buff, dark gray, or olive. Its form is a circular column, elastic, graceful, and firm, capped with a membranous frilling of tentacles, like a Queen Elizabeth ruff, all puckers and flutings. It floats with a stately grace, and, nautilus-like, uses its plumose tentacles for sails. When moored to the rock, its column bends and sways with great elegance, keeping its diadem of marabouts spread out around the *fosse*. The young *Dianthus* is very sympathetic, and at once opens and expands, but those of mature growth do not submit so easily to a change of circumstances. For many hours after their removal they seem overcome with grief, and are nothing but a senseless cone covered with thready flags of distress. In a day or two, however, they accept their altered condition, spread out their golden hair, look benignantly around, and eat a luxurious but not voracious meal. After eating, they put on their most transparent robes and courtly plumes—a tribute of gratitude common to several other anemones. Seated on its stone ottoman in its aqueous drawing-room, and surrounded by its kindred and friends, the *Dianthus* seems thoroughly happy and contented; for though slow in making

attachments, it loves with passionate strength, and will suffer its very fibres to be torn and lacerated ere it can be persuaded to move from associations it has learned to love. But in a few days these bits of fibres left behind bud and expand, and become miniature anemones, whose *feathery faces* grow rapidly to the perfect flower if fed.

The *Sphyrodita* is a white calyx-shaped column, with a yellow mouth and opaque white tentacles; indeed, the *ensemble* so closely resembles the daisy, that it is difficult to believe it a sentient creature, with a temper as easily put out and as easily pacified as a child's. Sometimes a keen and loving observer will find on a frond of seaweed half a dozen of these sprites of the waves, and in spite of their delicate appearance they really are a very hardy and nomadic race. In the house they sleep all winter, but in warm sunny weather they float on the surface of the water or gem the fronds of the sea-weeds in the tank or basin, or they deck its rocks with beauty.

The *Nivea*, or white anemones, must be sought for in the water-holes of shelving limestones, or in clear deep pools where delicate sea-weeds form stately gardens for their pleasure. The tentacles and rippled disks of this anemone are opaque white, though the column is orange or olive-colored. At home it is a picture of placid happiness and content, but in the aquarium it is extremely sulky and wretched. In the first place, it resists capture until it is nothing but an abject mass of misery, and when transported to its new home never settles, but wanders about like a heart-broken exile.

The *Rose* anemone has a pinkish-brown column, a green disk, and two or three rows of satiny rose-colored tentacles. It likes a darkened chamber and a sandy couch in a limestone rock, and it clings to its home with such tenacity that, in order to remove it without utter destruction, a piece of rock must be taken with it. Even then it is likely that *tears* will pour from its satinsmooth skin, and white threads of sorrow and dismay clothe it like a winding-sheet. At the end of the summer it ought to be returned to its home, for it brings to the tank an incurable *mal du pays*, and in a few months, if kept in it, "a silent change would dissolve the glittering mass."

The *Miniata* is interesting because of its irritable, vixenish temper. Soft and delicate in appearance, no anemone is more healthy, or would live longer if it were not for this fatal weakness. But like an angry reptile it stands always ready to begin a quarrel, or to angrily resent the slightest touch, however lovingly given. Let anything approach it, and it pours forth a perfect shower of white thready darts; and many droop and die after giving way to some fit of ungovernable passion. The column of *Miniata* is indifferently brownish-red or olive green, orange or brick-dust, with a plentiful supply of pale suckers on its upper half, while the disk and tentacles are speckled like a bird's wing in red, brown, black, white, or velvety purple. The *Miniata* is easily brought away without the aid of a chisel. As soon as it is in the tank it explores all its boundaries, and mounis every height of its new home. It is very careful to avoid all personal contacts, but if a stray tentacle should touch it, it is instantly on the defensive, and ready to demand "What is the meaning of that?" But if let alone, it will eventually perch upon the highest places of the basin or tank, with the straightened column just laved by the water, and the tentacles expanded. Or if there is a cockle-shell for its convenience, it will come and go, and be so interesting that its little weakness as to temper may be readily forgiven. When hungry it opens its mouth prettily for a morsel, and will take it very pleasantly and frankly.

These are but examples, which could be lengthened almost indefinitely, for every coast supplies its own peculiar specimens; and no study is more easy and more fascinating than that of sea-anemones, if they are taken home, and the acquaintance cultivated at leisure. They are easily procured. Take a wide-mouthed vial to the sea-shore at low tide, and select from the numerous specimens you will be sure to see the one you want. Probably it adheres to some rock by a broad fleshy base; but the attachment is adhesion only. You must remove it by gently working the back of the finger-nail or a thin slip of wood under the circumference of this fleshy base, gradually proceeding onward. When quite off, drop it into a vial partly full of sea water. Most of the anemones will make themselves at home in the basin or tank a few hours after their arrival in it; but some are restless, and shift about from place to place; and although this motion can hardly be perceived by the naked eye, being as slow as the hour-hand of a watch, yet an anemone will march from three to four inches during a night.

No pets in the world are so hardy. They may be kept without food for a year, they may be immersed in water hot enough to blister their skins; they may be put under the exhausted receiver of an air-pump—and they will live on. If the tentacles are cut off, new ones will spring forth; and if the operation is repeated, they will germinate again. And if the bodies are divided, either down or across, each half will develop into a more or less perfect individual. In fact, they can accommodate themselves to almost every condition *except fresh-water*, which is as fatal to them as prussic acid is to mankind.

They are also excellent natural barometers, for no creatures are more sensitive to atmospheric influence. They hide their crown in a glare of light, but in a calm unclouded sky expand every beauty. They are veiled and contracted in cloudy weather; they remain closed if high winds or a storm is near; but when there is to be a season of fair calm weather, they relax and expand all their tentacles.

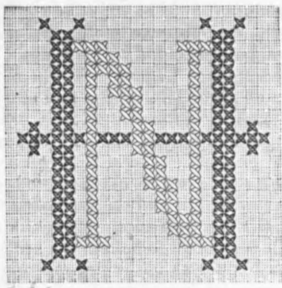


Fig. 1.—MONOGRAM.—CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.

For this cap cut a brim of white stiff net ten inches and a half long, an inch and a half wide at the middle, and sloped along the front edge to a point at the ends, which connect by a stiff net band nine inches long and three-quarters of an inch wide. Wire the whole around the edge, and bind with narrow ribbon. A strip of tulle three inches wide, which is edged on the bottom and ends with Spanish lace of the same width, is gathered and joined to the back edge of the band, and the lace is continued around the front of the brim. The cap is trimmed in the manner shown in the illustration with bows of shaded red plaid ribbon and lace shells.

Lace Cap.

THE frame of this cap, which is made of double stiff net, is twelve inches long and two inches and a half wide at the middle point, and is sloped along the front edge to an inch wide at the ends, and is



LACE CAP.

Lace and Ribbon Cap.

For this cap cut a brim of white stiff net ten inches and a half long, an inch and a half wide at the middle, and sloped along the front edge to a point at the ends, which connect by a stiff net band nine inches long and three-quarters of an inch wide. Wire the whole around the edge, and bind with narrow ribbon. A strip of tulle three inches wide, which is edged on the bottom and ends with Spanish lace of the same width, is gathered and joined to the back edge of the band, and the lace is continued around the front of the brim. The cap is trimmed in the manner shown in the illustration with bows of shaded red plaid ribbon and lace shells.



Fig. 1.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—CLOAK FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 11 TO 13 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VII, Figs. 35-44.

wired, and bound with white taffeta ribbon. The crown, which is thirteen inches long and eleven wide, and is rounded at the corners, is composed of strips of lace an inch and a half wide, and lace insertion half an inch wide,

half wide, and slope it at the bottom from the middle to the sides, making the edges sixteen inches long. Edge the sides and the bottom of this piece with white lace four inches wide, and shirr it at the middle from the upper

through the bands of insertion on the crown, and is formed into a rosette, which is set on the right side of the front. A crêpe lisse and lace bow trims the top of the crown.

Monograms. Cross Stitch Embroidery. Figs. 1-4.

THESE monograms, which are designed for table and bed linen, etc., are worked on linen in cross stitch with colored embroidery cotton.

Monograms.—White Embroidery. Figs. 1-4.

THESE monograms, which are designed for handkerchiefs, etc., are worked on batiste or linen with fine embroidery cotton in stem, satin, overcast, and knotted stitch.

Gauze and Lace Cravat Bow.

See illustration on page 484.

To make this cravat bow, take a strip of white silk gauze eighteen inches long and six inches and a

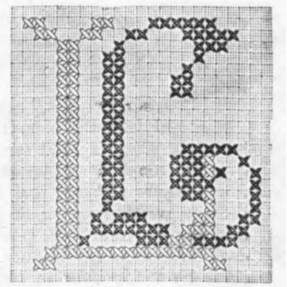


Fig. 2.—MONOGRAM.—CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.



LACE AND RIBBON CAP.

which are set together. The front of the crown is slightly pleated, and joined to the back of the frame, and the rest of the edge is bordered with insertion, and edged with gathered lace. The frame is covered with lapping rows of similar pleated lace in the manner shown in the illustration. The cap is adjusted in the back by ends of pink satin ribbon half an inch wide, which are drawn in and out through the insertion on the edge, and tied in a bow in the back. Similar ribbon is drawn

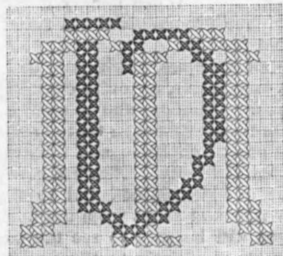


Fig. 3.—MONOGRAM.—CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.



Fig. 1.—MONOGRAM.—WHITE EMBROIDERY.



Fig. 3.—MONOGRAM.—WHITE EMBROIDERY.



Fig. 1.—WOOL DRESS. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. I, Figs. 1^a, 1^b-10.

Fig. 2.—SATIN SURAH VISITE. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VI, Figs. 31-34.

edge to six inches from the lower in five rows at intervals of one-quarter of an inch, drawing in the shirring till it measures an inch and a half, and fasten it on a stiff net foundation. Finally, tack the end of the cravat to a folded gauze cross-piece in the manner shown in the illustration.

Knitted Foundation.

See illustration on page 484.

THIS foundation is worked with steel needles and either fine crochet cotton or

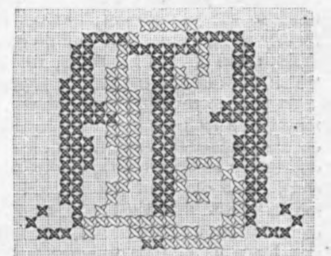


Fig. 4.—MONOGRAM.—CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.



Fig. 2.—MONOGRAM.—WHITE EMBROIDERY.



Fig. 4.—MONOGRAM.—WHITE EMBROIDERY.

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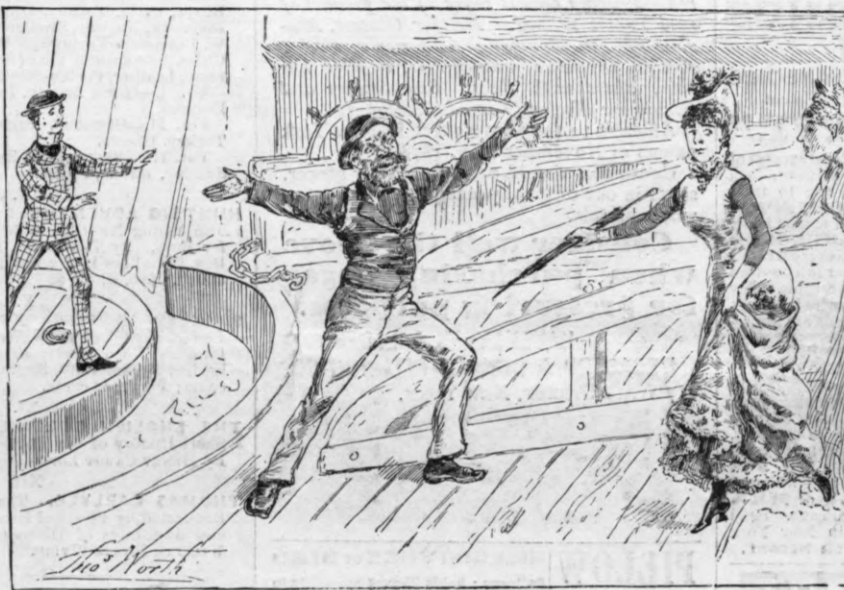
A GENTLEMAN whose solvency is not so irreproachable as his attire has a dozen tailors at least, although the number of his garments is not large. Some one asked him why he had so many. "You see, I don't like, my dear friend," he said, "to have the loss all fall on one."

Put pebbles of different sizes into a box, shake them up, and the largest will be found at the bottom. It is different with strawberries.

When a young man wants to protect a young lady, he naturally puts his armor round her.

A man was tried some little time back for stealing several clocks. The defense set up by the learned gentleman who appeared for him was this—that after the prisoner had taken the clocks to his own house he put 'em all back. The jury didn't acquit him.

Sheridan made his appearance one day in a pair of new boots; these attracting the notice of some of his friends, "Now guess," said he, "how I came by these boots." Many probable guesses then were made. "No," said Sheridan—"no, you've not hit it, nor ever will: I bought them and paid for them."



ANXIOUS YOUNG LADY. "Hurry up, Ella; there's Charley on the Boat."
FERRY HAND. "Too late! too late! go back!"



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"I fear," said a country curate to his flock, "when I explained to you in my last charity sermon that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have misunderstood me to say 'specie,' which may account for the smallness of the collection."

MONSIEUR. "Do I make the laws in my own house, or do I not? Answer me!"

MADAME. "Possibly; but nothing shall hinder me from presenting amendments."

FRENCH GENTLEMAN (to his rustic servant). "Well, Jean, did you give the marquis my note?"

"Yes, sir, I gave it to him; but there's no use writing him letters—he can't see to read them. He's blind—blind as a bat."

"Blind?"

"Yes, sir—blind. Twice he asked me where my hat was, and I had it on my head all the time. Blind as a bat!"

It is supposed that the reason a circus pitches its tent in so many different towns is to make the canvas water-tight.

"There's music in the heir," was a fond father's remark, as he paced the midnight floor with his crying son in his arms.

An old gentleman, who always took notes of his minister's sermons, on one occasion read them to the clergyman.

"Stop! stop!" said the latter, at the occurrence of a certain sentence. "I didn't say that."

"I know you didn't," was the reply. "I put that in myself to make sense."

Next to a clear conscience, for solid comfort, give us an easy boot.

"How do you like my room?" asked a vulgar millionaire, showing off his dining-room to Sydney Smith. "I like it," replied the satirist, "infinitely better than your company."



THE CHOICE OF A SCHOOL.

MRS. BERESFORD MIDAS. "I'm so glad we've put down Plantagenet's name for Eton, Beresford. Here's the Newspaper says there are more Lords and Baronets there than ever."
BERESFORD MIDAS, Esq., J.P. (brother and junior partner of Sir Georgius). "Ah! but only one Dook! Pity there ain't a few more Dooks, Maria."
MRS. BERESFORD MIDAS. "Perhaps there will be when Plantagenet's of an age to go there."
MR. BERESFORD MIDAS. "Let's 'ope so. At all events, we'll put down his name for 'Arrow as well; and whichever 'as most Dooks when the time comes, we'll choose that, yer know."



A BLANK DAY.

OLD GENT (greeting friend). "Hullo, Jorkins! Been Fishing? What did you catch?"
JORKINS (gloomily). "Ha—past-six train home."

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ANN ARBOR Mich



LONGCHAMPS HAT.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

LONGCHAMPS HAT.

See illustration on front page.

THIS jaunty hat, which is one of the most popular novelties of the day, is of Manila straw. The brim is turned up at the left side, and lined with myrtle green velvet, bordered with three bands of old gold satin. Two shaded green and old gold feathers are set on the left side; the latter one falls over the front as shown in the illustration, while the other extends within the upturned brim to the back, where it meets the extremity of a spray of lilacs and roses, which is set on the right side of the hat.

BY HIS PILLOW.

High rise the hills, with the loosestrife yellow,
Like altars flaming along the skies;
The mist on the meadows, far off and mellow,
As blue as the smoke of incense lies.

All the bright spaces between them glitter,
Life and lustre are everywhere;
Waters sparkle, boughs toss, wings flitter,
Flower-breaths follow the honeyed air.

She knows that the summer is blest and blooming,
With voices of birds and babies sweet;
Yet she sees but the shadow beyond her looming,
And hushes her heart lest he hear it beat.

Where the deep woods are balsam shedding,
Other women the green glooms hold;
On wide hill pastures the sweet-fern treading,
Other women its spices fold.

Other women lie on the shingle
Where the sunbeam over the foam-wreath broods,
And the breezes that blow from their gardens mingle
With the wind of the great seas' solitudes.

In the wild recesses of heaven-kissed mountains,
In the dew of the morning making mirth,
Other women surprise the fountains,
And search the secrets of ancient earth.

For them the world is a world of pleasure;
Joyance and laughter and song are theirs;
Nothing is wanting to fill the measure
That brims with the bubble of happy hours.

But she, in the pangs of an awful quiet,
In the heat and the blaze where no breath stirs,
Waits for the word of the fateful fiat—
And the heart of a nation beats with hers!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1881.

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

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PROSPEROUS America, ambitious and successful, has formulated a new beatitude: "Blessed are they that push, for their place shall be first." Between the incoming crowd and the outgoing crowd encountering at ferry, railway car, or elevator, there is a struggle of different bodies to occupy the same place which defies the simplest axiom of physics. In business, the rush, jostle, and drive thrust our boys into men's places, and wear out our men before their time. In society, women grow haggard with the restless strain that gives them a larger visiting list, multiplying invitation cards, finer houses with more beautiful things to put in them, a showier daily life.

The result is imposing and splendid. Fortunes are made, and often quickly made. They are spent without grudging, and often with taste and magnificence. Entertainments are countless, the newspapers skip and clap their hands over the kettledrums, receptions, and balls of what they call "the fashionable world," while Mr. Elijah Pogram, now living in Fifth Avenue, and strictly following the mode, felicitates himself that our young country, sir, in her social life, may excite the emulation of London or Paris.

Shall, then, a surly DIOGENES trample on the velvet sofa of PLATO, deriding and decrying this luxury as unworthy and unpublishable? A wise man has said that that country is unfortunate whose rich are not prodigal, and whose poor are not saving. Wealth offers to the multitude much entertainment of spectacle and pageantry, which should, at least, be graciously accepted. Money is a civilizing force of unknown potency, and we owe it respect and desire. When it belongs to men and women who receive it as simply as they do the sunshine and free air, who value themselves no more for its possession, and others no less for its lack, all whose habits of luxury fit them easily, whose splendor is but the appropriate garment of their essential fineness, and who, like minor suns, warm and brighten a wide

atmosphere with their golden effluence, all beholders acknowledge the excellence of riches.

Yet these very persons who make us in love with luxury would make us equally in love with plainness were their lives obscure. And that is the example which we are apt to lose sight of. It is the average lot which in this country above all others should be honored and made to show a daily beauty. Most wealth costs too much. Not only does it exhaust in the winner, and often in the wearers, those faculties which insure its enjoyment, but the brutal and noisy push for its possession corrupts the by-standers. There has grown a general notion that energy must be fussy, and effort conspicuous, and that the quiet worker is really a do-nothing and a nobody. Success means publicity, notoriety, newspaper mention, place, a following. "Mr. Blank has great ability," said a millionaire lately to a foreign visitor—"great ability; but he's a failure. No money to speak of, and no party." "But," replied the man of title, "he is a ripe scholar, a master of the English speech, a graceful orator, an accomplished journalist, the teacher of political morals to thousands of pupils, a gentleman of spotless name. He asked me to a house beautiful with books, sunshine, and children, where his lovely wife welcomed me with distinguished grace, and I confess that I took him to be perhaps the most successful man I had seen in your country."

Virtue, culture, usefulness, domestic joys—ought not these to constitute success? Might it not be well to stop spurring our lads on into a sort of ambition for which they are sometimes happily unfitted? Might we not teach our girls that the careful limiting of their desires is as likely to give them happiness as the determination to gratify them? Is there not a reticence and dignity of life more attractive and more noble than the fretful competition, the feverish ambition, which fill our days? We may all count for one in the most hidden place, and the greatest of the earth can do no more.

LAWN TENNIS COSTUMES AND CUSTOMS.

THE sternest irony of fate may lie in the fulfillment of one's wishes. A few summers ago all the young ladies were wishing for lawn tennis aprons; now they are confused and distressed at the great plenitude of the same, and baffled by the bewildering number of patterns. The lawn tennis dress made of flannel, short and belted in at the waist like a blouse, was not thought to be sufficiently distinctive; so the young maidens determined to introduce color and variety by means of aprons, which also should have outside pockets to hold the balls, gloves, etc. The most startling and effective are made of scarlet Surah, embroidered in white with the emblems of the game, such as mallets, balls, and nets, and some are further emblazoned with the cipher of the individual or that of the club, all put on in this new stitch—or this new old stitch—used in crewel embroidery.

The lawn tennis aprons are worn over a perfectly plain skirt, and answer the double purpose of an over-skirt and a receptacle for the balls. They are much like the Laveuse over-skirt which was in fashion a few years ago. They reach just below the knee, and nearly come together in the back, perhaps within a quarter of a yard, both sides being tied twice behind the back.

The hem is turned up on the right side about half a yard, and pockets are stitched in this broad receptacle with parallel stitching, and form excellent wells for the balls. The apron is somewhat like a shoe bag, with the pockets on the outside. Bright silk handkerchiefs, the colors of the apron, are often worn on the head.

The prevalence of the game could not be more emphatically emphasized than by the counters laden down in our dry-goods stores with stout striped cotton stuff known as "lawn tennis suiting." Of this stuff, with the stripes running round, a short skirt is made, with a drapery of many folds, just reaching the ankles; a bright pair of stockings, and low canvas shoes without heels, and with India rubber soles, finish the lower half of the dress. Ladies differ in taste as to the Norfolk jacket, the Jersey, or a flannel waist for the upper part. Anything which is elastic and easy will do; the arms must have free play.

A very pretty suit can be made of navy and robin's-egg blue. The waist is a blouse of dark blue, with broad collars and cuffs of light blue. The skirt is perfectly plain, with the exception of a broad band of the light blue at the bottom of the skirt. A light blue sash completes the costume.

A striking costume is made of the bright awning material or bed-ticking, or the two put together; also of white flannel, with scarlet apron and handkerchief.

The lawn tennis suitings come in écaru, brown, deep red, and black, with bayadere stripes of red, yellow, blue, purple, and green, and can be made up on the width if necessary; but they seldom hang well unless made in the usual way—lengthwise, with gores. The plaid and striped serges, the stripe-bordered robe tissues, and the delightful light fancy flannels (best of all) enter into the composition of these dresses. The zephyr cloths and cambrics, the whole army of ginghams, and the light flannel trimmed with Algerine serge—all are used.

The Jersey is very useful and agreeable in cool weather, but that and the Norfolk jacket and the lawn tennis suiting are all very warm on a midsummer day, when the exercise taken under the hot sun is sufficiently overcoming, one would think.

At the famous lawn tennis tournament at Newport, at the Casino, in 1880, the young ladies shaded the head and face by wearing immense hats tied down at the ears, gypsy fashion. As the lawn tennis ground must be open, and as the shade of trees can not be enjoyed by the conscientious player, this necessity of a broad hat would seem to be imperative. However, as people are found who do not care for the sun, all sorts of knitted worsted caps of bright red and blue are worn, and on a cool or dark day, in a cold sea fog or a frosty autumn evening, these are very agreeable and very picturesque.

Lawn tennis dresses of a bright skirt with a dark over-skirt and waist are very striking. There should be a corresponding color in the stockings and the cap.

Two rival clubs near Philadelphia devised effective uniforms in this way: one side wore black flannel blouses, pink stockings and cap, and pink mousseline de laine aprons embroidered in black. The other side wore white flannel suits, with blue aprons and stockings. Another club was dressed in white, with scarlet stockings and aprons, while their antagonists wore purple and pale yellow—the colors of a fleur-de-lis.

Young ladies approve of the tied-back apron, as it keeps the dress in place while they are playing. When they sit down they take off the apron, and allow the figure the benefit of the becoming full skirt. To enable a player to do this to advantage, the apron may be made with bands of elastic, which the wearer can easily slip over her head.

Very elaborate hats of heavy straw braid, and "Mother Hubbard shape," lined with shirred muslin, silk, or satin, are worn by some players, but these, though pretty, are inconvenient, as the running, jumping, and quick movement of the player are apt to disarrange the hat. Most enthusiastic players prefer the handkerchief, or the knitted cap, or the gypsy hat tied down.

Some of the aprons are made of a plain color with a plaid serge cut crosswise about five inches wide, and this is stitched in parallel lines to make the pockets. A very eccentric apron was made of plaid serge, trimmed with broad black bands for the pockets. A scarlet Surah, trimmed with black silk, and embroidered all over with network, is rather too absurdly handsome and elaborate.

The lawn tennis costume for men is rarely as becoming as that which young ladies "get up." It is of loose flannel, and is generally most disfiguring, the only aim being to make it an easy undress which can be readily gotten rid of when the game is ended. Knickerbockers and flannel shirts, or loose easy trousers, with flannel shirt and belt, and low canvas shoes with India rubber soles, form a strange contrast to the usual dress of a gay butterfly of fashion at a watering-place.

There is nothing new in the game, except the practice of offering prizes for the successful players. This was inaugurated by Mr. Bennett at Newport in 1880 in a very magnificent manner, offering a silver pitcher to the successful gentleman, and a jeweled bracelet to the lady. This is a step which Major Wingfield objected to as not conducive to a dispassionate love of the game. It, however, adds at a large watering-place a certain interest, and provides for the spectators the ever-welcome and engaging amusement of a tournament. The Casino needed a perpetual amusement to attract the strangers going through Newport—something going on which would, as well as the music and the gay crowd, draw the much-needed multitude. The hotly contested lawn tennis tournament afforded this desired attraction, and there was some very good and some very persistent playing there.

In giving a lawn tennis party the hostess should only invite those who are interested in lawn tennis, as the people who do not care for the game are apt to be annoyed at the attention which it requires at the hands of the players. Or it can be stated on the card that lawn tennis is the order of the day, and the persons who do not wish to see it can thus be afforded an opportunity of staying away.

The little scarlet or other colored handkerchiefs which are twisted in the hair, or tied around the head to keep the hair from troubling the player, are very pretty and very appropriate when the sun does not shine. But when it does, the more sensible hat which shades the face and eyes is more becoming and more useful.

The very red faces which some players induce by a long and hotly contested game are not very ornamental, and at this stage of the game scarlet can not be commended. Blue, yellow, green, white, any color but red, looks well with a full, high color, but scarlet is only good for the very pale or the dark and swarthy Spanish skin.

A costume of green camel's-hair with plaided serge of Madras colors is mentioned as appropriate. The serge is put on as a deep flounce, shirred, and terminating in pleats. The camel's-hair should be formed into an apron of numerous folds, folded around the figure, with a large knot behind. A basque-waist of camel's-hair, trimmed with the plaided serge, put on in shirrs, and cuffs of the same on the sleeves, with bright plaid stockings, and a plaid handkerchief in the hair, complete a pretty costume.

If it were only the flat shoe which lawn tennis has brought in, allowing the female foot for once to touch mother earth, it would be worth all the rest of the game. The fashion of high heels has brought such death and disease into the world—so many broken backs, bad and contracted sinews, lame knees, disabled ankles, enlarged joints, inflamed eyes (for the oculists say that high heels throw the delicate structure of the eye all out of

plumb), and internal maladies without end—that it is a great blessing to the world to see the lawn tennis shoe. It is a loose cool canvas shoe with straps across, and with a corrugated India rubber sole, very cheap and very durable.

The leather belts, with straps and canvas belts, are found by some players to be useful and jaunty. They support the back and sides, without impeding the action of the arms as a corset tightly laced would do.

A light summer cashmere of plum-color relieved with old gold is the very handsome uniform of one club on the North River, and their antagonists wear black Jerseys, with the skirt of broad, bright, striped lawn tennis suiting.

This uniformity of dress only prevails where a club is formed, and where people are apt to stay together all summer. As a general thing each lady has a couple of lawn tennis suits, and uses her individual fancy in the manufacture of the same.

It is one of the many uses of the lawn tennis apron that, being readily made, a number of them can be quickly improvised to use at a summer boarding-house or a watering-place to mark off the different sides in the game. They are easily transferable, and can thus be used as red against blue, or green versus yellow, as the case may be. They always give variety and tone to the dress, and add very much to its effect from the distance. We all know the effect of colors and badges on the imagination: the white cockade of the Pretender, the blue ribbon of the Garter, the orange favors of the Dutch king, the plume of Henry of Navarre, the clan plaid of the Argyll and the Macgregor, the three feathers of the Prince of Wales, the class breastpin or ring of the student, the colors of the boating crew (the crimson of Harvard, the blue of Yale, the yellow of Princeton), all going on upward to the flag at which one's heart swells as it floats over some man-of-war—all these things point to the same pleasant set of feelings which lead the lawn tennis players to desire uniformity of dress and a club cipher, badge, or ribbon. Men have thought much of a ribbon in all ages of the world; they have fought for it, died for it, and sovereigns have gratefully rewarded their faithful servants with a medal or a bit of red to wear in the button-hole as a most gratifying testimonial of respect. Perhaps out of the lawn tennis apron may grow a universal badge of great lawn tennis championship, and the favored knight may be glad, after years of good play, to be tied to a woman's apron strings.

The racket is a most important factor in the game. It should be large and strong, well made, thoroughly wound, and should be kept dry; indeed, all the belongings of the game should be kept dry. The net must be arranged so that it can be quickly taken down and brought under cover.

The balls need frequent renewals, and should be looked to constantly. The first balls which came to this country were miserable things. The hard-wound kid-covered balls now imported from England are the best.

As for the ground, it should be carefully prepared. A ploughed, harrowed, smoothed acre or two should be tured, rolled, mown, and beaten down with a strong hand and an iron roller the summer before it is to be used. Plenty of room is needful for lawn tennis, and in a large country place such a ground can be easily arranged. The players need light; therefore the ground should not be under trees. The clubs in villages or on Staten Island have, of course, their club ground, which can be well taken care of by means of a small subscription; but for a country house, where the lawn tennis is a very necessary distraction, the ground must receive a great deal of attention from the master or mistress of the house, or the game will be spoiled.

The smoothness, evenness, and hardness of the ground often determine the success of the play.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SEA-SIDE COSTUMES.

IN the matter of sea-side toilettes the greatest latitude exists, as they may be designed to meet the requirements of a quiet individual in some unfrequented nook of the coast, or the emergencies of a dazzling butterfly life in such a place as Newport. In the latter instance the fullest play is given the designer's fancy. Startling combinations of color, which have not crept to light for ten years, are now introduced, and the present season fairly distances its predecessors in a growing penchant for excessive decoration and extravagance. For a summer's sojourn at a fashionable watering-place an outfit as complete as a trousseau is required, and the whole world of costly fabrics may be employed in creating it. Certain of those in general use for inland resorts, and the country or mount-ains even, are for special reasons practically proscribed for the sea-coast. Owing to the mists and fogs, which speedily reduce such cobweb tissues to limp and lifeless strings, lawns, muslins, and mulls are rather avoided. For young misses or society debutantes, nothing so fleecy and girlish as these can be found; so they come into requisition, notwithstanding their unfortunate tendency to wilt, and make charming costumes when covered with lace and knotted ribbons, either contrasted or matched. As substitutes for these airy materials for young ladies in society are Madras muslins, cream, pink, and blue, which are worn over batiste foundations, or silk and satin of the same hue or some contrasting bright shade. Grenadines, Algeriennes, gauzes, and similar textures, that are at the same time crisp, sheer, and diaphanous, supply the demand for dressy-looking sea-side stuffs, and combine with every color and material. Brilliant red with purple facings, saffron with blue, black, or red, heliotrope and scarlet, gray and amber, green and lilac, wine-color and brick-dust or chau-

dron, are some of the combinations undertaken by the modistes. They are more or less conspicuous as the showy colors are brought forward or held subordinate to the quieter shade.

MORNING DRESSES.

Morning toilettes are as extreme as possible, many of them having unshaded red for the body-color. Red parasols, and hats lined with the same, are worn with these extreme toilettes, which are just as frequently blue, pink, crimson, jonquil yellow, or bright green as red. There is, of course, besides, an endless list of materials in more harmonious tones, with rich figures and borders, which will be the selection of persons with quieter tastes, and white costumes in batiste, cambric, bunting, nuns' veiling, beige, linens with cream lace, grenadines, and India silk to please every fancy. All morning costumes have the round short skirt as well as the street costumes, only the regular morning wrapper or robe de chambre being made with a train for day use.

AFTERNOON COSTUMES.

These are extremely showy, both from the combination of colors and the style adopted, which involves a mass of flying ends and excessive flouncing and puffing, little in accordance with the severity of the æsthetic dress. One of these is of bottle green satin merveilleux, with basque and skirt. The trimming is cut from a striped satin Surah, shading from old gold, through red and brown, into the body-color of the dress. Seven flounces rise above each other, and cover the entire front, while five deeper flounces trim the back. The edge of each flounce is cut in small leaf points, each of which unites the four colors, and as they lap over each other, the curious effect of a mass of beautifully tinted autumn leaves is produced without fussiness. Long, sloping panels cover the sides, and two short straight lengths of the plain satin are caught into two spreading bows below the basque behind. A Byron collar of the green, above the vest front, which is striped and shirred at the waist and throat, with double bows at the wrist, finishes the costume. A wide coaching hat, faced with plain green satin, and covered with ombre red and green plumes, with a square, fringed, changeable red and green parasol, are special points of this suit. Pongee dresses are also much worn for afternoons, the embroidered ones combining successfully with the fashionable shades. Where the embroidery is very deep, reaching to the knee in a flounce, it is faced with colored satin, blue, red, purple, pink, usually blue or red, and shows a fine knife-pleating under the worked edge. Where only one flounce is put on the dress, a wide satin scarf passes around the figure, knotting at the back. A sort of plastron front stretches down the centre of the basque, and wide satin-faced bands of the embroidered pongee turn back from the hand. Double flounces make the wide sash unnecessary; both have the color underlaid, and are decorated with clusters of ribbon bows, and have a good deal of gauging on the waist. A lighter costume for lawn parties at the sea-side, or for ordinary evening use, is of white India silk, used in connection with wine-colored foulard in cashmere patterns. Deep bias side-pleatings of the foulard cover the under-skirt to the knee, and pass all the way around. The tablier of India silk is deep and round, heavily bordered with a white silk fringe, which is netted in after the dress is cut out. Scarf draperies, bias, of the cashmere foulard, cross under the basque, pleat in soft bunches at the hips, and fall with wine-colored fringes at the side. Very ample loopings and shirrs of the white gathered into the band add richness and fullness to the skirt. The basque is white, lined with Marcelline silk, and very cool. Quantities of Breton lace fall to the right and left of shirred folds of the foulard, and stand in fluffy box-pleated frills around the throat. A double sailor collar, ruffled with lace, covers the back to the shoulders, and fine pleats of white silk complete the basque below. A claret-colored straw hat with projecting brim, over which long ostrich feathers curl rather heavily, with pale pink roses on the left side, belong to this toilette when worn out-of-doors.

LIGHTER STYLES.

The costumes described are rather "set" and formal, and less suggestive of the easy, flowing, picturesque raiment suited to midsummer days than the youthful artistic toilettes in the Pompadour foulards and satteens, and the Watteau costumes that divide the honors with the surplice bodice, puffed sleeves, and draped tunic of the Mother Hubbard styles. Wide straw hats with flapping brims, and rows of fine flaring lace pleatings, bows, plumes, or roses accompany the fair wearers of these dainty fabrications, and are sometimes carried on the arm, swung from great bows of ribbon like a basket, while the cretonne, Watteau, or Spanish lace parasols shield the head. Most fanciful of all the marvels in this line, designed for a society belle at Newport, is one of faint pistache green. When donned by the wearer, a rosy blonde, it is the very embodiment of the spirit of the vintage. Over a sea-colored green moiré under-dress, cut *en princesse*, fall successive pale green silk tulle puffs to the bottom of the skirt, where fan-shaped box-pleating in moiré meets it and edges it off. This flaring pleated trimming encircles the skirt. The waist is of the watered silk, cut square in front, with puffs of the tulle like a frame-work around the neck. Foamy-looking puffs of lace lie against the skin at the throat, and fall over the elbows below the short puffed sleeves. The striking part of the costume comes in with the garniture of pale watered lilac satin, which draws back from the puffed front in fan-shaped pieces to the back. Loose, carelessly tied sash ends, with great spreading bows fall down to the edge of the dress behind, and a twisted band of lilac binds the arm at the elbow, while a cluster of lilac bows knot below the open square

in front. The tender shading of nature makes the combination true, and this is seen better in the immense Tuscan hat, with its crown of clustered white and purple grapes. A straw-colored plume softens the line of the straw, which is hidden under a veil of pale yellow tulle, gathered to the edge of the brim. Yellow crêpe lisse pleatings set the face and hair in a frame, and complete a picture at once lovely and rare. A few valuable hints in reference to the poetical possibilities of our raiment can be gleaned from this rather exceptional costume.

YACHTING SUITS.

These come in much the same styles as last year, flannel, serge, lady's cloth, camel's-hair, etc., that dress stuff being preferred which bears wetting and creasing. Kilt skirts or skirts with two wide pleatings from the waistband, the line breaking at the knee, are favorite and easy modes for these all-day dresses. The little side-pleatings edging the bottom of the dress are still red or old gold, but the novelty for enlivening these costumes is gilt braid laid on in three or four rows around the wide trimming. Draperies are discarded. A blouse-waist has a pointed open sailor collar or narrow erect band which brings it up about the throat. Rows of the braiding pass around the sleeves, or cross on a cuff in a sort of lattice-work, also on the points of the collar, unless the monogram of the wearer be worked in gold thread on them, which is then repeated on the sash ends. A sailor's scarf of Turkey red gives a picturesque touch to the dress, but loosely folded narrow scarfs of the dress material, hanging nearly to the lower edge of the skirt, and weighted with a gilt tassel, are frequently adopted. The white Japanese scarfs with embroidered ends and quaint coloring were great favorites last year, and are now worn on yachting and sailing parties as belts with bow ends, a second smaller scarf being employed as hat trimming. Broad woven straws that entirely shade the face are put on at sea; but a round sailor hat on the back of the head, with simple binding and black feathers, or a hat curling back on one side, faced with black, and bound with ornamental gilt braiding, feather trimmed, is more appropriate for short sails and harbor life. When the blouse or pleated waist exaggerates the figure, tight-fitting plain basques may be substituted, but come under the belt, and are well covered with large sailor collar or loose folds to remove the stiff look.

CHILDREN'S SUITS.

Useful toilettes for little girls, and for small boys as well, are made of dark blue flannel. Gilt braiding appears on both. Other flannel suits for girls are made in two pieces, blouse-waist and pleated skirt, with collar, cuffs, and wide belt of black and white flannel. Showy dresses for girls from twelve to fifteen years of age are of plain and embroidered pongees, *en princesses*, the latter being faced with light silks like the ladies' costumes. French buntings, Scotch gingham, and all the summer novelties make light, airy robes for these little people, the Mother Hubbard simple styles, fastened either to a yoke or worn over a guimpe, being the special favorites. Lawn tennis goods are also constantly employed in these small costumes. The skirts are made plain, with puckered cambric or flannel tunic and waist, or pleated in kilt and box-pleats, with blouse of the lawn tennis goods, and no trimming. The narrower stripes are preferred for these short skirts.

LAWN TENNIS APRONS.

As we have gone to the full length of adopting this English game, its special costume, low shoes and all, we have also made a place for the decorative apron which is introduced to give a touch of color and grace to the endless stripes that are worn. These aprons are usually the handiwork of the ladies themselves, and are frequently entirely original in design. They are made of a yard length of Surah, pongee, scrim, linen, or even at times of lawn tennis cloth, and always the width of the material. They are turned up about a fifth or a quarter of the length at the bottom on the right side, and finished all around with an inch-wide hem. This may be hem-stitched in a single narrow line, or the hem may be turned in wider, and finished with an elaborate pattern in drawn threads. At the bottom of the apron the quarter of a yard which has been laid back on the right side and fastened with the drawn threads which pass down each side but do not cross the bottom, forms one, two, or three pockets, as may suit the maker. It is caught in the centre, thus leaving two large pockets, which are inclined to flare, or in two or three places, and makes more. Some ladies, who are fond of fancy-work, take a great deal of pains with these aprons, and they are often marvels of drawn-work. Sometimes the entire surface is elaborately designed and drawn, sometimes there are alternately flat spaces and wide bands of very open drawn threads. Where color is sought, embroidery comes into use. The wide hem and the pockets are essential features of this apron, but beyond this individual taste may be freely consulted. Many are stamped in simple designs and outlined, others are worked in crewels and silk. Embroidered figures in fantastic arrangement, and clusters and sprays of flowers or vines sweeping diagonally across the front, make these valuable from an artistic point of view, and extremely brilliant as additions to the toilette. Through the hem at the top a ribbon of the same color as the dark stripe in the dress is lightly passed, tying around the waist, and forming a bunch of bows and ends close to the right side. When purchased in the shops, which is rarely done, these fancy articles range anywhere from \$6 to \$25, according to the amount of work put on them. For fancy-work in the country young ladies are designing aprons of the same character,

with a motto worked in irregular lines down the front, as, for instance,—

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour!"

for use in their industrial schools and sewing societies next winter.

VARIETIES.

The most artistic tendency which the parasol has yet shown is becoming apparent this season. It comes to us with special costumes, hand-painted in lovely floral designs—buttercups and grasses, with buttercups falling in a fringe from the edge; violets, garden daisies, fuchsias, in the same way, falling as though natural on the divisions of the top, at one side a straggling insect losing itself in the fringe, and bringing the flowers in which have been rather abolished on the hats and replaced by feathers.

The fashionable artificial flowers to be worn with dress costumes are peonies in all their varying hues, and bunches of white lilacs with white. Great ox-eye daisies are also used, stiff jonquils with certain things, and clusters of roses, or trailing sprays of them. Of course where natural flowers can be had they are much preferred.

Pretty sea-side hats of rough white straw show a falling frill of pleated lace near the crown, a white tip or two, and a heavy twisted cord of white or red silk above the lace, with long ends to draw the wide brim down over the ears with. They can be faced with shirred mull, but it is not customary for this shape.

Alligator-skin belts are adopted for walking suits, and though much more expensive than others, costing from \$4 upward, if clasped, they are durable and strong. They are narrower than the surcingle, and firmer than the open-meshed canvas belt, which comes in black, white, and écaru, but is inclined to curl.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; A. SKEL; JAMES MCCREERY & Co.; and CHARLES E. BENTLEY.

PERSONAL.

THE artist CAVALIERE CISERI is to direct the restoration of the Hall of the Lilies, in the palace of the municipality of Florence, and the frescoes by GHIRLANDAJO, in the same room, which were injured by GEORGIO VASARI, are to be restored by Professor CAMBI.

A young Swedish machinist of Virginia City, AUGUST GROEBER, is making a steam tricycle, to carry three persons, and petroleum is to be the fuel used.

—Queen VICTORIA has received a gold axe as a present from the Ashantees.

—Mr. S. C. HALL has dedicated his *Rhymes in Councils* to the Queen's grandchildren, and received her cordial approval.

—An Indian millionaire of London, Mr. SASSOON, has his stables at the top of his house in Belgrave Square, the horses being carried up by an elevator.

—It is rumored that Chiswick House, the Italian villa of the Duke of Devonshire, on the Thames, which GAINSBOROUGH'S Duchess of Devonshire, GEORGINA, made a kind of Holland House, where CHARLES JAMES FOX and GEORGE CANNING both died, with its gilded saloons and inviting terraces, is to be pulled down, and the site and gardens cut up for building lots.

—MARIO now lives in retirement at Rome.

—Miss HENRIETTA BECK, one of our singers, lately sang, "Come, live with me," so delightfully in London that it is said many of the masculine inhabitants think they would just as soon live with her as not.

—PETER DOYLE, a lawyer and ex-Secretary of State in Wisconsin, having been aware of defects in his legal education, has just graduated from the Yale Law School, third in his class, at the age of forty-five.

—It is said that Mr. HOLLOWAY, the proprietor of certain patent medicines, is the "Mr. Thomas" who lately paid one hundred thousand dollars for four works of STANFIELD, LANDSEER, and MILLAIS in London.

—Owing to the scene of Colonel T. W. HIGGINSON'S novel, *Malbone*, being laid there, the "Hunter" place, at Newport, on the Point, is known as the "Malbone house."

—Sir EDWIN LANDSEER had his studio at one time at the manor-house of Stoke Park, where he visited and made studies of the deer.

—Our planetary system, Professor HELMHOLTZ thinks, must come to an end by exhaustion of its force sooner or later, but reckons that it has strength enough to last seventeen millions of years—which is rather encouraging.

—BURNE-JONES, who, by-the-way, is an Irishman, and an under-graduate of one of the Oxford colleges, received the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford the other day.

—Professor FRISBIE, of St. Francis Xavier College, Yale, '61, was among the guests and speakers at the Yale Commencement dinner—the first Jesuit ever thus honored.

—A great catacomb, containing ten chapels, and extending from the S. Pancrazio Gate at Rome to the Villa Doria Pamfili, has been discovered by a French monsigneur.

—The mother of Mr. OSCAR WILDE, who, by-the-way, is about to publish a volume of poems, appeared at a London reception not long since with a double veil of black and white illusion, and a voluminous robe of black and crimson silk over ermine. She writes Irish poetry herself, over the signature of "Speranza."

—Two drawings, signed "Alix"—"Mountain Gloom" and "Sandringham in Winter"—on exhibition in London, are the work of the Princess of Wales.

—A little monograph on Madame DE SEVIGNÉ has lately been written by Miss THACKERAY.

—Dr. D. W. BLISS, of Washington, one of President GARFIELD'S physicians, is a native of New England, and was one of the first army surgeons in Washington to employ volunteer lady nurses during our war.

—The Comte de Camondo paid twenty thousand dollars for a Louis XVI. suite of furniture, in Gobelins, at the DOUBLE sale. One would think it a double and treble sale.

—During MIDHAT Pasha's stay at Yildiz his meals were sent him, it is said, from the Sultan's own table, and his linen from the imperial wardrobe, although at his first interview with the

Sultan his Majesty spat in his face, and MIDHAT humbly declared that whatever emanated from his sovereign was like balm and nectar to the wounded soul of his slave.

—CONGREVE once begged VOLTAIRE not to regard him as a poet, but as a gentleman. "If you had been merely a gentleman," answered VOLTAIRE, "I should not have come to see you," which seems to indicate that gentlemen were the rule and poets the exception in his day.

—The women of Salt Lake City, in order to express their regard for the author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," held a reception not long ago in honor of Miss MAUD HOWE, daughter of Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE.

—Mr. TENNYSON, who has reaped profit from *The Cup*—which does not inebriate—is much pleased, but objected to being "cut down," till Mr. IRVING said, "We have to cut down Shakespeare, you know."

—The roaring heard in the ear when one inserts the end of one's fingers, Dr. HAMMOND tells us, is the sound of the circulation in the fingers, which are such busy workshops that they roar like small Niagaras.

—The fiancé of Lady EVELYN CAMPBELL manages a large establishment in the south of England for training boys for the colonies, and has also invented a musical instrument, a combination of organ and harmonium, called the *Æolian organ*.

—King KALAKAUA has inquired at the United States legation in London after the President's health.

—JAMES R. LOWELL informed the patrons of the National Training School for Cookery, gathered at Devonshire House lately, that "he had seen many instances when a man's views on great political questions had been decided by the state of his appetite. 'As, for instance,' commented *Punch*, 'whether or no a nation should eat humble-pie.'"

—The winner of the grand prize at Paris, Mr. KEENE, has given ten thousand dollars to the poor of that city.

—Professor JOWETT, the Dr. Jenkinson of MALLOCH'S *New Republic*, has published a masterly translation of Thucydides.

—At the meeting of the Concord School, the other day, at Concord, over sixty persons were present, among whom were Mr. EMERSON, Mr. F. B. SANBORN, Mr. E. C. STEPMAN (the poet), Miss NORA PERRY, and Miss LOUISE ALCOTT.

—In addition to the LESSING collection of pictures, JOSEPH LONGWORTH, of Boston, has given ten thousand dollars to the Cincinnati Museum of Fine Arts.

—In the belfry of one of the old churches of Florence a valuable painting by GENTILE DA FABRIANO has lately been discovered.

—The sixtieth birthday of Professor VIBROH and the twenty-fifth anniversary of his appointment to his chair at Berlin are to be celebrated at the same time, by the Medical Society of Berlin, in October.

—It is claimed by Lord JAMES BUTLER that the Barony of Arklow, just bestowed upon Prince LEOPOLD, belongs by hereditary descent to his brother, the Marquis of Ormonde.

—The bath-room of the Marquis Visconti is hardly likely to have its rival. The lava walls and floors are hung and covered with tapestry, the windows are of stained glass, while the bath is a work of art in silver, the water being spouted in by a silver dolphin, one eye supplying the hot and the other the cold water.

—King HUMBERT has offered GARIBALDI a yearly pension of six thousand dollars.

—RUBENS'S picture of Neptune and Amphitrite, one of the chief ornaments of Count SCHÖNBUNN'S gallery in Vienna, has been bought by the Crown Prince of Germany for fifty thousand dollars.

—Eight thousand dollars was Mr. BOOTH'S share of the profits at the late production of *Othello* in London. Quite a lion's share.

—The order of the Seraphim, the "blue ribbon" of Sweden, was conferred upon Madame LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT by the King of Sweden during his visit to London.

—The portrait of ALEXANDRE DUMAS *fil.*, painted by MEISSONIER, is said to be a masterpiece of fine drawing; he is painted as fat and fair and handsome, with light blue eyes, and an expression of the most thorough *bonhomie* for himself and the whole world.

—When Madame CASSIN consulted ALEXANDRE DUMAS about selling the two gems of her gallery—"Salome," by HENRI REGNAULT, and "The Spanish Marriage," by FORTUNY—to Mr. VANDERBILT, for one hundred and thirty-nine thousand dollars more than they cost her, DUMAS frankly told her that their possession had made her famous, and if she should part with them, nobody would know anything about her. It is hardly necessary to say that she kept them.

—It is said that an American lady of great wealth, who was in England during the time of the famous Scotch heretic's "trial," and who presented him with many bouquets in the course of it, is about to become Mrs. ROBERTSON SMITH. She, at least, has been converted.

—Senator ANTHONY is the only Senator who draws his salary but once a year; and FAIR, of Nevada, went home without drawing a cent.

—THIERS'S statue at St. Germain has not only been found on one occasion ornamented with a night-cap, but an effort has been made to blow it up with gun-cotton and powder.

—The Duchesse de Fitz-James resembles the eccentric Queen CHRISTINA, of the VASA line; agriculture is an absorbing occupation with her, and she has successfully engaged in combating the phylloxera in the south of France, by grafting shoots of French vines on American seedlings, French vines having worn-out constitutions, owing to long cultivation, she argues.

—GAMBETTA called LITTRÉ "the greatest worker of the age"; though not rich, he had a town and country house, the latter having a garden so prolific in fruits and vegetables as to supply his table.

—Thirteen years ago, SKOBIEFF, the "hero of Plevna," of whom Lieutenant GREEN, in his *Army Life in Russia*, predicts that he will equal if not surpass WELLINGTON some day, was a private soldier.

—Mr. JAMES H. CLEMENT, the husband of Mrs. CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT, well known as the author of works on art, lately died at his large cattle ranch, in the "Pan Handle" of Texas. His ancestors were among the leaders of the first settlements on the Merrimac River, Massachusetts, and his homestead in Haverhill, Massachusetts, has been in the family for nearly two hundred years.

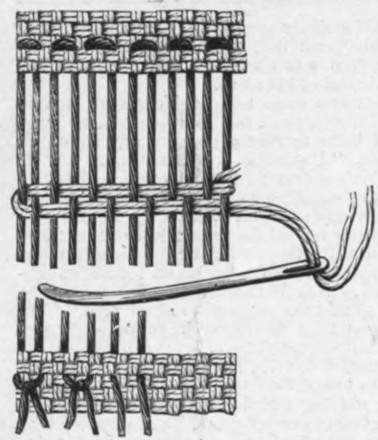


Fig. 2.—DETAIL OF RUG WOVEN BY HAND.—[See Fig. 1.]

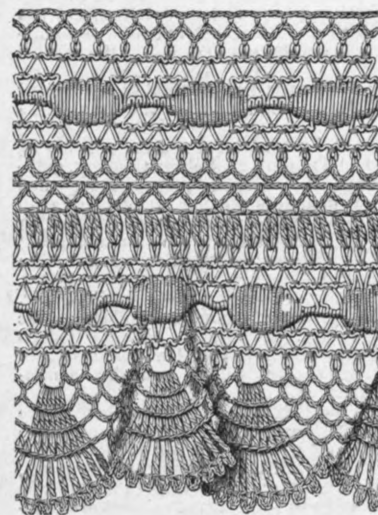


Fig. 1.—WOVEN BRAID AND CROCHET TRIMMING FOR CHILDREN'S DRAWERS.



MIGNARDISE BRAID AND CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE.



Fig. 3.—LAWN TENNIS APRON.—CREWEL-WORK.



Fig. 4.—LAWN TENNIS APRON.—CREWEL-WORK. CUT PATTERN, No. 3112: PRICE 15 CENTS.

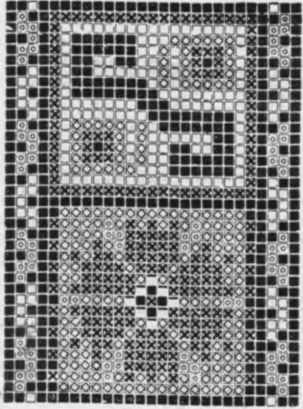


Fig. 3.—DESIGN FOR RUG WOVEN BY HAND.—[See Fig. 1.]
Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ✕ Red; □ Blue; ○ Olive; □ Yellow; — Mode.

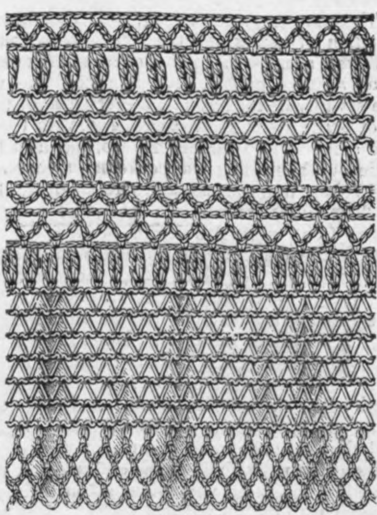


Fig. 2.—WOVEN BRAID AND CROCHET TRIMMING FOR CHILDREN'S DRAWERS.

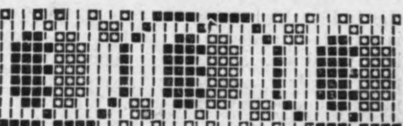


Fig. 2.—BORDER FOR DISH COVER, Fig. 1. CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.



Fig. 1.—LAWN TENNIS APRON.—CREWEL-WORK.

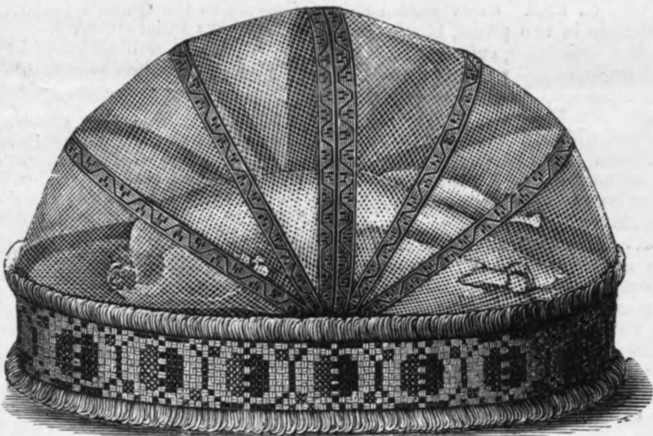


Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED WIRE-GAUZE DISH COVER.—[See Fig. 2.]

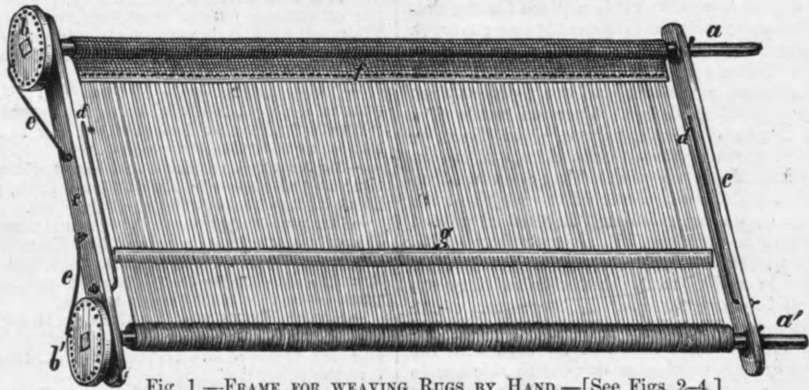


Fig. 1.—FRAME FOR WEAVING RUGS BY HAND.—[See Figs. 2-4.]



Fig. 4.—DETAIL OF RUG WOVEN BY HAND.—[See Fig. 1.]

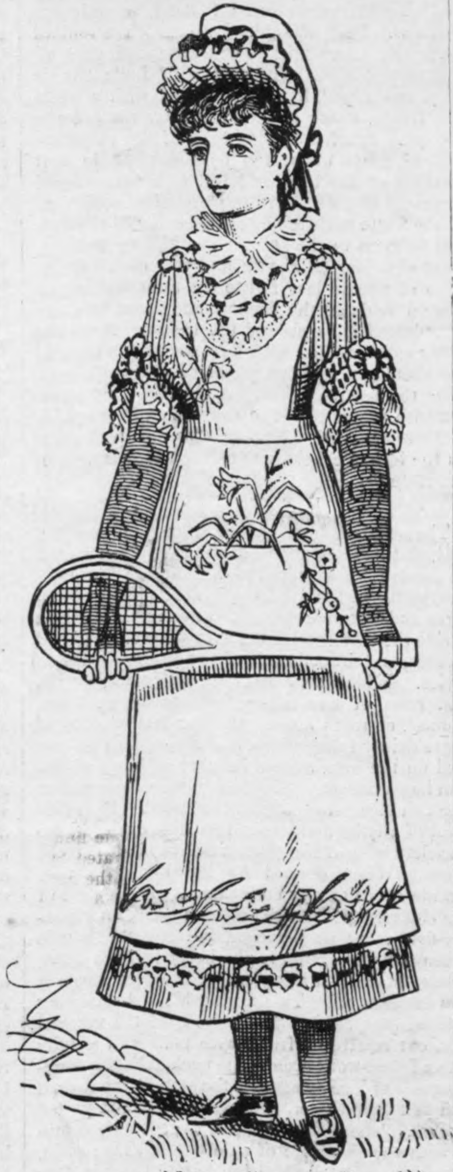


Fig. 2.—LAWN TENNIS APRON.—CREWEL-WORK. CUT PATTERN, No. 3113: PRICE 15 CENTS.

STRAWBERRY DESIGN FOR KNITTING POCKET.

THESE pockets, to carry on the arm and hold the ball of wool, knitting-needles, and work, are great favorites in England. They are in themselves beautiful objects as prepared by the Royal School of Art Needle-Work, and form useful and welcome presents to the older and more conservative members of a family from the æsthetic young ones. They are made of plush, velvet, or satin, lined with a contrasting color or with one harmonizing with the leading tone of the design. The lining should always be of satin, as the ball of wool turns more easily against its smooth surface. The strawberry design we publish is worked in silks in natural but rather low-toned coloring on dark olive green satin, lined with creamy white satin. The leaves are carefully shaded in different tones of green, petals of flowers white and cream, grasses brown, fruit dull red, with paler seed spots, all worked in feather and stem stitch. To make the pocket the pattern is laid on doubled material, the fold at the narrow end, and then cut out; the lining is of the same size. The embroidery is only on one side of the pocket, the other being left plain. The lining and top are neatly sewn together, and then joined to form a pocket, all round the lower end between the aperture and the closed top, leaving an opening sufficiently large to pass the hand through, and thus forming a handle. The Japanese circles illustrated in *Bazar* No. 19, Vol. XIV., are also often put on these knitting pockets; one of dark blue velvet was thus worked in pale blue and gold. The strawberry spray goes well on sachets for handkerchiefs, as an uneven spray-like effect is more sought after than the old-fashioned borders. Hand-screens, albums, etc., are also ornamented with this pretty design, and we have seen it on two parasols; one where it ornamented one panel, the pattern being reversed, and the trail falling down, not rising upward; on the other the bend of the spray was carried around the knob at the top, and then fell down one side. The illustration gives the pocket in full size, and may be used as a pattern, making the plain part at the top four inches longer than the drawing.

Lawn Tennis Aprons.—Crewel-Work.—Figs. 1-4.

See illustrations on page 500.

THESE pretty aprons, which are reproductions of English prize designs, exhibited and sold at the late Old English Fair in London, can readily be made up in any of the styles described in *Lawn Tennis Costumes and Customs*, page 498, and *New York Fashions*. The designs are worked in crewels, in colors to suit the respective patterns. Cut patterns are published of Figs. 2 and 4.

Embroidered Wire-Gauze Dish Cover.—Figs. 1 and 2.—[See illustrations on page 500.]

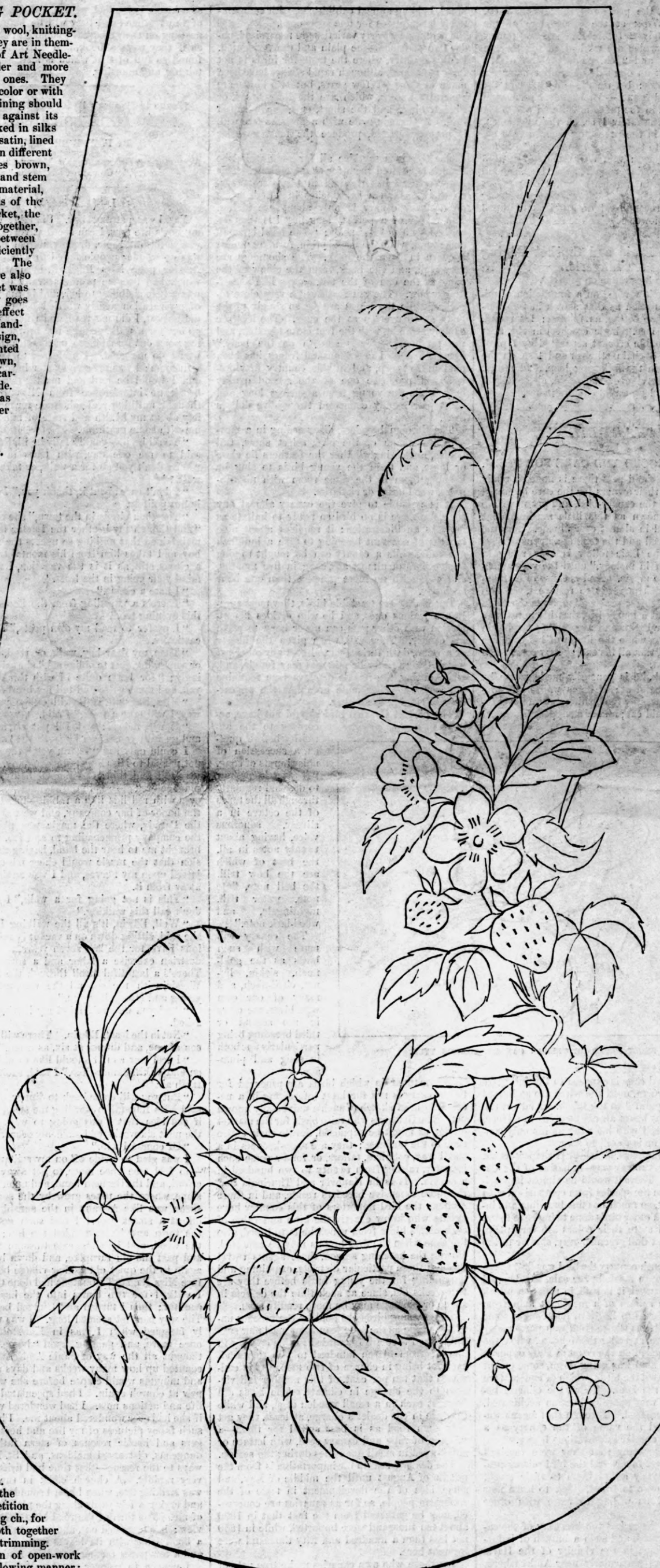
THIS dish cover, or bell screen, which is designed as a protection from the flies, consists of an oval tin bottom nineteen inches and a quarter long and twelve inches and a half wide, which is bordered by a rim of blue-painted tin four inches and a half deep, and furnished with holes at the top. At the middle of the cover, on both sides, six semicircular rods are fastened to the rim so that they may be folded down on the screen, three on each side. These rods are furnished with holes, and joined with pieces of wire-gauze of suitable size, pointed toward the ends, or mosquito netting can be substituted if preferred. The seams made by fastening the gauze on the rods are covered with strips of canvas, embroidered in cross stitch with blue cotton in two shades. The middle two rods are held together by means of a projecting knob, which catches the corresponding rod. The outside of the rim is covered with a border of jute worked in cross stitch with blue cotton in two shades. Before working the last rows of cross stitches, fold the edge of the material on the wrong side for a hem an inch and a quarter wide, and fasten the double layer with these rows. Lengthwise loops are formed by ravelling out the lengthwise threads.

Woven Braid and Crochet Trimming for Children's Drawers.
Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 500.

THE edging Fig. 1 is worked in crochet on a foundation of braid half an inch wide, along the sides of which are projecting loops. Measure off the length required to go around the drawers, join the ends with needle and thread, and work as follows: 1st round.—Alternately 1 sc. (single crochet) in the next loop and 5 ch. (chain stitch); at the end of the round work 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the first sc. 2d round.—3 sl. on the next 3 st. (stitch) in the preceding round, * 3 times alternately 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 5, then 3 ch., 6 dc. (double crochet) around the following 5 ch., 3 ch., 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 5; repeat from *. 3d round.—3 sl. on the next 3 st. in the preceding round, * twice alternately 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 5, then 3 ch., pass by 5 st., 8 dc. on the following 8 st., 3 ch., 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 5; repeat from *. 4th round.—3 sl. on the next 3 st. in the preceding round, * 5 ch., 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 5, 3 ch., pass by 5 st., 10 dc. on the following 10 st., 3 ch., 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 5; repeat from *. 5th round.—3 sl. on the next 3 st. in the preceding round, * 1 p. (picot, consisting of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of them), 10 tc. (treble crochet) separated by 1 p. on the next 10 dc., 1 p., 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 5; repeat from *. 6th round.—Work at the other edge of the braid, alternately 2 tc., the uppermost veins of which are worked off together, in the next loop and 1 ch. For the top of the trimming take a second end of braid, join the ends, and work as in the 1st round. 2d round.—3 sl. on the next 3 st. in the preceding round, then throughout alternately 3 ch. and 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 5. Join the top to the edging by means of a round as follows: * 1 sc. around the next 3 ch. in the preceding round, 2 ch., 1 sc. around the next ch. in the 6th round, 2 ch.; repeat from *, but at every second repetition work the sc. in the edging around the next and the following ch., for which take up a st. around each of them and work off both together. Finally, work as in the 1st and 2d rounds at the top of the trimming.

The edging Fig. 2 is worked in crochet on a foundation of open-work braid on the sides of which are projecting loops, in the following manner: 1st round.—Alternately 1 sc. (single crochet) in the next loop and 5 ch. (chain stitch). 2d and 3d rounds.—Alternately 1 sc. on the middle ch. of



STRAWBERRY DESIGN FOR KNITTING POCKET.—FULL SIZE.
FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLE-WORK.

the next 5 in the preceding round and 5 ch. 4th round.—Work at the other edge of the braid, alternately 2 treble crochet, the uppermost veins of which are worked off together, in the next loop and 2 ch. For the top of the trimming work on one side of similar narrower braid as follows: 1st round.—Work as in the 4th round. 2d round.—Alternately 1 sc. around the next 2 ch. in the preceding round and 5 ch. 3d round.—Alternately 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 5 in the preceding round and 3 ch. Unite the top to the edging by means of a round worked as follows: * 1 sc. around the next 3 ch. in the preceding round, 2 ch., 1 sc. around the next 2 ch. in the 4th round, 2 ch.; repeat from *. Finally, work 3 rounds at the upper edge of the second end of braid as in the 3 rounds at the lower edge of the same braid.

Mignardise Braid and Crochet Edging for Lingerie.

See illustration on page 500.

This edging is worked on a foundation of mignardise braid such as that shown in the illustration, with fine cotton, as follows: 1st round.—Alternately 1 sc. (single crochet) in the next loop and 5 double crochet separated by 1 picot (consisting of 3 chain stitches and 1 sc. on the first of them) in the following loop. 2d round.—At the other side of the braid, alternately 1 sc. in the next loop and 3 chain stitches.

CANARY-BIRDS.

I.

HOW TO CHOOSE AND CARE FOR THEM.

OF all household pets there is none so ready to repay their owners for the care bestowed upon them as the canary-bird, and yet none are so really unknown as this little musical topaz which is found in almost every home. For the modicum of seed and the trifling amount of care he receives, the little fellow is ever ready to "wrap himself in melody," until the very air vibrates with the music. And because of his happy nature, which is ready to resolve itself into song at the slightest provocation, he is too often doomed to lead a lonely life, that his notes may be the sweeter because of a possible yearning in him for a mate, while the limits of his cage are circumscribed, that all his energy may come forth from his throat.

If he is sick, he is generally made worse by injudicious treatment; if he is well, he is provoked to sickness by food which nature never intended he should eat; and as a supposed pleasure

breed, holding annual exhibitions, with comparatively large prizes for fine specimens.

There nearly thirty varieties are recognized, under two divisions—the plain and the variegated. In this country, where the taste for birds is not fully developed, although rapid strides have been made in the past few years, but two kinds are generally known, which are the long breed, or French birds, and the short, or German-raised bird. A German male with a French mate will, if properly paired, produce the most superior young.

The Germans sacrifice all for song, while the French have bred them for shape entirely. This latter method has resulted in birds from seven to seven and a half inches in length, while an ordinary canary is only about five inches. The model of a perfect long breed is thus described by a noted fancier: "The head is small and round, while the neck is thin, forming almost a curve in from the back. The shoulders are very high, and the back, from the elbow of the wing to the end of the tail, curves like a half-drawn bow. The tail feathers lie very close together, while the wings are set so snugly to the body as to overlap at the ends. The legs are exactly straight, with the feet close together, and the feathers perfectly smooth on the body." For such a bird one thousand francs has been paid in Antwerp, and in this country fifty dollars will purchase one of the second quality only, while the young from a perfect long and short pair readily command twenty-five dollars each.

The German breeders, disregarding in a measure the shape of the bird, select short, full bodies, not caring whether the feathers lie close or loose, and train the young birds to sing by keeping them in the same room with nightingales, wood-larks, or skylarks.

It is possible to give the canary almost any song, for there is no bird so ready to imitate as he. As an illustration: it requires about nine months of constant teaching to give a bullfinch one tune, while a canary can be taught to sing twelve bars of almost any song in five months, and even with no more practice than one hour each day.

But if they are tractable birds, they most surely are jealous ones, and he who divides his attention with other pets can never hope to teach his canary. They will, when given the liberty of a room, dash furiously at almost any other pet which their master or mistress may fondle, and, while sitting, the female displays true feminine jealousy when her mate even has the appearance of singing to another.

The perfect German bird should not have, according to the authority before quoted, a succession of noisy bursts of song. "It must know how to descend regularly through all the tones of the octave in a silvery, sonorous voice, having about twenty notes in all, the best of which are the bow trill, the bell note, flute note, water trill, nightingale, and wood-lark note."

The canary will mate with such birds as the goldfinch, siskin, linnet, citril-finch, and many of our own wild birds, the cross in the second or third breeding being particularly fine both in song and plumage.

The manner in which birds are procured for this country is not the least interesting in a necessarily brief sketch of such a universally known pet. The Germans who raise birds for the market do not, as might be supposed, devote their entire time to the business; they are shop-keepers in a small way, cobblers, tailors, or follow some such industry, raising from twenty to two hundred in a season. It is in Hanover and Thuringia that the more extensive breeders reside, and in those sections the bird importers of this country have agents who know exactly the kind and value of each man's birds from which he is to breed, also the time when the first broods may be expected. During the hatching season, these agents travel through these particular districts, examining and bargaining for the young birds before they are two weeks old, since at such time the defects in shape or plumage may be more readily seen.

These young birds are held by the breeder until such time as the American firms need new supplies, when they are forwarded to this country in lots of from fifteen hundred to two thousand, each lot being in charge of two men. It is estimated that ten per cent. of this number fall victims to the change in climate. The birds are brought each in a small wooden cage, and while they are in the dealer's charge, at least they get only such food as is best suited for them—a mixture of rape and canary seed, with lettuce or chick-weed in small quantities during the season. The dealers' season for importation is from the middle of August until the middle of May, and some idea of the development in taste of the American people, so far as canaries are concerned, may be gathered from the fact that in 1850 about ten thousand were imported, while in 1880 not less than a hundred and fifty thousand were brought here.

Let those who own canaries make true pets of them; talk to them as to a dog, and they will answer much more understandingly; fondle them

as a kitten is fondled, without too much stroking of the feathers, and they will be happiest when nestling on their mistress's shoulder; study them as if they were a book, and no volume can be found so full of that which is instructive, entertaining, and amusing.

(Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 31, Vol. XIV.)

MISS ANDERSON'S COLORS.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY," "POOR HUMANITY," "COWARD CONSCIENCE," ETC.

I.—(Continued.)

YES, I was a strange boy. Standing apart from my boy's life now, I can see that very clearly. I was a misanthropic, dreamy, unreal boy, and it was no wonder people failed to understand me. As for poor Miss Ragstaff, born with nerves which had become preternaturally developed, I was a responsibility to her, and in the first week of my vacation nearly worried her to death. I did not eat, I did not read, and I flatly refused to go out for a walk, or take her brother's disgusting pony out for exercise, on the plea that a drive would do me good. I preferred to keep to my own room; I was my own master in the vacation, and I would be lord and master too. I would brook no interference from Miss Ragstaff, I thought, until her real solicitude for me, her anxiety about my health and state of mind, touched me with some gratitude.

"You'll be ill—you'll really be ill, Edwin," she said to me one day, with tears in her eyes. "Why don't you go for a walk, or take me for a walk?"

"I don't care about it, thank you," I said, firmly but politely.

"There's a circus in the town," she continued; "and though my brother the Doctor has always maintained that nothing so upsets the mind of a boy and takes him from his mental training as a circus, still, as it is the vacation, I would not mind your going in the least."

"I hate a circus."

"There's a 'Reading from the Poets' at eight this evening too."

"I prefer to read my own poets," I said, sarcastically.

"Then, my dear boy, walk, or read, or circus, or something, just to oblige me," she said, entreatingly; "for I am quite ill with thinking about you, and must write and tell my brother so."

"Miss Ragstaff, if it will oblige you in any way, I will take a walk," I said.

"It will, indeed; and I'll put on my bonnet and go with you, if you like—there!"

I could only say "Thank you," though I was not partial to Miss Ragstaff's company. She was very tall and thin; she limped badly, and wore plum-colored glasses in the daylight, having weak eyes with red lids like a rabbit—but I accepted the honor of her company, and we walked along the Parade, where the music was playing, and the company promenading to and fro. She had brought me to hear the band, having the impression that the music would cheer me up; but it jarred upon my nerves, and I was anxious to get away from it.

"This is not going for a walk," I said. "I don't call this walking."

"Well, Edwin, it's all the walking I can do," she said, sitting down on a vacant bench. "Bunions have, for the last seven years, rendered pedestrian exercise a labor and a sorrow to me. There's a beautiful stroll through the Kewstoke Woods, with the sea all the way, too, for the young and strong like you."

"And you wouldn't mind my leaving you?" I asked.

"Not in the least, Edwin. There will be luncheon at one, and dinner at six, as usual."

"I feel now as if I should like to walk on and on and on till dinner-time," I said, excited by the fresh air.

"But you will come back to dinner, of course," said Miss Ragstaff, regarding me suspiciously, as if the idea that I was going to walk away for the next six weeks had suddenly occurred to her. "Of course I will."

I was glad to stride off on my solitary journey—to feel free once more, to get away from the crowd, and the German band, and upon the green slope, where the pines grew by the sea, and the scene was like Arcadia in the sunshine. I set off at a smart pace. I had soon got through the town and had ascended the hill; I was in the wood, and by short-cuts through the wood, and past the old turnpike, and down by the sea again to the quiet old fishing village beyond, before Miss Ragstaff's bunions had done throbbing. I walked for two hours into the heart of the country; then I turned and trudged back again. The way had not seemed long. I was not greatly fatigued when I was in Kewstoke Woods once more, and gaining upon "home." I had thought all the way of Janie Anderson. I had counted up how many weeks and days and hours and minutes would elapse before she was in her pew at church again. I had speculated as to her life and actions now. I had wondered very much if she had ever wondered about me. I had drawn such fancy pictures of my life and hers—of dangers and heroic rescues, of stern fathers, deep dungeons, distressed maidens, and St. Edwin always to the rescue—that time had drifted by me very rapidly. A church clock in the distance was striking five, when I heard sounds of sobbing and crying a few yards along the path in advance of me. The turn of the road hid the cause from view; but I stepped out, and came suddenly upon a book lying with its leaves open on the grass, and a few paces farther on—Miss Anderson!

I paused to recover my breath. Was it an apparition conjured up by the intensity of my thoughts? Could it really be my fair enslaver pro-

ceeding slowly along the path, with her ungloved hands spread before her face, and her wail of grief echoing through the summer air?

Truly I could not be mistaken. The scarlet and brown dress I had seen before; the scarlet stockings, the little hat with the scarlet feather, and the one long black tail hanging down her back beneath it, and tied with a scarlet bow and ends. It was she, but in grief and despair such as I had never seen her a victim to before. Hers had seemed a life all smiles and sunshine, all merry laughter. Even Hunter had said once—but not to me, or I would have crushed him on the spot—that "that 'dark 'un' at Fitzsimmons's was always grinning like a Cheshire cat at everybody." At everybody—she who had only smiles for me of late days! He well might envy me.

I stooped and picked up the book which Miss Anderson had dropped, or had thrown from her—I was uncertain which—and approached her nervously and hastily. This was the crisis in my life; it had come at last, and there was no resisting it. Even my constitutional shyness was not proof against it.

"I—I—I beg your pardon very much, Miss Anderson; but—but—but," I stammered forth, "you've dropped your book."

Miss Anderson dried her eyes hastily, stifled her sobs, turned round, held out her hands for the book, and then jumped as if she had seen a ghost.

"Oh! good gracious!" she exclaimed; "are you here, then? That is," she added, with feminine tact and sweet simplicity, "are you—ain't you—one of Doctor Ragstaff's pupils?"

As I wore one of Doctor Ragstaff's mortarboards, with his characteristic blue and saffron tassel wagging at the side, the question was irrelevant; but I answered meekly, "Yes, I am."

"And—why haven't you gone home for the holidays?" she asked, in faint astonishment. "I thought that you—that all the boys—had left Weston long ago."

"All but me."

"I hope nothing's the matter with you—measles or anything?" she said, getting a few paces from me now.

"I—am quite well, thank you, Miss Anderson," I stammered again. "I remain at school, because I haven't a home to go to."

"How very funny!"

I did not see the fun of it, but so that it amused her, I did not mind very much. She was actually laughing again—only it terminated in a cry, which was more surprising.

"It's—it's exactly my case," she expressed at last. "I haven't any home to go to, Master Griffin. I—oh—I—I haven't anybody in all the world to care for me!"

"Pray don't say that," I hastened to say; "I am sure that anybody—everybody—would."

She dried her eyes at this assurance. My words were evidently comforting again. I longed to ask her how she knew my name was Griffin, but I dared not on so short an acquaintance. How happy I was now, walking by her side, and talking as if I was an old friend of hers! How glad I was my mother had married the trustee—anybody—so that I had no holiday at home!

I had aroused Miss Anderson's curiosity very much, and she appeared to have no scruples as to asking me questions. The tears were gone from her face now, which was as radiant as the skies above our heads. She had wholly recovered from her embarrassment at meeting me, and was as calm and self-possessed a little lady as I had ever met—as I have met even in my after-life.

"How did you know my name was Anderson?" she asked, as we proceeded toward Weston-super-Mare together, she swinging the book I had restored to her by one cover.

"I—I really can not say. Some of the boys told me."

"Did Master Bennett tell you?"

"I don't think he did. It's very likely," I answered, in a confused manner.

"Because his pa knows my pa—and does business with my pa—I have heard Miss Fitzsimmons say," remarked Miss Anderson. "Where's he gone for his holidays?"

"I don't know," was my reply; "he does not speak to me a great deal."

"Don't you like him?"

"Not much."

"I suppose he's the head boy, though?"

"He's our biggest boy, but he isn't very bright," I said, disparagingly, not liking so much discussion on the merits of Master Bennett.

"Is Master Tompkins the head boy?"

Her thorough knowledge of the names of all the pupils of Doctor Ragstaff's school was really very astonishing.

"Well—he may be sometimes."

"And how old are you?" asked the curious Miss Anderson.

"I—I'm fourteen. That is, I am in my fifteenth year," I added, as she looked disappointed somewhat.

"Not more!" she exclaimed, in astonishment. "Oh, you are a big boy for your age. Why, I am fourteen, and only just up to your shoulder. See."

And Janie Anderson stood side by side with me, and looked at me with so confident and sweet a smile, that this was surely the groves of fairyland through which we were walking, and she and I two beings of a new and happy world.

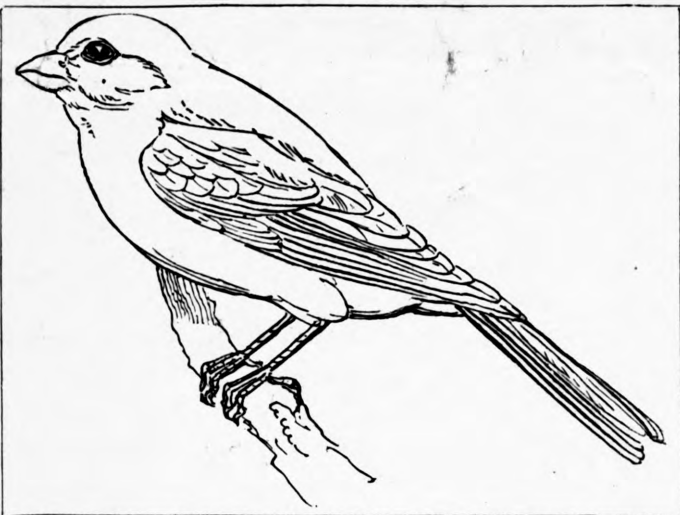
"Yes, you are small—I mean, I am a tall boy," I remarked at last. "They say I am growing too fast, but they can't stop it."

"Don't you let them," she said, in a warning voice. "I hate short boys. If ever I marry when I grow up, Master Griffin, I'll marry the tallest, handsomest man I can find."

"Really?"

I did not think I was handsome, but I was resolved from that day forth to allow no one to interfere with my growing.

"Why can't you go home?" she inquired now.



SHORT BREED OR GERMAN CANARY, COMMON TYPE.

to him his metal cage is exposed to the full glare of the summer sun, until the wires are so heated that they are painful to the touch. And yet the little immigrant bears all his troubles in silence, covering his head with his wing as his only consolation when he is too ill to sing.

As his name implies, he is—or perhaps it would be more correct to say was—a native of the Canary Islands. There it would be almost impossible to recognize the species from comparison with those we know, so much has fine breeding and intermixture with other birds done to improve them. In the natural state their colors are very plain, being an almost dull greenish-gray, similar to the linnet.

In the sixteenth century the bird was first taken into the European markets for sale, the demand having been caused, it is said, in rather a peculiar way. The sailors of a merchant ship from the Canary Islands to Leghorn had caught some birds on the islands whose song was particularly sweet, and were carrying them home, when the vessel was wrecked on the coast of Italy opposite Elba. As the ship was going down, some one of the crew liberated the birds, which of course were able to reach the land. There, the climate being favorable, they speedily became acclimated, and largely increased. Through that means Europeans learned the value of the canary as a song-bird, and regular importations began.

It was in Germany that they were received with the greatest favor, and the bird-raising peasantry immediately added them to their stock, finding them easy to breed, quick to learn new songs, as well as willing to mate with other species.

To such a science has the breeding of the canary been elevated, and such a branch of industry has it become in the vicinity of the Hartz Mountains, more particularly near Andreasberg, that societies have been formed having as sole aim the propagation and improvement of the

"What's the matter with your home? Painting it?"

"My mamma is away; she has married again, and gone abroad."

"Not left you forever?" she said, with her eyes becoming very round and pitiful.

"No; only for seven weeks. All the holidays."

"Have you been fretting much?"

"Not very much. I shouldn't have fretted at all if—" Then I became very red and very white, and felt that my conduct was unseemly and precipitate, and added—"if she had not married without telling me anything about it."

"How very funny!" she said again.

"What is—who is?" I inquired.

"Why, I was fretting because I could not go to my father, or my aunt in Devonshire, or anywhere out of this nasty, dull, stick-in-the-mud place. Oh! it's dreadful when everybody's gone away, and there's only Miss Fitzsimmons's red nose to look at."

"Your father is in India, I think?"

"She was never surprised at my information, I noticed."

"Yes. He's coming back some day. When I'm a young lady, papa says. And what do you think that nasty, spiteful Miss Croser says?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," I replied.

"That that can not be, because I shall never be a young lady. Because I'm a giggling, forward little thing, and keep the school always in commotion, and—and so on," she explained. "Is not she rude?"

"Extremely rude indeed," I asserted; "I never heard such insolence."

"When she comes back next term I don't think I shall speak to her."

"I wouldn't, if I were you."

"She's only a brewer's daughter, and brewing's very low. It's trade," she said, elevating slightly the tip of her little nose.

"Yes, I suppose it is."

"None of my family has ever been in trade, except a cousin; and we never spoke to him again."

"Poor fellow!"

"And I have always been stuck here, vacation after vacation, ever since I was such a tiny little thing—not bigger than that," she said, indicating an impossibly diminutive stature with her hand; "and my mother died when I was a baby; and I shouldn't know my father if I met him coming down the High Street. Isn't it awful?"

"But you're very happy, as a rule?" I said.

"Oh yes; generally, that is. They all like me at school, except Miss Croser; and I am fond of fun, and we have plenty of it; and papa sends me a great deal of money to spend, and beautiful presents, and things from India; and I may dress just as I please, and—"

Something occurred to her memory at this juncture, and she looked at me and broke into a peal of such sweet, merry, musical laughter that I laughed too, though I did not perceive the cause for my hilarity. It was soon explained to me.

"Oh, I say, it was such a long while before I found out that you were imitating me. I couldn't believe it till Fanny Perkins told me she was sure you were; and when you came out in yellow and red, it was fun. Wasn't it, now?"

"Yes—it was fun," I reiterated, blushing all over now.

"I bought that dreadful ribbon to try you. I saw it at Crumpe's. Oh, how we all laughed!"

"Yes—I suppose so."

"And we caught it, too, when we got home." And then Miss Anderson told me how angry Miss Fitzsimmons had been, and what tasks were generally distributed; and I was horrified at the trouble I had caused in a select seminary, and expressed my regrets at once. "But it was very wrong of you to mock me—to try and make game of anything I was wearing," she said, coquettishly.

"I wouldn't make game of you for the world," I hastened to say. "I didn't wear your colors because—because I wanted to mock you. Oh, pray don't think that!"

"Ah! well, I won't, then. But I didn't know. How could I?" she said. "You'll go that way to the town, of course."

"Yes, of course. Unless—"

"And I shall go this; or else Miss Fitzsimmons will see us, and then I shan't be allowed to go out by myself alone again—which is very, very seldom," she said, sadly and demurely.

"Do you often come this way?"

"Never."

"Shall you ever come this way again?"

"I don't think I shall. I don't know, though, for certain. Good-afternoon, Master Griffin."

"Good-afternoon, Miss Anderson."

Then we shook hands and went our separate ways, and my steps were light as air from that hour forth. Miss Ragstaff wondered at my spirits—at the "exuberance of my verbosity"—that evening; at my suppressed excitement and general amiability.

"That walk has done you a deal of good, Edwin," she said to me.

"Yes, it has."

"I wouldn't give up walking exercise now, if I were you."

"I don't think I shall, ma'am."

And I did not. I walked very regularly on the Kewstoke road. The woods were the scene of my romance, of my enchantment: this was fairy-land and fairy life, and I belonged no longer to the world. I saw Miss Anderson every day, by some stratagem or other; she was ingenious in stratagems—"awfully artful," Griggs would have said; she contrived to meet me, if only for a few moments. We became Edwin and Janie to each other; we became "engaged" to each other; when she grew up, and I had done growing up, I was to go to India, and tell her father that I loved her, and we were to live happily ever afterward.

It was a boy-and-girl's love, that grew very

fast too. The sentiment that was in me amused her, interested her, sometimes frightened her; and yet neither of us understood the other from the beginning to the end of our acquaintance. She knew I was very fond of her, and very jealous. She was young enough to think she loved me for my love for her; and we were only children, God knows, nothing more. And in all the good faith of children, with hazy ideas of the great world we were approaching, we made many promises, and kept but few of them.

"And you'll never look at Bennett again?" I said one day to her, at the close of the vacation-time for her and me, which was never to come again.

"Why, of course I will not."

We had had a few words about him, and I had flung myself face foremost on the grass, and cried at last like the baby that I was. And she had become terrified, and had said anything to soothe me.

We kissed and made it up, and went back together hand in hand. It was the last day of the holidays; the girls and boys to-morrow would be streaming from the railway station to the schools.

"I shall always wear your colors, Janie."

She laughed.

"I shall be careful what I wear, then, or else they'll talk about us," she replied.

"I shall always wear your colors till I die—I shall indeed," I said, fervently. "If we were not to meet, oh! for ever so many years, I should wear your colors again, to let you see I loved you just the same, Janie."

"Oh, you foolish Edwin!"

So we embraced and shed many tears together, and went schoolward with two full young hearts.

I was not so happy when school had begun again, though we corresponded regularly through the medium of the baker's man, who supplied both seminaries, and was a faithful, trusty, crusty servant. Janie did look at Master Bennett now and then; I have known her laugh at him even, and for days I have grieved over it, as at an affliction which was irreparable. It was as well we parted, or that fate parted us, suddenly, swiftly, and in an unlooked-for manner, for I have said I was a boy more foolish than my kind, and more extravagant in theory and practice. Janie Anderson's place at church in the middle of the term became suddenly vacant, and knew her never more.

I could not believe she was really gone—I had had no note of warning—I was afraid that she was ill. I should see her next Sunday, or before next Sunday, in her walks abroad. But I saw her not again. The ranks of the Fitzsimmons girls were without her bright young face; the pew under the gallery looked very dull and cheerless, and positively empty to me. I felt sick and ill with the consciousness of my great loss—of the loss of one who seemed the only being left me to love, now my mother had married again. I was a boy left alone if she really left me for good.

I got the news from the baker, who, bribed heavily by me, had got the news from Miss Fitzsimmons's cook, who had it from one of the under-teachers.

Miss Anderson had been sent for suddenly—there had been a telegram—and she had left for Southampton, and thence to India to join her father, the nabob.

So the green curtain came down suddenly with a run; the juvenile play was over, and Cupid, who had fiddled to us so long, packed up his instrument and tripped from the orchestra, and all the lights were turned out rapidly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOUIS C. TIFFANY & CO.—ASSOCIATED ARTISTS.

See illustration on page 508.

II.

THE embroidery produced in the needle-work department of this association can not be said to belong to any particular school. Its processes and results have been accomplished without previously formulated rules, and its work was commenced and has been carried on without the direction of a thoroughly trained and graduated teacher.

Miss Cutler, who was from the first placed at the head of the work-room, and who has amply proved her peculiar fitness for the work, had much to learn, but nothing to unlearn, and brought to her responsible position a thorough experience of good plain needle-work, some knowledge of what is known as Kensington-work, an instinct for color, and a quickness and cleverness of expedient which are characteristic of the American girl at her best.

Almost the first work put into her hands for execution was the Madison Square curtain—one of the most important pieces of picturesque needle-work in the world; and it is rather a suggestive fact that, as far as processes are concerned, it was carried through on the ground of simply skillful plain needle-work. No one of all the force which Miss Cutler directed had ever before been engaged upon artistic embroidery, and almost without exception were women who for the first time actually earned money by their labor. The simple facility of use, helped by quick apprehension and interest, enabled them to carry out the design, and embody the suggestions of the artist.

Of course this does not prove that it is better for the execution of true art-embroidery that one should not have made an occupation, but it does prove that in this, as in all art-work, the mind must guide the fingers. The moment one accepts rules and routine instead of thought, that which is produced ceases to be in the best sense art-work, and becomes simply handiwork.

Possessing this thoughtful intelligence, everything which a woman has learned to do with her needle, from her childhood up, comes into play

in her embroidery. She may button-hole, or darn, or back-stitch, or run, or cat-stitch, or hem-stitch, or underlay, or patch, and every one of these domestic processes may be invaluable in giving variety and expression to her embroidery. I know one beautiful piece of needle-work where between masses of roses ranging from white to crimson there are spaces of cross-darning in two shades of silk, which carry the color in a wonderful way, and when I commended the originality of the treatment, the clever girl who did it answered, simply, "Yes; mamma was darning stockings, and I thought the stitch was lovely."

It is this quick appropriation of all things possible to the needle-woman which makes good and true art-embroidery; and it is as impossible to compass this result by simply learning and practicing Kensington stitch as it is to become a great painter by accustoming one's self to use a paint-brush in a certain manner. One must choose processes adapted to the expression of certain effects or surfaces, as she would select a fine, medium, or coarse needle with which to sew certain fabrics. A "No. 5" will not cover the whole range from coarse to fine of all that comes to the work-basket; and to express the infinite variety of form and quality possible to embroidery, one has need of all the stitches which have been invented from Eve's day to ours.

In addition to this latitude of stitchery, the associated artists' school of embroidery combines all methods wherever a combination of methods will produce a desired effect. Especially in picturesque embroidery, which is a development of needle-work peculiar to the school, all devices of ancient and modern embroiderers must be employed. Underlying must succeed outline, and solid stitching must follow underlaying, and appliqué must come after solid stitching, if one wishes to add the vanishing effects of surface to those of color.

Even the fabric upon which the plan of decoration is laid must grow finer with the distance, and stronger and rougher with the foreground, and it is these varying surfaces, methods, and stitches which make it possible to carry out the artistic ideas which govern the school.

These are the means by which effects are to be produced, but before the use of the means should come a thoughtful study of what is desirable in embroidery. Undoubtedly the consideration which must precede all others is that of absolute appropriateness of purpose and place.

Embroidery must fulfill certain conditions or it is inappropriate.

It must permit use or wear.

No decoration in stitchery is suitable which must be protected by glass, or which will fray by ordinary contact with other surfaces.

It can only be appropriately used upon fabrics or substances which are flexible, and are in themselves capable of household or personal use.

After appropriateness of application is considered, comes appropriateness of texture and design.

Appropriateness of style in design comes before general effect, but effect of color must be considered before general effect of design. By this it must be understood that styles are to be settled before effects; but when we come to those, the mere effect of design upon the mind and eye is secondary to the effect of color.

And here comes in the most important study of the embroideress who carries out the designs of others. She must not only know but feel color. The subtleties which it is impossible to reduce to rule or formula must be with her a matter of feeling.

Many a priceless piece of old Spanish embroidery is priceless in spite of poor stitchery and uninteresting design, simply because time has given it a rare and inimitable quality of tone and color which appeals at once to eye and sense. In a general way it may be said that good embroidery is a matter of color and design. Elaborate stitchery without these qualities may excite interest, but it is the sympathetic interest with which we regard any careful, patient human labor.

Color and design are more important to the art of embroidery than manner or quality of needle-work, and yet no piece of embroidery can claim to be entirely good without faithful stitchery. Because the stitches are to carry color and express form, it does not follow that they need not be fine, exact, and smooth. An embroideress who works in the true spirit and love of the art will wish to make her needle-work of such value that it will be preserved by generations of appreciative inheritors; and to do this she can not afford to dispense with a single quality which will commend it to human interest and admiration. She must endow it with the value of expended time. If she puts time, even in excess, upon her needle-work, she bequeaths it to the world concrete, and adds to it the intrinsic beauty of color and design which all art-embroidery must possess. We can not count with certainty upon the duration of that most valuable of all present qualities, color; but the design and stitchery of to-morrow will most certainly be the heritage of to-morrow.

In spite of doubt regarding the lastingness of color effects, there is no question as to the rank of beautiful color as a quality to be secured in embroidery. Its right to precedence as a quality is easily fixed by the fact that while bad stitchery and design may not seriously interfere with the value of a piece of embroidery where the color is exceptionally good, bad colors will render good design and stitchery almost entirely valueless; in fact, no amount of skill or patience applied to positively bad or positively inharmonious color can make it tolerable. "Bits of color" are things to be sought for and delighted in, no matter how flimsy the texture or barbarous the style of decoration, and this is ground upon which true art-embroidery and amateur embroidery may safely meet.

I have given the requirements and principles of art-embroidery as established by a school of

decorative artists; but these principles, which are absolutely necessary to professional and standard work, to embroidery which must take its place among the arts, and stand the test of comparison with the decorative needle-work of other times and nations, need hardly be applied to the color needle-work which every woman delights in.

The infinite variety of effects in home decoration which may be produced by a skillful needle, guided by a fine knowledge or sense of color, will make the difference between an attractive and an unattractive home; and these things are of importance beyond the present pleasure of doing or possessing, since children who grow up among these pleasant and harmonious effects will have a natural instinct for and pleasure in harmony of color, which will add greatly to the sum of human happiness derived from easily attainable things.

Every piece of color needle-work should possess this one element of beauty.

It is not enough that the groundwork or material upon which the work is placed should be good in tone, but everything which is to be applied to it must be chosen with reference to that particular tint. Or, if one chooses to reverse the order of selection because the design or subject demands the use of certain color, then the tone of the material must be chosen with reference to the color required by the design.

It is a very common thing for an amateur needle-woman to select some design because she has a sentiment of association or feeling of admiration for some particular flower. I will say, by way of illustration, that, remembering the roadsides of France, or Germany, or Italy, where along the edges of the wheat fields the poppies were scattered, each carrying its own little torch of flaming red, and recalling the pleasure she had in that unaccustomed wealth of scarlet, she enjoys the idea of reproducing the form and color of the flower in some piece of household adornment.

Now what she might do would be to select some material for a background which would suggest, in ever so distant a way, the mingling of russet and yellow and ripened green of the wheat, and to this she might adapt the mixed red of the poppies in shadow, and affected by the russets and greens which surrounded them, and these would lead up to the brilliant points of scarlet where the sun reaches some unprotected leaf. She might fill her background with perpendicular and bending lines, which would carry out the suggestiveness of the color, and work in spots of shadow to connect the stronger color of the flower with the fainter tints of the background and of the wheat, and above all might be placed some bit of material which would introduce the gray-blue of a cloudy sky. All these things are possible to the amateur needle-woman, and are only a working out with the needle a memory of effects in nature.

Unfortunately what she is very apt to do is to go to some place of supply and order a "poppy design" stamped upon some material the color of which "goes with the room." The reds which express the natural color of the flower may be at odds with the material; they may, in fact, produce a positive discord; but that has not been previously considered, and no matter how good the design or faithful the stitchery may be, the result is a positively valueless achievement, even to the patient and enthusiastic worker.

In home embroidery, as a rule, the subject should be selected after the material. Materials are chiefly to be considered as masses of color, and these should be tested in the room which they are expected to adorn. Leave the stuff which you propose to use lying among the things with which it must come in more or less immediate contact, and if you find that it makes an effect touching any of the degrees between pleasant and delightful, accept it.

The next step is to place skeins of silk and crewel in different tints upon the surface you have chosen. You will withdraw some quickly, and others doubtfully; but it is safe to follow the first feeling with regard to colors you are trying. If you hesitate and reason, you become confused, and end by accepting something which will make itself positively hateful to you afterward. Colors in harmony or contrast are to be judged as wise people judge their fellows—by the first positive impression, by instinct, and not by reason.

Having secured delightful harmonies or contrasts in your materials, it is easy to select a subject which will agree with them, for fortunately the range of appropriate subjects for home treatment of embroidery is infinite. It will add greatly to the pleasure of execution, as well as to the family pride of possession, if the motive is in any way appropriate to or connected with the daily or characteristic life of the family. One delightful boy whom I know showed me with great pride a pair of portières which he had himself embroidered for his own room. The color was good, for he belongs to a family where color is an inheritance; and the decoration consisted of bands of "little Joneses" in active practice with foils, and a tilt on horseback. Of course such portières were charming in a room the walls of which were a running history of the boys' summer vacations and winter sports. There is nothing truer than that home art should busy itself with home life. You will surely be able to interpret the home flowers which grow under your feet in truer and more characteristic fashion than the lotus flower which comes to your fingers only as a photograph or tracing from the tomb of some Egyptian, dead before the days of Moses. You may learn something of Egyptian art, something of composition or treatment, from these things, which will help you in your adaptation of natural forms; but do not be led into thinking that anything is better for your use or progress than the motives which are nearest and most familiar to you. The intelligent and thoughtful use of familiar things will make your art true, unaffected, and delightful.

CANDACE THURBER WHEELER.



EGLANTINE.

[SEE POEM ON PAGE 506.]

EGLANTINE.

See illustration on double page.

What idyl is for thee begun?
What voices call thee, lovely one?
Why flitting shadows o'er a face
Where sunshine bath its fitting place?
What vague forebodings dimly rise
Within the dusk of those sweet eyes,
Though on thy close-shut lips the while
The silence lingers like a smile?

I know the gaze of one who hears
The music of the coming years;
I know the listening look that grows
As from the rose-bud to the rose;
I read the thought that, half revealed
And half unconsciously concealed,
Is in thy soul, a haunting strain
Which oddly mingles bliss and pain.

Thy step is on the border line
Of destiny, fair Egplantine;
Behind thee but a little way
Are childhood's morning hours of play,
The daiy chain, the fairy ring,
The bees low hum, the robin's wing;
And what before thee? Soon or late,
The joys and griefs of woman's fate.

Hast yet divined thy beauty's dower,
Thy panoply of wistful power?
Hast learned of pearls and silk to weave
A favor for thy true-love's sleeve?
Dost know how women wait at home,
While men go forth the world to roam,
And then return to bend the knee
In knightly grace to such as thee?

Fair Egplantine, on lonely hills
Thy wild name-flower its breath distills;
There hover clouds of amethyst,
And airy veils of silver mist;
From those far fields what perfumes borne
Float round the ranks of lowland corn:
Who would not climb the mountain's crest
To wear such sweetness at his breast?

Would only that thy lot might be
Forever set to melody!
Would that no jar should ever fret
The string whose waking means regret!
O lovely listener, in thine eyes
If vague forebodings faintly rise,
Believe that more of joy than dole
Is measured to the trusting soul;
And if the maiden's pure desire
To lofty heights and hopes aspire,
Abate no jot of virgin pride,
Thy heart shall yet be satisfied.

For voices call thee, lovely one;
Thy childhood's thoughtless day is done,
And woman's beauty in thy face
Shines regnant in its mystic grace.
I know the steadfast look that peers
To read the tale of coming years,
And thou art at the border line
Of life and love, sweet Egplantine.

(Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 16, Vol. XIV.)

THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

By MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

AUTHOR OF "ALL OR NOTHING," "THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE," "A GOLDEN SORROW," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. LORTON'S FRIEND.

THE late owner of Horndean had been laid down for his long rest in a grave made alongside of the roomy vault—well filled, however, and with not a place to spare—of the Charleottes. The entrance to the vault was bricked up now; the key was put away with the family papers in the strong-room of an eminent solicitor in London, who had superintended the very last of the family affairs. There was no earthly reason why that key should not have been sold for old iron, and those family papers for remaking into fair white and blue stationery, for there was no longer a family to be "wanted" by death, or to have its business done by lawyers; the new grave now hid the successor to the Charleottes from the sight of men, and for the second time a stranger had come to the place whence their very name had vanished. So small a group of mourners had rarely been seen at the funeral of a man of local station and importance. It was composed of the clergyman, the doctor, Mr. Townley Gore, Mr. Lorton, and a fifth individual, whom nobody among the little crowd assembled to witness the interment could identify.

The people about Horndean were mostly well-to-do, comfortable farmers; the working classes were well off, employment was plenty, there was a sturdy, not to say rude, spirit of independence among them, and what sort of person the newcomer at the old place might be mattered very little to them.

Still there was some curiosity on the point, as it had got out before the funeral that the place was left to one not of kin to the last owner; so that the by-standers looked with interest for the appearance of the lucky man.

Everything was quite as it should be: very handsome, and very orderly, and if looking ill was to be regarded as an indication of grief, the late Mr. Horndean had at least one sincere mourner.

"Mr. Lorton looks as if he might soon be going to his own funeral," said an Irish nurse-maid, who was indulging her young charges with a spectacle which is looked upon as a treat, apart from any associations, in the country she came from.

"He do look bad, to be sure," assented her companion; "but who's that 'un, I wonder, with the black mustachers—him as ain't a-mindin' of parson, and keeps a-lookin' up at the tower so? P'raps he's a walet."

"No, no; if he was, he'd be with the servants, and have a hat-band and a scarf. He's a friend."
"He ain't a friend of the corpse, then; for he's a-fidgettin' and a-yawnin'. There! It's over, and he's a-goin' to 'ave a good look at the tower. He's a-handlin' of the hivy now. I say, he is a good-lookin' fellow, ain't he? and walks about as heasy as if he was a lord."

"Maybe he is a lord."
"No, he ain't, bless you! There don't never no lords come about 'Ornden. There was a mort on 'em when it was the Chase, mother says. See! they're going."

The little party was indeed leaving the churchyard, and the straggler, whose proceedings had been observed by the two girls, joined his friends at the lich-gate.

In the road below, under the trees, now clothed with their beautiful tender green, two carriages were standing. Into the first Mr. Townley Gore hoisted himself, with some difficulty and a stifled groan; the doctor followed him; the second conveyed Mr. Lorton and the stranger.

"Now, then, Fred, for the will," said the latter, as soon as they had lost sight of the church-yard gate.

Fred did not make any reply to this cheery and doubtless well-meant remark. He looked out of the carriage window on his side in an absent sort of way, and his companion, after glancing at him sharply, and muttering something about supposing it would not be the proper thing to light a cigar, but wishing it were, held his peace.

The road wound through a peaceful sylvan country, and was shaded almost the whole way by pine-trees; the scene was grateful to the mind and the eyes of the stranger; he had sufficient occupation in watching the play of light and shade, and enjoying the effects of color.

He did not feel himself snubbed in the least; he might perhaps have whistled, if he had not been returning from a funeral. As it was, he only said to himself:

"Poor old Fred! He has been terribly hard hit, and hasn't pulled himself together yet. He will be all right by-and-by."

The stranger looked like a man of light and cheerful temperament; a man who could take the world in which he had lived for five-and-twenty years or so, easily enough. He was good-looking, with bright dark eyes and dark hair, and something, if not foreign, suggestive of his having lived a good deal abroad, in his appearance and manners.

Mr. Lorton had reached Horndean so short a time before the hour appointed for the funeral, that he had only seen his sister for a few minutes in her own room. They had not exchanged a dozen sentences, but Mrs. Townley Gore had been able to convince herself that the explanation of her brother's silence given in his telegram was the true one. His pale face bore traces of severe illness, his eyes were dim and hollow, his features were drawn, his movements were feeble and weary, and his limbs were wasted. His sister could not repress a start on seeing him, nor could she keep a tone of alarm out of her voice. "I have been very ill, down with a bad fever at Calais," he said; "quite off my head; did not know anybody; should not have been here now if it hadn't been for the good fellow who has come with me. I will tell you all about it by-and-by."

Then he left her, and Mrs. Townley Gore devoted more thought than she was in the habit of giving to any matter which was not, in the narrowest sense of the term, her own business, to her brother and his affairs, while the funeral was going on.

After luncheon, at which Mrs. Townley Gore did not appear, but the gentlemen were joined by the lawyer who had come down from London, the second part of the day's programme was entered upon. The reading of the will took place in the library, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Townley Gore, Dr. Scott, and Mr. Osborne, the rector of the parish. Mr. Simpson, of the firm of Simpson & Rees, solicitors, Lincoln's Inn Fields, was the legal adviser charged with the Horndean business. When, on one occasion, during the present sojourn of Mr. and Mrs. Townley Gore at Horndean, the former had recognized in Mr. Simpson, who had come to visit his invalid client, the person who had been intrusted with the posthumous commission of Herbert Rhodes to him, he had felt a transient sense of awkwardness and discomfort; but it vanished before what was either genuine oblivion or tact on the part of Mr. Simpson. That gentleman did not make the slightest reference to the matter of their former interview. The business on which he had come to Horndean this time did not detain him long, and was one which could be made pleasant all round.

Frederick Lorton entered the library the last of the party to be present at the reading of the will. The others were already seated, and Mrs. Townley Gore silently pointed to a chair by the side of her own. Mr. Lorton took it, drew it close to the large leather-covered table, on which Mr. Simpson was in the act of spreading out the imposing-looking document, and resting his arm on the table, supported his head on his hand in an attitude which removed him from the direct line of observation by his sister.

The will, which was dated as far back as the year of Mrs. Townley Gore's marriage, was set forth with the customary, costly, and preposterous verbiage, under which, however, the satisfactory nature of its provisions was satisfactorily clear. To his "ward," Frederick Lorton, the testator bequeathed all his landed property, on the condition that he should assume the name of Horndean; the estate to descend to his heirs general on a similar condition. In the event of Frederick Lorton's death without issue, the estate was to pass to the eldest male representative of Mr. Horndean's nearest of kin (named), to descend in the same way and on the same conditions. "I make this disposition," so ran the will, "because it is

my desire and intention that the estate of Horndean shall be held in the name of Horndean, henceforth and in perpetuity, whether its holder be male or female." To Mrs. Townley Gore he bequeathed five thousand pounds. After these, the most important provisions, the testator proceeded to deal with his cherished possessions, the collections, and on this point his instructions were minute. The gems and precious stones, the china, enamels, and other articles of virtu, were to be heirlooms, and to be kept at Horndean, in their present order, and in the long drawing-room. This, in case that Frederick Lorton should have children, and that the property should therefore be inherited, as he hoped and trusted it might be, by persons who would have a traditional knowledge of himself, his tastes, and the value which he set on these things. But in the contrary event, and in case of the property passing to the representative of his (the testator's) next of kin, as he could not be assured that such person would be one possessing any knowledge of the value of his collection, he directed that on Frederick Lorton's death, without issue, the whole should be presented to the Art Museum at M——, the town in which he was born. Some liberal bequests to his servants, and a request that Frederick Lorton should continue to intrust the management of the Horndean estates to Messrs. Simpson & Rees, were included in the provisions of the will. With these the document concluded, and Mr. and Mrs. Townley Gore had heard it read with entire equanimity. They had both been long aware of the general nature of its provisions, its noble endowment of Frederick Lorton, and handsome bequest to themselves. The minor matters did not concern them. But when Mr. Simpson had finished reading the will, and just as his hearers were about to speak, instead of turning to the heir with the customary congratulations, he kept his eyes on the sheets of parchment before him, and said,

"There is a codicil, made three years ago, which I shall now read."

Mrs. Townley Gore glanced at her husband in some alarm, and Mr. Lorton slightly changed his attitude. Three years ago! That was the time at which he and his former guardian had fallen out more seriously than in their long course of quarrels they had ever done before; that was the time from which Mrs. Townley Gore had begun to despair of her brother's ever coming to much good, and especially to that supreme good, the inheritance of Horndean, and to be beset by the fear that her old friend's own words had only recently dispelled. Not a word was spoken while Mr. Simpson read the codicil. It was brief, emphatically worded, and to the effect that if at the period of the testator's death it should be found that Frederick Lorton had contracted marriage without the knowledge of the testator, the previous bequests to him should become null and void, and the whole of the property named and described in the will should pass to the representative of the testator's nearest of kin (named) on the before-mentioned conditions.

Persons who have observed the demeanor of prisoners on trial on a capital charge have remarked that there is one respect in which they are all alike; it is the physical manifestation of the effect upon them produced by the delivery of the verdict. When that fateful utterance is "Not guilty," the prisoner at the bar draws a long, deep breath; when it is "Guilty," the doomed wretch opens his dry mouth like a fish, and the tongue clicks against the palate. Perhaps, if one had opportunities of observation, it would be found that the termination for good or ill of any kind of serious suspense manifests itself in one of these two ways.

When Mr. Simpson, having read the codicil through, laid his hand flat upon the document, and said, "That is all," Frederick Lorton drew a long, deep breath.

All who were present rose, and a few words were spoken; those of Mr. Simpson were most to the purpose:

"I presume I may congratulate you, freely and without reserve, Mr. Lorton?"

"Thank you, Mr. Simpson, you may. I am not a married man."

"I shall leave you all to talk over things for a while," said Mrs. Townley Gore. "And perhaps you, Frederick, will join me presently, in the rose walk. Mr. Simpson, I know, must catch the train."

She took a gracious leave of the lawyer, and left the room.

The men resumed their seats, and with the exception of Mr. Lorton, began to talk.

"About this nearest of kin, this Richard Smith, formerly of Nottingham," said Mr. Townley Gore, "where and what is he? I never heard Mr. Horndean mention his name."

"Nor did I," said Mr. Simpson, "except when I took his instructions for that will ten years ago. I know nothing about him."

"Seems rather vague, does it not? A Richard Smith, formerly of Nottingham?"

"Well, perhaps it does; but in the highly improbable event" (with a slight bow to the heir) "provided for by this" (he was folding up the crackerly parchment as he spoke), "I think we should not have much difficulty in finding the nearest of kin."

Mrs. Townley Gore rarely found herself in any situation of which she was not mistress; in the present instance, however, she was not so entirely composed and comfortable as she could have wished to be, and her preoccupation gave to her aspect a subdued gravity that was really becoming under the circumstances. Her manner was almost always correct, but absolute perfection of demeanor can not, after all, invariably subsist with entire heartlessness; that fatal flaw will make itself evident sometimes, and it would have manifested itself now in the callousness, natural to her, but unnatural in the sight of other people, with which she would have treated the solemn-

ties of a death and a burial, had she not had a secret cause of disturbance which troubled her serenity.

Her brother Frederick was now in real sober earnest the important personage she had long hoped he might some day become; and she was not at all sure how she stood with him. His illness accounted for a good deal of his conduct with regard to herself, but it did not account for it all. What if she should find that he still resented, and meant to go on resenting, her method of meeting him when he had last applied to her in one of those frequent scrapes of which she had wearied at length to the imprudent point of bullying him? Mrs. Townley Gore, whose faith in her own infallibility was almost the only faith of which she was capable, actually found herself in the condition in which she occasionally declared herself—when it happened to suit her convenience to go to church—genuinely wishing that she had left undone something which she had done, and done something which she had left undone. She wished she had not written that very sharp decisive letter to Frederick last summer; of course all she had said was quite true, and more than deserved, still she wished she had not allowed herself to prove to him with irresistible force how much wiser, cleverer, and stronger she was than he; the demonstration had wounded his vanity. Men were so horribly vain! Then she wished she had kept Frederick with her, or near her, instead of losing sight of him for so long an interval. Who could say now what influence he had come under? Of course it was easy to be wise after the fact, and to think it would have been worth while to put up with some inconvenience for the few months during which Mr. Horndean's life had been destined to last; but even without that display of posthumous wisdom she might have adopted a better policy with Frederick. Who had he been with? In bad company of course—he was always in bad company, when free to choose his own; and though there was nothing to fear on the old score (that miserable girl, the paltry, painted actress, about whom Mr. Horndean had quarrelled with him, and against whom the will was intended as a defense, was dead—had been burned to death, poor wretch—and out of the way), who could say that Frederick had not opened a new one? This very first day would decide the question of her own position with him; if he meant fight, he would show it when the hour of explanation had come. As Mrs. Townley Gore passed slowly up and down the velvet-like greensward, dotted all over with rose-trees, absorbed in thought, she might have been supposed to be thinking of the tenant of the new-made grave that was so near; but she hardly even glanced at that in her meditations; she was of the number of those who bury their dead out of their sight, with whom they are "out of mind."

She had been in the rose garden a full hour, now walking, now resting on a garden seat, when, looking for perhaps the hundredth time toward the arched opening in a thick, beautifully kept privet hedge which fenced off the rose kingdom from its meaner neighbors, she saw her brother coming toward the arch; but he was not alone.

"How provoking of him!" muttered Mrs. Townley Gore, with a dark frown. But she had cleared the frown away before her brother came up to the place where she stood, and said,

"Caroline, this is my good friend and comrade, Frank Lisle."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Shopping in Paris.—Caution to be observed.—French Justice.—Worth and other Dressmakers.—Private Commissions.

AS this is the season when American tourists mostly seek Paris and London, and as they, or at least the feminine division of the great army of American travel, usually expect to indulge in shopping to a considerable extent, perhaps a few words of warning or advice from an old resident might not prove unacceptable.

To those who, for instance, visit Paris for the first time I would address a special word of caution respecting the Parisian trades-people in general. As a rule, they are thoroughly unreliable. Of course to this rule there are many and notable exceptions, and of these I shall speak presently. But the American shopper ought fully to realize one fact, and that is that nearly every French dressmaker or milliner looks upon her American customer as her lawful prey, to be fleeced and cheated as seemeth best unto herself. It is a dangerous thing for the new-comer to be tempted into entering any shop where she may see pretty and stylish things displayed in the window, and forthwith set to work to order a complete outfit. Very often the elegant articles set forth on view were not made in the shop at all, but were purchased from some prominent and famous house to serve as patterns. Consequently the things furnished will probably be of inferior style and quality. Secondly, never take an address from a French person, whether landlord, concierge, tradesman, or even from a French acquaintance. For the iniquitous system of "commission" flourishes in rank and universal growth in every station of society in Paris. Your friend the Comtesse de C—— takes you to her dressmaker's, and aids you with her exquisite and refined taste in dress; she receives five per cent. on the amount of her American friend's purchases. The Duc de S—— is happy to advise his transatlantic acquaintances as to the best wines to purchase and the best place whereat to purchase them, and he too makes his little profit out of the transaction. And this system extends from the highest to the lowest. The dressmaker who recommends you to go to such a milliner for bonnets, and to such a shoemaker for shoes, to match the toilette she is making for you, is giving advice that is any-

thing but disinterested. As the percentage demanded and received is, of course, added to the cost of the article, it will readily be seen how iniquitous such a system really is, and what an extra demand is thereby made on the purse of the innocent purchaser to enable the tradesman not to lose by the transaction. There are, however, certain houses in Paris that have invariably refused to adopt the commission system, the foremost amongst them being the Bon Marché, Worth, and the Compagnie des Indes. Still, it is not safe for the American traveller to plunge without a guide into the perilous mazes of Parisian shopping, so he or she had best consult some American friend who may chance to be residing in Paris, and who can point out such trades-people as are accustomed to dealing with Americans, and who will be inclined to treat their transatlantic customers with reasonable fairness.

I would also have my country-women bear in mind that the extreme of caution must be used in dealing with even the very first and most famous of the dressmakers of Paris. For if an order be once given, there is no rescinding it, no opportunity given to the customer to change her mind, no patience with any demand for alterations in the make or variations in the style. Nor, if the customer be dissatisfied, and get into an altercation with her dressmaker, can she find any protection in French law. Let the case be ever so clearly against the Frenchwoman, the foreign customer never has even a show of justice accorded to her. A peculiarly flagrant case of this nature has just been decided in the French courts. A lady of high social standing in the American colony was shown last winter, at the establishment of one of the most prominent of Parisian dressmakers (it was *not* at Worth's, be it understood), a very handsome cloak, trimmed with rich and beautiful fur. She was tempted by the elegance of the garment, but hesitated to order it on account of its high price. "But, madame," urged the proprietress of the establishment, "only look at the richness of the fur wherewith it is trimmed; nothing of finer quality in that line can possibly be obtained." The lady finally decided to order such a cloak for herself, the pattern one being too small for her, and she expressly stipulated that the fur trimming should be of the same fine quality as that used upon the sample cloak, as she naturally did not wish to pay so high a price for an inferior article. When she went to try the cloak on, she asked to see the fur wherewith it was to be trimmed. A good many excuses were made, and a great reluctance was manifested to produce the fur, but the lady stood firm, and insisted on seeing the trimming, and it was finally exhibited. So far from equalling that upon the sample cloak, it was markedly inferior in quality, being coarse dyed stuff, and the dressmaker finally acknowledged that she had been unable to procure any more as good as that she had formerly used. The lady then positively refused to take the cloak. Thereupon the dressmaker sued her. The case was decided in the lady's favor in two courts, but on being taken up to the third, she was condemned to pay not only the original bill, but all the law costs as well. This is a fair sample of the justice that is dealt to Americans in French courts of law when they resist the attempts of a French tradesman to fleece them. In fact, though the counsel is a hard one, I would advise my country-people who may chance to find themselves involved in any dispute of that nature, to simply pay their bills, and bear their losses as best they may, as any other course will only bring upon them fresh expenses, and will almost invariably result in the triumph of their adversary; for I have seen fifty such affairs during my residence in Paris, and in only one instance was the case decided in favor of the American.

Prices in Paris no longer afford that tempting contrast with those of our larger cities that they used to do in the days before the Franco-Prussian war and the Universal Exhibition of 1878, both of these events having contributed to increase the cost of all articles of Parisian consumption or manufacture to a perfectly terrific extent. Worth's prices have never been very small, but they are quite reasonable when compared with those of some other famous houses. When it comes to paying \$400 for a ball dress and \$300 for a dinner dress, when a light summer walking costume is considered cheap at \$125, and a parasol in brocade and embroidery costs \$40, it will readily be understood that very elegant articles are *not* cheap in Paris. Worth's prices are rather lower than those I have quoted above, and then it must be confessed that the materials that he uses are always of the very best quality. Moreover, he never duplicates his dresses. There are houses in Paris that get out some eight or ten gorgeous toilettes at the beginning of the season, and then stereotype them, so to speak, so that you see Madame A.'s olive green costume repeated in navy blue on Madame B., and Madame X.'s ball dress shows forth, with few variations, on the graceful form of Mademoiselle Z., of the Vaudeville, in the last new comedy, a week before Madame X. has had a chance to wear it. Worth's inventive powers appear to me to be boundless: you never see the same line of dresses at his establishment for two weeks in succession. And as I have been rather severe upon Parisian dressmakers, I must not refrain from stating an incident that does credit to his sense of justice and fair dealing. Last winter an American lady residing in Paris ordered from Mr. Worth, whose constant customer she had been for years past, a dinner dress in dark velvet trimmed with bead passementerie. The dress was made and sent home, and the corsage failed to fit. Mr. Worth was ill at the time, and his leading subordinates were unable to eradicate the defects in a satisfactory manner. The lady, being in delicate health, finally gave up the attempt in despair. When next Mr. Worth saw her at his establishment he inquired respecting her velvet dress. On learning that the corsage did not fit, and could

not be altered, he at once offered to make her another one. But his customer was on the point of quitting Paris, and could not wait. So that evening she received a package containing the velvet and passementerie necessary for a new waist, with Mr. Worth's compliments, and regrets for the *contretemps*.
LUCY H. HOOPER.

[Continued from page 491, No. 31, Vol. XIV.]

IN ALSACE.

By MADAME GUIZOT DE WITT.

Translated by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

CHAPTER IV.

UNDER the cottage roof was at once great joy and great pain. No confidences were exchanged between Morand and his betrothed, or between the old man and Salome; only every one united in hastening the preparations for the marriage. Possibly Morand blamed himself for not having sooner made up his mind, and expressed it. Frederica had many a bitter thought in the midst of her happiness. The old forester said nothing, but his eyes followed his younger daughter far oftener than the elder.

Morand had to leave a month after his betrothal, and go to establish himself in his new home and work. When he came back, Frederica was busy getting ready the trunk filled with household linen—the labor of her busy hands, which she would take away with her to her husband's home.

Salome helped her silently and energetically. She seemed to have quaffed in one draught her bitter cup, to have cut off the right hand, and plucked out the right eye. If she suffered still, no one knew it, not even her father. Frederica, even, seeing her sister so busy, often said to herself: "How quickly she is consoled! If Morand had loved her instead of me, I think I should have died of grief." But people do not die of grief whose hearts are true, and whose will is firm. Salome, bent on rooting out of her soul a love which, however innocent at first, was innocent no longer, watched and prayed night and day.

Morand came back for his bride. Frederica herself did not take more pains to set off her beauty in her bridegroom's sight than did Salome to conceal all traces of her suffering. The eyes looked brighter than ever when the young forester led his wife to the altar, inasmuch that many youths said, "If I had been Morand, I would have chosen Salome." But the mothers shook their heads and said that beauty was not everything, and Frederica was such an admirable manager of a household.

Joseph was at the wedding. When he went to ask for a holiday, it was with so dull a face that his master inquired, laughing, whether he was off to a marriage or a funeral. Joseph might well have said the latter; all his hopes seemed dead and buried.

But the blow had not struck him suddenly as it had Salome. He had time to compose his features, and even put on a festive manner, as he apologized for his long absence.

"But you never missed me," said he to the bride. Frederica blushed, for it was only too true.

Busy, even with her orange-blossom crown on, she was helping Salome to lay the dinner. Joseph gave her a gold cross, bought out of his slender wages, and her eyes sparkled with delight: she would have liked to put it on at once. Morand was not rich, and had nothing to give her but a gold ring that lay in his waistcoat pocket.

Joseph's secret was tolerably well guessed, but the bridegroom was not jealous. Joseph and Salome walked into church together behind the happy pair. The father looked after them and sighed.

"Two griefs can not make one happiness," he thought.

The young couple were gone, the forester's cottage had become silent. Once Salome used to sing at her work, now she worked without singing. It was with difficulty that she remembered little details of housekeeping, so easy to Frederica, but she would not let herself dream.

"What use would it be?" she often thought.

As mother said, "Take care, Salome." So she redoubled her activity in the house, her watchful care over her old father, who often smiled when she came to relieve him of his gun, and even to unbutton his gaiters.

"I am still stout enough to take care of myself, and I want no assistance," said he. "It was Morand I wanted, but the lad knew better how to shift for himself."

While her father was in the forest, Salome spent many a lonely hour, but sometimes she went with him, and watched the long slides like the slide of ice down which the huge logs were thrown. Sunday was the brightest day of the long dull week, for then Joseph never failed to come early and depart late. But he spoke little, and not even the news which the old man was always ready to tell about Frederica and her affairs provoked from him a reply. He listened taciturn and cold, arranging on his lap the flowers he had gathered in the forest, great handfuls of which he often took back to his city home. Never once had he exchanged confidences with Salome, yet he felt she understood him whether he spoke or not: her presence was a rest to him. She on her side began to find the time long from Sunday to Sunday, and each time when Joseph went away she said to him, "You will be sure to come again?"

Winter returned, but a little less severe than the last. The valley lay deep in the snow, and the forester's cottage was once more shut out from the world. Not from Joseph, who got a sledge, and succeeded in coming every Sunday as usual. He brought father Dominic town news, not overinteresting, and newspapers full of the

war, which was a ceaseless curiosity to the old man, who had served as a soldier for seven years in Algeria.

"There I used to meet men of all countries, and ever since I like to know what is passing in the world. Last winter I had nearly come to the end of my tobacco, but I do believe I could better want my pipe than my newspaper."

Salome laughed. "Happily, father, you can read the same paper twenty times over, but you can never recommence an ended pipe. That which vanishes in smoke vanishes forever."

Her voice was a little sad. Joseph looked at her surprised. The old man tapped his nephew on the shoulder.

"Thanks to thee, lad, I have wanted neither pipe nor newspapers this winter. I do believe you think all week what you can bring us of Sundays."

"No, uncle, I do better than that. Salome writes down what she wants one Sunday, and I bring it the next."

"As you brought the books which I saw you reading together, and the crystal cup with her name on it which she got last week."

Joseph laughed. So did Salome, without knowing why.

"The barometer is falling," he said, absently.

"Nonsense of barometer! I make mine out of the winds and clouds, the flight of birds and the leaves of trees. These show as clearly as you can the state of the weather. When you come next week, nephew, you will require no sledge."

Joseph laughed. "It has served me well all winter, but I prefer my legs: they cost less money."

For though his wages had increased, he was still very economical. They laughed at the long account Joseph was beginning to keep with his banker. But the young fellow kept his own counsel over his own affairs.

CHAPTER V.

THE clouds were low and the sky gray when Joseph, stick in hand, took, next Sunday, his way to the forester's cottage. Streams long frozen came tumbling down the rocks or filtering through the ground; the murmur of waters was heard on every side. The snow was fast disappearing in the forest, but many times the road was blocked up by trunks of trees which the now freed torrents had torn up and brought with them down the mountain-side. Joseph tried to lift them away, so as to make an easier path for those who might follow him. But it was hard work. His bag slipped from his shoulder; it was heavy, for, sledge or no sledge, he could not forget Salome's commission. Very tired and breathless was he when he reached his uncle's door.

Salome stood there alone. "Father is gone to the forest. He is troubled at the rapid melting of the snow. Sometimes our stream overflows its banks, and does a deal of harm."

Joseph had spent many an hour by the brook-side gathering flowers or catching trout. It had never occurred to him that it could do any harm—the innocent little stream!

"The sky is not brilliant to-day, and the ground is well soaked with rain. Still, I think you could walk easily, Salome, if you will lean sometimes on me. Shall we start and go and look after your father? I own I shall be rather interested to see that pretty, merry little rivulet in a fury."

Salome did laugh. "Accidents happen sometimes," said she, gravely, and agreed at once to Joseph's proposal. Young and strong, steady-headed, sure-footed, she had no fear, except for her father.

"But if we meet him, and you take his gun, and give him your arm, he will come safely home, in spite of this horrible weather."

So chatting, the two cousins went merrily on. Joseph had got into the habit of telling Salome all his cares, which his mother was too old and too infirm to be troubled with, and she in her turn had many things to say to him which she never said to her father. They spoke of present and future unhesitatingly, but the past was always a sealed book with them.

They reached the stream without finding the old man. There Joseph stopped, horrified at the change. It was not a rivulet at all, but a foaming, roaring torrent, pouring down from the mountain-side.

"For the love of God, let us hurry on!" cried Salome. "Close by is a ruined house, with a cottage built against it. If the stream sweeps it away, everybody will be drowned."

Joseph seized Salome's hand, and they both ran as fast as they could. The noise of the waters and the occasional crash of falling trees almost deafened them, but above it all Salome thought she heard cries of distress. She leaped from stone to stone, her long hair floating behind her. Joseph's eyes followed her with admiration.

"Never did I see a woman so strong and brave as this gentle cousin Salome."

Arrived at the abandoned house, with the little cottage clinging to its wall, they found it already half destroyed by the violence of the flood. A woman stood at the window, with a child in her arms, and just opposite, on the further shore, stood the old forester, gun in hand, making signs to her that he would try to swim across.

Father Dominic used to say of quiet Joseph, "He has milk in his veins instead of blood," but it did not seem so now. He called out to the bewildered woman with a strong, clear voice, accustomed to be obeyed, and she did obey. She rushed out of her cottage, with the child in her arms, and that instant the old wall fell upon it with a crash. She had only just escaped death, and her shrieks of terror rang through all the noise of the forest.

"Salome," said Joseph, "hold your father fast. Don't let him take off his clothes; it would be useless; he could not breast the stream. I can." And he was gone.

Salome fell on her knees upon the bank. Her father stood by her, shouting out advices to the brave fellow, who was already fighting with the torrent.

"Mind those branches. That round stone is not firm. There is a hole in the bed of the stream, where the current is always rapid. Brave lad! he guesses what he can't know. That stupid woman! She clings to him; she will hinder his getting ashore."

But Joseph's feet were firm on shore. He was able to make a sign to Salome that he would go straight home with the woman and child.

"Let us hurry home, and see that there is food, fire, and wine," cried Salome, but her father lingered.

"If I had been only ten years younger! Then a lad brought up in a town could not have shown me how to save a woman and child."

Meantime Joseph, carrying the child and helping the woman, had succeeded in getting home first. He had not changed his clothes, but he had made up the fire, placed the woman in father Dominic's arm-chair, and wrapped the child in a rug, where it lay warming its little feet on the hearth, and smiling up at its preserver.

Salome stood an instant to watch the pretty sight; then took the child in her arms.

"Go, Joseph, get yourself dried in father's room. You have done enough for one day. You will be ill yourself."

"Then will you nurse me?" and he took her hand.

"Anything you like, if you will only go and change your clothes."

Some months after Joseph and Salome were walking along the banks of the stream. It was Sunday, and the little waves seemed singing a Sunday psalm.

"What a transformation," said Salome, "since the day when you saved that poor woman and her child! How contented she is now! This stream is not more changed than her life, poor soul! Thanks to you."

"And our life too," said Joseph, tenderly.

"Yes," answered Salome, pressing her husband's arm, "our storms are past, the stream flows peacefully on. I understood to-day that one may yet be happy."

"I understood it a little before you did, perhaps," said Joseph, smiling.

THE END.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VIRGINIA.—Get some olive-colored French bunting for making a basque and over-skirt for a skirt like the sample of silk you send. Make with flounces up the side, and pointed apron over-skirt draped so high that it will show all the flounces. Have a shirred basque of the wool goods.

S. B.—Read about white dresses in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 28, Vol. XIV. The blue cashmere should be similarly made, and trimmed with white Spanish lace. Surplice throat and elbow sleeves is the prettiest style for such a dress.

ELLA.—Wraps are not worn here in ball-rooms, and only negligé wraps of chuddah, or of crocheted wool, or of Spanish lace, are used for summer evenings. You might have white camel's-hair made in a Mother Hubbard mantle of medium size—not a cloak; line it with thin silk, and trim it with frills of Spanish lace. In the winter you could add a red plush lining, or else one of wadded satin.

K. B. M.—For the black Surah silk for a lady in mourning use only the Surah. Have two pleatings finely laid and twenty inches deep across the front and sides, allowing only the lower one to go all around. Then sew a wrinkled apron to the top of the upper pleating, turn it up to the belt, and have full drapery behind—very bouffant and very long, yet very slender. Then have a simple basque with a pleated scarf on the neck, and also on the wrists.

H. R.—There is no help for the glazed look that now ruins many silks. You can send the dress to the best French scourers, and they will tell you that they can remove it, but not permanently, as it is caused by some ingredient in the silk, and though removed entirely it will re-appear. It has become a risk to buy black silks on account of this ugly glaze, and there is no test that applies to all brands, though rubbing a sample of the silk between the thumb and finger often brings to view the shiny look at once.

NEW SUBSCRIBER.—Miss Braddon's novel, *Barbara*, was first called "Splendid Misery," and was published in the Bazar under that title.—Get olive or else porcelain blue for your summer and fall silk, and trim it with Spanish lace and shirring of the same.

M. W. Y.—There are places here where you can have your dress nicely cleaned without ripping it, but we do not advise coloring silks, as there is always great risk in it, and dyed silk is apt to be flimsy.

A. C.—A Cheviot wool travelling cloak with square sleeves, and, if you like, some gathers about the neck, is what you want for a wrap that will protect your dress as well as be warm.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Do not make the front of basques too long if you do not want them to turn up. When fitting them, have the wearer sit down, and see if the change of position affects the garment. Then put some leads in the facing on the edge to hold them in place.

M. D.—The stitching and darker blue ribbon will trim your pretty flannel stylishly.

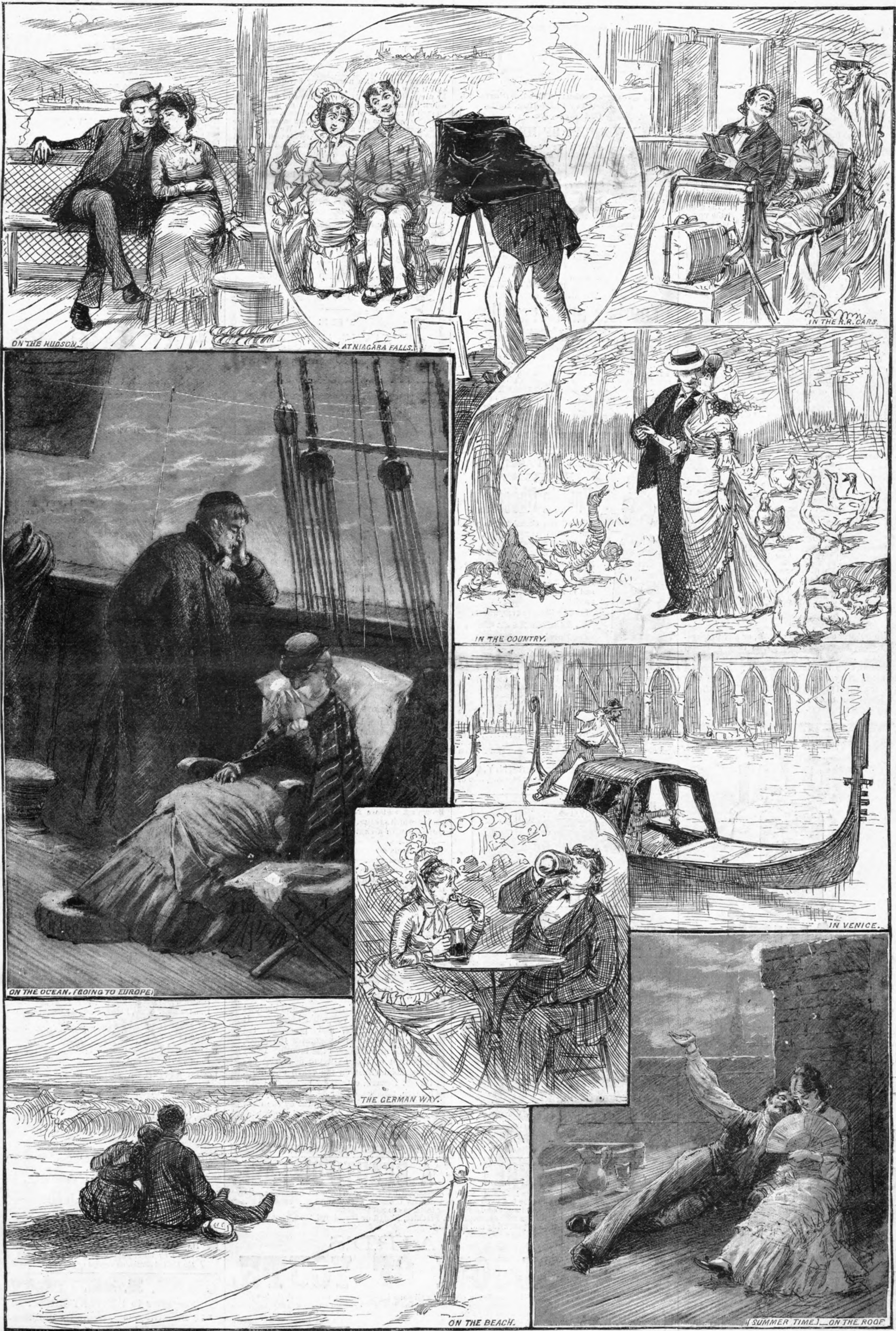
WINTER.—It is entirely too early to decide about your velvet dress for next winter. The waists with bias fronts have the back straight. Have your entire dress of heliotrope silk, and make with a shirred basque and Greek over-skirt, and put pleated flounces on the lower skirt.

EDNA.—Make your silk with a round waist, fichu, and a sash; then have a pleated skirt and apron over-skirt. Trim it with white Spanish lace. You will have a pretty little dress for nice occasions, though rather gay for church.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.—Widows wear their crape vells folded backward on their bonnets in summer, or else thrown back entirely. Black lace mitts are not worn in deep mourning; use instead black undressed kid gloves, or else silk or black lisle-thread. White crêpe lisse crimped or finely pleated is worn around the neck inside black crape frills. White sheer organdy collars turned down and widely hemmed, with cuffs to match, are also suitable.



PORTIERE IN UNION LEAGUE CLUB HOUSE, NEW YORK.—DESIGNED BY MRS. CANDACE THURBER WHEELER, OF L. C. TIFFANY & CO.—[SEE PAGE 508.]



VARIOUS WAYS OF SPENDING THE HONEY-MOON.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

Rug-weaving by Hand.—Figs. 1-4.

See illustrations on page 500.

Among the various kinds of Oriental work which have lately gained popularity, is the hand-weaving illustrated in Figs. 1-4, by means of which the costly Ushak and Smyrna rugs can be closely imitated with comparatively little trouble. Fig. 1 shows the frame which is required for the work, and which can be made by any carpenter. A strip of linen Java canvas or of sail-cloth (c) is tacked along each of the bars a and a', and ends of fine but strong twine are drawn through the strip on the bar marked a; the ends of twine are cut double the length of the rug to be woven, and are fastened at regular intervals in the manner shown in Fig. 2, each two threads occupying about one-fifth of an inch of space. The threads are temporarily wound on the bar a by turning the disk b on the end of it, to allow of the ends being knotted on the canvas on a' in the manner shown in Fig. 2; but before the ends are fastened, they are drawn in regular order through a strip of canvas (g), which can be moved up or down, and serves to keep the threads from becoming confused during the work. The threads are then wound on the bar a' by turning the disk b'. The work is begun by working in the first row of the wool in the manner shown in Fig. 2; this forms the upper edge of Fig. 3. A curved packing needle is used for the purpose, and is threaded with two or three threads of strong coarse knitting cotton, or of hemp cord which is not firmly twisted. The first row of wool tufts is next knotted in; for this part of the work, if a very soft rug is desired, eightfold zephyr wool is used; but for rugs that are expected to bear hard usage, coarse three-thread woollen yarn is a better choice. Fig. 4 shows the manner of knotting in the woollen thread; the left end is drawn out as far as the tufts are to be high, which is about three-eighths of an inch. After the wool is knotted in, it is cut off even with the left end of the tuft, and the knot is pushed, but not too closely, up to the wool. After the first row of tufts, the second row of the wool is worked in, and the work is continued in this manner, working in the tufts and the wool in alternate rows. Any design in symbols can be woven into the rug, each symbol being represented by a tuft. Fig. 3 gives a design for a border. One of the chief conditions to success is that the wool be of even thickness throughout; and another, that neither the wool nor the wool be drawn too tight, as otherwise the work will be puckered and uneven; this is partly prevented by strong wire rods (d in Fig. 1), which are attached by one end on the inner sides of the frame, and around which the wool is carried as it is brought to and fro. When part of the work is completed, it is wound about the bar a, releasing the warp from a'.

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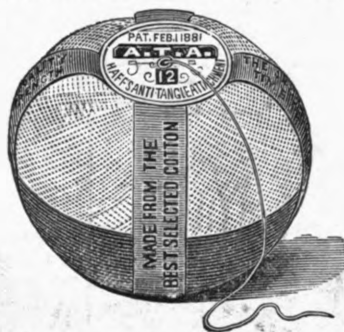
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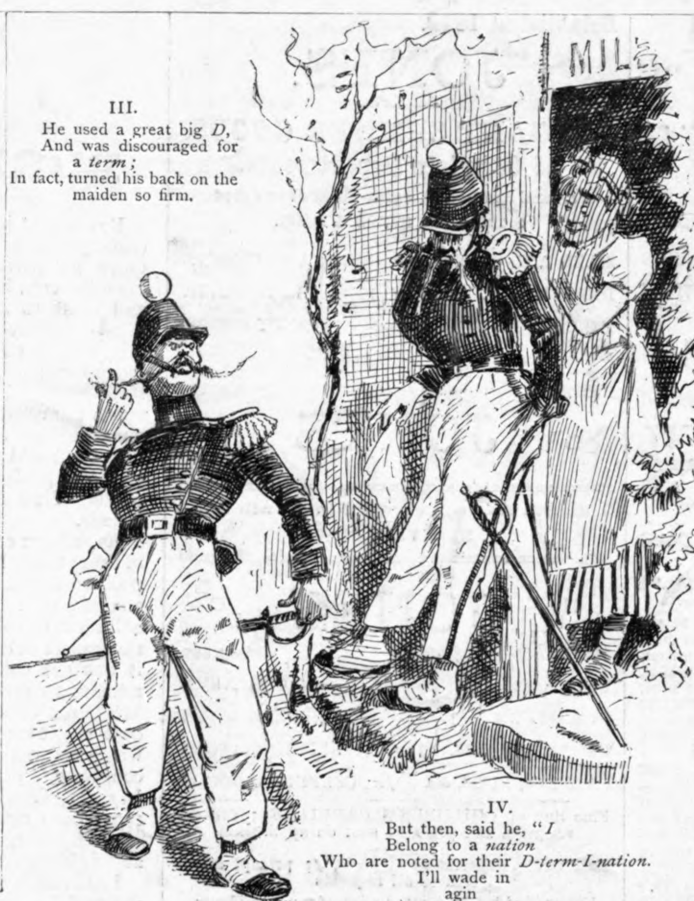
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Dr. Goodall, Provost of Eton, was congratulated by a young lady on being made a canon of Westminster, and she asked him to give a ball in the vacation. As she did so, she archly tapped his wig with her fan, and the powder was puffed out. "There, my dear," said the doctor, "you see that, although you can readily get powder out of the canon, you can not so easily get the ball."

"Here, James, take these two cakes, and give the smaller one to your little brother."

James examines the cakes carefully, appears undecided, and finally takes a heroic bite out of one of them, which he passes over to his brother, with the remark, "There, Tommy, I've made you a smaller one—they were of the same size."

Rab, a village worthy, leading a white horse, is accosted by a wag.

WAG (anxiously). "Man, Rab, sharely yer horse is no weel? It's awfu' white in the face."

RAB (stuttering). "I-f-f your he-he-heed had been as long in a hal-hal-halter, ye'd be-be-been wh-wh-white in the face tae!"

A subscriber asks if we can recommend a cheap and popular watering-place. Certainly. Just let us know where it is, and we'll recommend it. That's the kind we approve of.

A very quick and clever child made an observation to her governess the other day which had a great deal of truth in it. "How is it, my dear," inquired the lady, "that you do not understand this simple thing?"

"I do not know, indeed," she answered, with a perplexed look; "but I sometimes think I have so many things to learn that I have not time to understand."

Why should not an absconding debtor be called a swindler?—Because he is a non est man.

FACETIÆ.

A MAN met a friend from the country on the street.

"How do you come on?" exclaimed the former. "When I last heard of you you had a lawsuit on hand with Tom Smith about a fine horse. How did that end?"

"I won it. I completely got away with Tom. You see, the justice was the most honest man in the world; so I wrote him a note asking him to accept the inclosed five-dollar bill."

"I should think the judge would have ruled against you for trying to bribe him."

"So he would if I had not been careful to sign Tom Smith's name instead of my own."

An industrious tradesman having taken a new apprentice, awoke him at a very early hour on the first morning by calling out that the family were sitting down to table. "Thank you," said the boy, as he turned over in the bed to adjust himself for a new nap—"thank you, I never eat anything during the night."

A Spoon—An article that meets a lady's lips without kissing them.

TIME IS MONEY.—Of course it is, or how could you "spend an evening?"

A curious-looking meditative man was roaming through an anatomical museum, and came across the skeleton of a donkey. "Ah," he said, *sotto voce*, in reverential awe, as he carefully adjusted his green spectacles on his nose, "we are indeed fearfully and wonderfully made!"

You can not cultivate a man's acquaintance by continually harrowing his feelings.

HOW TO BE AGREEABLE.—Call upon people out of season; upon business people especially in business hours, for a long friendly chat on things in general. Stop people in the street if they appear to be in a hurry; if they are not in the latest cut and newest garments, say you thought your friend was going to the tailor's. Always assist the teller in the midst of a story or a statement. Come in late to church, or the concert, or to dinner. Always laugh in the wrong place, or about a minute too soon. Tell some anecdote that comes as near as possible to some unpleasant circumstance in the family affairs of a person present. If at a loss for conversation, the small-pox or drainage will fill up the gap.



The following incident occurred at the recent Bagshot bazar in England. A young gentleman thought he fancied a certain article exposed for sale at one of the stalls, and he was certain he fancied the lady who presided at the stall. "He remarked, therefore, that he thought that particular article very pretty."

The lady said, "Yes, it is very pretty. My mother sent it."

"Ah, really?" pursued the young gentleman, determined to discover the name of the owner of the eyes that had bewitched him—"really? Let me see—I think I have met your mother. Her name is—"

"The Queen!" answered the lady.

The young gentleman did not wait for the last train from Bagshot.

"Mr. Boatman," said a timid woman to the ferryman who was rowing her across a river, "are people ever lost in this river?"

"Oh no, ma'am," he replied; "we always finds 'em again within a day or so."

A LAZY COOK—One that "fritters" away her time.

A SEEDY OCCUPATION—The florist's.

"I wish to ask the Court," said a facetious barrister, who had been called to testify as an expert, "if I am compelled to come into this case, in which I have no personal interest, and give a legal opinion for nothing?"

"Yes, yes, certainly," replied the mild-mannered judge; "give it for what it is worth."

A Cincinnati paper says that the politest young man going is a resident of that city. He took off his hat to talk to a lady through the telephone.

In a French translation of *Macbeth*, the "Hail, Macbeth!" of the witches became "Comment vous portez-vous, M. Macbeth?"



A TINGE OF ENVY.

"It's easy to see, Jinny, she ain't used to good Close. Jist see how she carries her Pairasol."

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. XIV.—No. 33.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1881.

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Brocade Silk Evening Dress.

THIS pale blue brocade silk dress consists of a trained trimmed skirt and a basque, which is pointed at the front, and extends into the drapery on the back. The basque is cut square at the front and back, and is edged at the neck and on the short sleeves with white lace. The foundation skirt is bordered on the bottom with a side-pleating of the material, and is covered on the front and side breadths from the hips down with lengthwise puffs of the brocade, and on the remaining part with the panier drapery, which is looped at the top of the back, and then falls in straight folds to the bottom, where it is fastened on the skirt.

Ornamental Hanging Baskets, etc.

THRIFTY housekeepers can utilize the ugly red flower-pots which served to hold their plants in winter by converting them into tasteful hanging baskets for their lawns and porches. Two large pots, of the ten-inch size, will make a handsome pair. Get a small bradawl and gimlet of larger size, and a piece of small saw-blade, set in a handle (or improvise one by notching a large Barlow knife-blade). Work holes in rows all around the pots (first softening them by soaking overnight), then with the saw holes half an inch wide are easily made. Give the surface two coats of stone-colored paint, then dust with sand in which mix diamond dust or "frosting"; or paint white, and dust with marble (or stone-cutters' sand) mixed with frosting; this will give a surface like stone or marble, as may be desired. Cover the bottom of the first pot with drainage one inch deep, made of broken crockery, and if it is to be placed in the open air, and be stocked with shade-loving plants, place a wet sponge upon it, and cover with rich, light soil up to the first circle of holes, in which introduce cuttings of *Lysimachia nummularia* of both varieties; cover again up to the next row of holes, in which insert *Tradescantia* (*zebrina*, *aquatica*, *vitata*, *vulgaris*, and *discolor*); again cover, and in the third row put the curious *Saxifraga sarmen-tosa*, which will soon make its way through the soil, and force its curious plants from every crack and hole where they can find a place, then droop in long festoons and wool-like strands, with scores of the tiny plantlets and exquisite foliage hanging from each one; thus the pot, filled to the rim, is ready for the border, which is made by inserting four-inch cuttings of some woody water-plant, such as willow, which are pointed at one end, and have several buds, both for rooting and starting new

growth of the latter, all must be cut off excepting the one on the outside; thus in time a projecting border of green is formed, which, as the sprays grow in length, droops downward, forming a most graceful and unique edging. In the

top a specimen of some rich-colored foliage plant, such as *Coleus* (*verschaffeltii*) or *Achyrantes* (*lindenii*), with Madeira, maurandia, and German ivy vines at the three suspensions, soon forms a beautiful basket. By using various colors and

different plants, a number of baskets may be formed.

Old bird-cages, too, may be made into charming receptacles for plants, or into bird-houses. For the former, line with green moss (the velvety

kind from old tree stumps being the best, as it will remain fresh and green during a whole season); in the seams between the blocks of moss insert pieces of the *Saxifraga sarmen-tosa*, and plant ground-ivy vines and any suitable creepers in the open top; then vines to cover each chain or other suspension. Tin cans of all sizes may be utilized, by first thoroughly scrubbing; then, when dry, cover with a coat of brown or stone paint, or asphalt varnish, upon which arrange a border, and designs with clinkers from a furnace or stove, or the roughest pieces of cork, fastening with aquarium cement. The cinders should be perfectly dry and clean, and when touched up with brilliant colors (crimson, green, blue, yellow, etc.)

London has made in a small number, and mar varnish or the most elegant effects are produced, made especially rich by picking out the prominent parts with gold, silver, crimson, and other colored bronze powders. When cork is used, varnish with copal, which will give the effect of rich carving.

Edgings for Lingerie.

Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 516.

Fig. 1.—RUSSIAN BRAID AND CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE. This edging is worked on a foundation of linen tape three-eighths of an inch wide, on the sides of which are projecting loops, with medium crochet cotton in the following manner: 1st round.—* 9 ch. (chain stitch), 1 sc. (single crochet) on the 4th of the 9 ch., 7 ch., connecting the 4th of them to the following 3d loop on one side of the braid, 1 sc. on the preceding sc., 5 ch., 1 sc. on the preceding sc.; repeat from *. 2d round.—Going back over the st. (stitch) of the preceding round, work * 5 ch., 1 sc. on the preceding sc., 7 ch., 1 sc. on the preceding sc., 5 ch., 1 sc. on the preceding sc., 1 sc. on the next ch. on which a sc. was worked in the preceding round, 3 ch., 1 sc. on the next sc. in the preceding round; repeat from *, and at the end of the round cut the thread and secure the end. 3d round.—* 1 sc. around the next 5 ch. in the preceding round, 3 ch., 2 dc. (double crochet) separated by 5 ch. around the following 7 ch., 3 ch., 1 sc. around the next 5 ch.; repeat from *. 4th round.—* 2 sc. around the next 3 ch. in the preceding round, 1 sc. around the next dc., 5 sc. around the following 5 ch.,



BROCADE SILK EVENING DRESS.

1 sc. around the next dc., 2 sc. around the following 3 ch., 1 sc. around the vein between the next and the following sc.; repeat from *. 5th round.—Work at the outer edge of the braid alternately 1 dc. in the next loop and 1 ch.

Fig. 2.—CROCHET EDGING FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES. This edging, which is suitable for trimming children's dresses, is worked with medium *écru* crochet cotton, in crosswise rounds back and forth, on a foundation of 14 st. (stitch), in the following manner: 1st round.—Pass the next 6 st., 1 dc. (double crochet) on the following st., twice alternately 1 ch. (chain stitch) and 1 dc. on the following 2d st., then 4 ch., 7 dc. on the next 3 st. 2d round.—4 ch., 1 dc. on the following 2d dc., twice alternately 1 ch. and 1 dc. on the following 2d st., 4 ch., 7 dc. around the next 4 ch., 1 tc. (treble crochet) around the next 4 ch. 3d–5th rounds.—Work as in the preceding round, but at the close of the 4th round, instead of the tc. work 11 ch. and 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the following 6th st., and before beginning the 5th round work 11 sc. on the 11 ch. in the 4th round. 6th round.—Work as in the 2d round; then 3 ch., 11 tc. separated by 3 ch. on the 11 sc., 3 ch., 1 sl. on that st. on which the last tc. in the 2d round was worked. 7th round.—2 sl. on the next 2 of the ch. worked last, 1 ch., 1 picot, consisting of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of them, 2 ch., 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 3, 10 times alternately 4 ch. and 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 3, 2 sl. on the next 2 st., then work as in the 2d round, observing the illustration. Continue to repeat the 2d–7th rounds, connecting at every repetition the middle st. of the picot to the 3d of the last 4 ch. of the 7th round in the preceding pattern figure.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

NEW SERIAL BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER."

No. 92 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued August 2, will contain the opening chapter of a new serial story by the author of "Toby Tyler," entitled

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OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG.

The story, which will be illustrated from drawings by ROGERS, is full of incident on land and water; and those readers who followed with such kindly interest the adventures of Toby Tyler and Mr. Stubbs will no doubt feel an equal sympathy for Tim and Tip.

Our next Number will contain a Pattern Sheet with a large and rich variety of full-sized patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' Lawn Tennis Costumes; Muslin, Gauze, Bunting, Nuns' Veiling, Grenadine, Percale, Silk, Wool, and other Summer Dresses; Children's Summer Suits; Ladies' Caps, Cuffs, Collars, and Bags; Sofa Cushions; Embroidery Patterns, etc.; with choice literary and artistic attractions.

THE SHOP-GIRL.

THE shop-girl is called upon to suffer a great amount of criticism in some quarters. If one's toilette is flashing and cheap, it is said to have the air of this unfortunate species. If one's manners are loud and offensive, they resemble the shop-girl's. In the minds of many she is the synonym for all that is vulgar and disagreeable in the girl of the period, whose failings appear to culminate behind the counter. If the king can do no wrong, she can do nothing right. But if we have something to complain of in her demeanor; if she is at times neglectful of our interest; if she replies to our multitudinous questions with an ill-concealed irritation; if she tosses a repartee to a departing admirer before answering our demands; if she does not serve with alacrity, nor match our colors with accuracy, and takes no pains to hide her suspicion that we are not shopping, but examining; if she is sometimes known to give a well-dressed customer the precedence which belongs to a shabby one; or if she sometimes resents the fine airs that sometimes consort with fine apparel—is there nothing to be said in her defense? Is not her patience often tried beyond the power of feeble nerves to bear, and yet allow their owner to preserve that amiable serenity which we contend that the shop-girl is paid for exhibiting? Perhaps she grows a little bitter when she sees other women spending more in an hour than she, with steady grinding, can earn in a year. To how many different things and persons she is obliged to give her attention during one day! She may be in trouble, sick, or in bad spirits, but all the same she must repeat prices over and over again, and wait obsequiously upon the caprices of purchasers. Everybody acknowledges that shopping is a difficult task, but fails to re-

member that selling may not be all that fancy paints it. Possibly the shop-girl has no very exalted opinion of the buyer. What a haggling spirit she sees in that personage; how impatient she is for her change; how anxious to make a bargain! Sometimes, to be sure, we find the shop-girl with manners that would become a court. How admirably she simulates an interest in our little concerns; how unwearied she is in selecting for us; how anxious that we should be pleased; how apologetic for the cash-boy's delay; how obliging in her speech; how friendly in her mien! Somebody says, If we meet no gods, it is because we harbor none; and so it may be that the shop-girl's manners are but the echo and reflection of our own.

MOURNING USAGES.

THERE is no possibility of touching upon the subject of death and burial, and the respect with which we should conduct funeral rites, without hurting some one's feelings. The Duke of Sutherland's attempt, in England, to do away with the dreadful shape which causes a shudder to all who have lost a friend—that of the coffin—was called irreverent, because he suggested that the dead should be buried in wicker-work baskets, with fern leaves for shrouds, so that the poor clay might the more easily return to mother earth. Those who favor cremation suffer, again, a still more frantic disesteem; and yet every one says, "O that we could get rid of this gloomy coffin, these white, ghastly cold wrappings, and afterward of the dismal trappings of woe!"

But we can not. Death is, to the most Christian and resigned heart, still a very terrible fact, a shock to all who live; and its accompaniments, do what we will, are painful. "I smell the mould above the rose," says Hood, in his pathetic lines on his daughter's death. Therefore we have a difficulty to contend with in the wearing of black, which is of itself, to begin with, an insult to our professed belief in the resurrection. We advance the logic of despair when we drape ourselves in its gloomy folds. The dress which we should wear, one would think, might be blue, the color of the sky, or white, signifying that light which the redeemed soul has reached.

But custom, which makes slaves of us all, has decreed that we shall wear black, as a token of respect to those we have lost, and as a shroud for ourselves, protesting against the gentle ministrations of light and cheerfulness with which our Lord ever strives to reach us. This is one side of the question; but again one word as to its good offices. A mourning dress does protect the wearer while in deepest grief from the intrusive gaiety of a passing stranger—it is a wall, a cell of refuge. Behind a black veil a poor broken-hearted woman can hide herself, as she goes out for business or recreation, dreading lest any one should speak to her.

But the black veil, again, is most unhealthy. It harms the eyes, and it injures the skin. As it rubs against the nose and forehead, it is most certain to abrade the skin, and often makes a painful sore. To the eyes, enfeebled by weeping, it is sure to be dangerous, and most oculists now forbid it.

The English, from whom we borrow our fashions, have a limitation, provided by social law, which is a useful thing. They now decree that crape shall only be worn six months, even for the dearest relative, and that the duration of mourning shall not exceed a year. A wife's mourning for her husband is the most conventionally deep mourning allowed, and every one who has seen an English widow will allow that she has made a hearse of herself. Bombazine and crape, a widow's cap, and a long thick veil—such is the modern English idea. Some widows even have the cap made of black *crêpe lisse*, but it is generally of white. In this country a widow's first mourning dresses are covered almost entirely with crape, a most costly and disagreeable material, easily ruined by the dampness and the dust—a sort of penance and mortification dress, very ugly and very expensive. There are now, however, other and more agreeable fabrics which also bear the dead-black lustreless look which is alone considered respectful to the dead, which are not so costly, or so disagreeable to wear, as crape. The Henrietta cloth and imperial serges are chosen for heavy winter dresses, while for those of less weight are tannise cloth, Bayonnaise, grenadine, nuns' veiling, and the American silk.

Our mourning usages, although borrowed from England, are not as overloaded with what may be called the pomp, pride, and circumstance of woe as are the English funerals.* A black cloth-covered casket with silver mountings is considered in the best taste, and the pall-bearers are at most given a white scarf and a pair of black gloves. This even is not always done. At one time the traffic in these returned bands and gloves was quite a fortune to the undertaker.

Mourning is very expensive. Often it costs a family more than they can well afford to go into it. But it is a sacrifice which even the poorest gladly make, so tyrannical is custom, and those who can least afford it often wear the best mourning. They consider it—by what logic no one can understand, unless we believe in the heathen idea of propitiating the manes of the departed—an act of disrespect to the memory of the dead if the living are not clad in gloomy black.

* Indeed, so overdone are mourning ceremonies in England, what with the hired mutes, the nodding plumes, and the expensive coffin, and gifts of gloves and bands, rings, etc., that Lady Georgiana Milnor, of Nunappleton, in York, a great friend of the archbishop, wrote a book against the abuse, and ordered her own body to be buried in a pine coffin, and forbade her servants and relatives to wear mourning. Her wishes were carried out to the letter.

However, our business is with the etiquette of mourning. Widows wear deep mourning, consisting of woollen stuffs and crape, for two years, and sometimes for life, in America. Children wear the same for their parents for one year, and then lighten it with black silk trimmed with crape. Half-mourning gradations of gray, purple, or lilac have been abandoned, and instead combinations of black and white are used. Complimentary mourning is black silk without crape. The French have three grades of mourning—deep, ordinary, and half mourning. In deep mourning, woollen cloths only are worn; in ordinary mourning, silk and woollen; in half-mourning, gray and violet. An American lady is always shocked at the gaiety and cheerfulness of French mourning. In France, etiquette prescribes mourning for a husband one year and six weeks, that is, six months of deep mourning, six of ordinary, and six weeks of half-mourning. For a wife, a father, or a mother, six months—three deep, and three half mourning. For a grandparent, two months and a half of slight mourning; for a brother or a sister, two months, one of which is in deep mourning; for an uncle or an aunt, three weeks of ordinary black. In America, with no fixity of rule, ladies have been known to go into deepest mourning for their own relatives, or those of their husbands, people perhaps whom they have never seen, and have remained, as gloomy monuments of respect, for seven or ten years, constantly in black; then on losing a child, or a relative dearly loved, they have no dress left to express the real grief which fills their lives, no deeper black to go into. This complimentary mourning should be, as in the French custom, limited to two or three weeks. It has been known to affect the health of a delicate child seriously to see his mother always in mourning.

The retirement from the world of a mourner has been much shortened of late. For one year no formal visiting is undertaken, nor is there any gaiety in the house. Black is often worn for a husband or wife two years; for parents, one year; and for brothers and sisters, one year—a heavy black is lightened after that period. Ladies are beginning to wear a small black *gaze* veil over the face, and are in the habit of throwing the heavy crape back over the hat. It is also proper to wear a quiet black dress when going to a funeral, although this is not absolutely necessary.

Friends should call on the bereaved family within a month, not expecting, of course, to see them. Kind notes expressing sympathy are most welcome to the afflicted from intimate friends, and gifts of flowers, and any testimonial of sympathy, are most proper.

Cards and note-paper are now put into mourning by those who desire conventionally to express their regret for the dead: but let us enter a protest against very broad borders of black, which look like ostentation. No doubt all these things are proper, but a narrow border of black tells the story of loss as well as a broad one. Also let the fashion of handkerchiefs which are made with a two-inch square of white cambric and a four-inch border of black be deprecated. A gay young widow at Washington was once seen dancing at a reception, a few months after the death of her soldier husband, with a long black veil on, and holding in her black-gloved hand one of these handkerchiefs, which looked as if it had been dipped in ink. "She should have dipped it in blood," said a looker-on. Under such circumstances we learn what mockery there is often under a mourning veil.

The mourning which soldiers, sailors, and courtiers wear has something pathetic and telling about it. A flag draped with crape, a gray cadet sleeve with a black band, or a long piece of crape round the left arm of a Senator, a black weed on a hat, always touches us. It would seem to say that the lighter the black, the more fully it expressed the feeling of the heart. If we love our dead, there is no danger that we shall forget them. "The customary suit of solemn black" is not needed. We wear it in our hearts, and we always shall.

For lighter mourning jet is used on crape, and there is no doubt they make a very handsome dress. It is a singular fact that there is a "luxury of woe," and that there is a certain comfort to some people in wearing very handsome black. Worth, on being asked to dress an American widow whom he had never seen, sent for her photograph, for he said that he wished to see "whether she was the sort of woman to relish a becoming black."

Very elegant dresses are made with jet embroidery on crape, the beautiful soft French crape, but lace is never "mourning." Even the French, who have very light ideas on the subject, do not trim the most ornamental dresses with lace during the period of even second mourning, unless they occasionally put the woollen yak lace on a cloth cloak or mantilla. During a very dressy half-mourning, black lace may be worn on white silk, however, but this is questionable. Diamond ornaments set in black enamel are allowed even in the deepest mourning, and also pearls set in black. The initials of the deceased, in black brilliants or pearls, are now set in lockets and sleeve-buttons or pins. Gold ornaments are never worn in mourning.

White silk embroidered with black jet is used in the second stage of court mourning, with black gloves. Deep red is deemed in England a proper alternative for mourning black, if the wearer is called upon to go to a wedding during the period of the first year's mourning. Therefore at St. George's, Hanover Square, one may often see a widow dressed in a superb red brocade or velvet, assisting at the wedding of a daughter or son, who will, the moment after the wedding, return to her solemn black.

The question of black gloves is one which troubles all who are obliged to wear mourning through the heats of summer. The black kid

glove is painfully warm and smutty, disfiguring the hand and soiling the handkerchief and face. The Swedish kid glove is now much more in vogue, and the silk glove is made with such neatness and with such a number of buttons that it is equally stylish, and much cooler and more agreeable.

Mourning bonnets are worn rather larger than ordinary bonnets. In England they are still made of the old-fashioned cottage shape, and are very useful in carrying the heavy veil and in shading the face. The Queen has always worn this style of bonnet. Her widow's cap has never been laid aside, and with her long veil of white falling down her back when she appears at court, it makes the most becoming dress that she has ever worn. For such a grief as hers there is something appropriate and dignified in the adhering to the mourning dress. It fully expresses her sad isolation; for a queen can have no near friends. The whole English nation has sympathized with her grief, and commended her black dress. If any woman should be forgiven for wearing perpetual mourning, it is one who has lost such a husband as she had. Nor can we criticise the grief which causes a mother to wear mourning for her children. If it is any comfort for her to wrap herself in crape, she should do so. The world has nothing to say to those who prefer to put ashes on their heads.

But for the mockery of woe, for the conventional absurdities and affectations which so readily lend themselves to caricature in the name of mourning, no condemnation can be too strong. There is a ghoul-like ghastliness in talking of "ornamental," or "complimentary," or "becoming" mourning. What connection is there between that decaying form in the earth and the luxurious jet-embroidered dress?

People of sense of course manage to make the difficult dress tributary to respect and regret, without indulging in either extreme. We see many a pale-faced mourner whose quiet black mourning dress tells the story of loss without giving us the painful feeling that crape is too thick or bombazine too heavy for comfort. Excess is to be deprecated in mourning as in everything.

And in removing the mourning dress, it should be done by gradations. It shocks persons of good taste to see a light-hearted young widow jump into colors as if she had been counting the hours. If black is proper, let its retirement be slowly and gracefully shaded off with quiet grays and purples, as the feeling of grief, yielding to the kindly influence of time, is shaded off into a tempered joy, a kindly resignation. We do not forget our dead, but we mourn for them with a feeling in which anguish has no longer so bitter a part.

Before a funeral the ladies of the family see no one but the most intimate friends. The gentlemen of the family, of course, must see the clergyman and officials who manage the ceremony. It is now almost universal to carry the remains to a church, where the friends can pay the last tribute of respect without the crowding into a private house. Pall-bearers are invited by note, and assemble at the house of the deceased, accompanying the corpse, after the ceremonies at the church, to its final resting-place. The nearest lady friends seldom go to the church or the grave. This is, however, entirely a matter of feeling, and they can go if they wish. After the funeral, only the members of the family return to the house, and it is not expected that a bereaved wife or mother will be called on to see any one out of her family for several weeks.

A funeral in the house is committed to the care of an undertaker, who removes the furniture of the drawing-room, filling all the space possible with camp-stools. The clergyman reads the service at the head of the coffin, the relatives being grouped around. The body, if not disfigured by disease, is often dressed in the clothes worn in life, and laid in an open casket, as if reposing on a sofa, and all friends are asked to take one long, last look. It is, however, somewhat ghastly to try to make the dead look like the living. The body of a man is generally dressed in the clothes of every day—laid out "in his habit as he lived." A young boy is often laid out in his jacket and daily dress; but surely the young look more fitly clad in the white cashmere robe.

The custom of decorating the coffin with flowers is a beautiful one, but has become in large cities so overdone, and so purely a matter of money, that now the request is generally made that no flowers be sent.

In England a lady of the court wears for her parent crape and bombazine (or its equivalent in any lustreless cloth) for three months. She goes nowhere during that period. After that she wears lustreless silks, trimmed with crape and jet, and goes to court if commanded. She can also go to concerts without violating etiquette, or to family weddings. After six months she again lightens her mourning to black and white, and can attend the "drawing-room," and go to small dinners. For a husband, the time is exactly doubled, but in neither case would she be seen at ball, theatre, or opera for one year.

Of course where court ceremonials are a part of a woman's duty, these rules are rigidly respected.

In this country, no person in mourning for a parent, child, brother, or husband is expected to be seen at concert, dinner, party, or any other place of public amusement for three months. After that one may be seen at a concert. But to go to the opera, or a dinner, or a party, before six months have elapsed, is considered heartless and disrespectful. Indeed, the sight of a deep mourning dress at such a place is a contradiction in terms. If one chooses, as many do, to not wear mourning, then they can go unchallenged to any place of amusement, for they have asserted their right to be independent. But if they put on mourning, they must respect its etiquette. To

many who sorrow deeply, and who regard the crape and solemn dress as a mark of respect to the dead, it is deemed almost a sin for a woman to go into the street, to drive, or to walk, for two years, without her deep crape veil over her face. It is often a remark of the censorious that a person who lightens her mourning before that time "did not care much for the deceased"; and many people speak of the fact that a widow or an orphan wore her crape two years as much to her credit. But these ideas are generally the product of very barren minds, for there is ostentation in mourning as in all things. The best authorities limit the term of the deepest mourning dress to three months, the entire leaving off of crape to six months, and the mourning dress to one year, and the term of seclusion should follow these laws.

Of course no one can say that a woman should not wear mourning all her life if she chooses, but it is a great question whether, in so doing, she does not injure the welfare and happiness of the living. Children are, as we have said, often strangely affected by this shrouding of their mothers, and men always dislike it.

Common-sense and common decency should, however, restrain the frivolous from engaging much in the amusements and gayeties of life before six months have passed after the death of any near friend; especially, if they pretend to wear black, should they be careful of those appearances which mourning is supposed to respect.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

MOUNTAIN DRESSES.

LIFE in the mountains is just beginning to be enjoyable. People flee from the plains to these higher altitudes for a change of temperature, which naturally necessitates the provision of heavy, warm apparel. The conventional mountain dress is a short, trim costume, just clearing the top of the boots at the bottom, with belted waist and draped over-skirt, made of lady's cloth, checked Cheviot, heavy serge, winter flannel, or corduretted English stuffs of some light hue. Artistic effects are not easily secured, and a poor figure and stiff carriage are rather unaided by the present fashion. For extremely slight figures the tucked or pleated waists are the most becoming. The tucked waist is more of a novelty, and may be carried into a belt and finished, or brought a finger below the waist line, and be worn with an outside belt. For fine goods the sleeves are tucked on the upper side, as many as seven fine tucks trimming the outside of the arm in straight lines. The instructions for making a useful mountain costume are very simple. Take some light shade of the materials mentioned, or some summer novelty bordering on a café-au-lait tint, or a cooler one if this is unbecoming, and cut a plain under-skirt, about two yards or two and a quarter wide. One front and two side breadths, slightly gored, should measure a yard in width at the bottom when stitched together, and two straight lengths of the material, another yard wide when sewed, give all the necessary fullness to the back. Two rows of gathers will hold the skirt firmly on the band behind, and a couple of small pleats laid on the hips will make the front hang right. Some costumes have absolutely no ornamentation at all, hem, buttons, and collar being the only finish, but eight or ten lines of machine stitching add to the general effect when the stuff is heavy. They run half an inch apart, beginning two inches above the braid. The simple tunic is cut with apron front, gored sides, and two straight breadths, with hem turned up and the stitching repeated. The draping is drawn high up back of the hip line, and massed together below the band. Extremely sensible trimming is obtained by rows of narrow satin ribbon of the same shade as the material, employed as a bordering in the same manner as the stitching.

A wide belt, stitched in successive rows, holds down a pleated waist, with rolling collar and cuffs similarly trimmed, which complete the dress. These suits frequently, almost generally, in fact, possess single or double shoulder capes, with the stitching all around the lower edge, and up the front to the throat. With dark suits in this style, instead of the shoulder cape, stylish tight-fitting walking jackets are used, and the popular hunting jacket with its pleats and wide belt. A more picturesque effect results from an attempt to approach a hunting dress, using hunter's green for the body-color, buckskin vest under a cut-away jacket, buckskin gloves with wide gauntlets, walking-stick, and a sort of Tyrolean hat with pointed crown and curling green feathers. One imported mountain dress for a debutante combines simplicity and character very gracefully. It is a regular flannel pilgrim's dress, of a dark brownish-yellow hue, falling in two full skirts to the ankles on the right, while the overdress on the left is caught up to the belt in a mass of gauging, hidden under five small shells. The waist is shirred at the neck, five or six rows deep, giving the outline of the shoulders full over the bust, and shirred again into a clinging fit about the waist. The sleeve is full from the armhole to the elbow, where a finely shirred cuff piece confines it and reaches to the wrist. A shell pin is clasped at the throat, and a cord with tassels, called the Franciscan girdle, encircles the waist, falling to the left. Over the heavily curled hair a dark brown broad-brimmed rush hat has a silk cord, imitating hemp, like the girdle, passed twice around and knotted above the tasselled ends. One side is fastened up against the crown with two shells. An Ulster of dark brown material, shirred like a Mother Hubbard at neck and sleeves, tied about the waist with a long cord and tassel, is the only outside garment worn with this costume. A mountain stock, with hooked top like a pilgrim's staff, acts as a support for actual climbing, but a parasol is as often required, and consists of a

brown silk sun umbrella, with a pair of sea-shells carved on the ivory handle.

OTHER STYLES.

In suits which can be purchased for prices ranging from \$10 upward the kilt skirt remains prominent, with round waist, and long sash ends behind. More showy modes attempt all the successive rows of pleating to the belt, or rich shell trimmings and Pompadour draperies that form the distinguishing features of the present morning or walking dress.

MOUNTAIN HATS.

These vary little from the travelling hat, except in their uses, as the ladies, to spare themselves the labor of studied and elaborate hair-dressing, appear in them at the hotel tables morning, noon, and evening. The projecting brims and broad coaching shapes rule the hill-side as well as the sea-shore, while an uninteresting repetition of black velvet facings, with a floating frame of white ostrich plumes, marks the evening dinner scene. For shade hats the wide rough straws remain the only choice.

RACING COSTUMES.

The season for racing comes early and late; in the spring for Jerome Park, and through the summer for Monmouth Park, the beaches, and all the great trotting races of the country. August sees the culmination of the fashionable attempt at dressing for these entertainments. A Worth costume, designed for the midsummer races, consists of a heavily trimmed round skirt of changeable black and blue satin de Lyon on a black silk foundation. Fine kiltings of grenadine border the lower edge of the dress, but are quite hidden by the wide changeable silk flounce which falls from the knee to the bottom of the skirt. This is surmounted by another of equal depth, coming from under the basque, and curving slightly upward at the back. Both flounces are simply turned in at the top an inch to make the heading, and gathered. They are edged with about five inches of embossed black velvet, cut in the scallops of the pattern in even points, and faced with changeable blue silk. The basque is of heavy white flowered satin brocade, cut coat-shape at the back, and left straight and loose in front, without a single dart. The lower part of the basque in front consists of two large plain pieces of the brocade fitted like the fronts of a short walking jacket, which meet the flounces. On each hip below the seam sham pockets are laid flat. A wide black satin ribbon belt folds loosely about the waist, drawing the front in full and short, and closes with a large rosette. Black satin coat sleeves, set in high on the shoulders, are left open a little way along the outside seam, and caught with two onyx buttons. A triple thread lace ruffle fills them in around the hand. The collar is almost a cape of side-pleated black grenadine, showing the white brocade through, widely edged with thread lace, and supported by an upright band, covered with a double box-pleated ruffle of the lace. The skirt of the basque behind showed revers turning from the seams under the arms backward, and a broad black satin sash, with double loops hanging over the flounces to the lower trimming. Black gloves, low high-heeled slippers with black stockings, black hat and parasol, accompany this unique and distinguished costume. Another costume suggests the æsthetic style of dressing, which is just beginning to creep into our establishments. It is called a carriage dress, and is cut *en princesse* to the ground in front, *en train* in the back, and is utterly devoid of trimming. The material is turquoise blue velvet, heavy in texture but not warm in appearance, carefully cut and fitted without shirrs or pleats, and gored to create the fullness. A mediæval picturesqueness attaches to the costume through the circular opening at the neck, cut about two inches below the throat line, the space being filled up with a lace puffing, terminating under the chin in a full Valenciennes frill. Tight sleeves, with frill at the hand, and a very wide black hat, tipped forward a little, and completely shading the face, like the well-known straw hat, are the sole additions to this dress, with gloves, of course, and blue satin parasol with ebony stick. Young ladies wear white to the races more than colors, and annul the gleaming monotony of their suits by huge corsage bows or wide baby sashes of poppy red, brick-dust, cardinal, cherry, or lobster colored ribbons. Black is the sole *point d'appui* for some persons, and is only novel in Spanish lace combinations, which hang in a sort of studied *abandon* over brilliant hues, such as red, green, lemon yellow, but oftener its own black in satin or silk. Abundance of drapery is the chief aim of the dressmakers for the moment, where light summer fabrics are concerned, and they do not advise moderation even in black. A special costume for the races is of black satin de Lyon and brocade satin. Two rows of fine kilting in the front are nearly covered by three long panels of the brocade, which stretch downward from the waist, opening below to show deep pleatings of the plain material. Two panels, not so deep at the back, are surmounted by short bouffant draperies, which terminate in bias sash ends with three close rows of piping in scallops overlying each other. The brocade basque is finished above with a Byron collar, below with plain straight pleatings and spreading fan-shaped bow. The sleeve has a triangular opening at the hand, around which jet beads of the size of a pea glisten like an armlet. Heavy black passementerie on either side of the buttons encounters cardinal Surah ribbon ends, lattice-worked down the centre of the front, with swaying tassels at the tip.

PONGEE ULSTERS.

Summer driving has given a definite use to the dressy ponce Ulster, which was introduced this spring in various elaborate designs. As dusters to shield handsome toilettes and protect them

from flying scraps of mud and sand, they are at once cool and appropriate. As Ulsters proper, nothing could be more unworthy of a place in the wardrobe. Pongee washes well, and starting with this idea of serving as a showy summer garment, shirred and trimmed, has developed a sphere of usefulness in the masculine collection of wearable articles as a cool travelling duster. The cut is of the simplest, and its practical bearings alone are considered. The cost varies, but averages something like \$15. The dust penetrates through the pongee less easily than alpaca and similar goods, and it comes in perfect order from the laundress.

MORNING WRAPPERS.

While outside coverings engage the attention so constantly, a lady is left to herself in choosing and enjoying the daintiness of her "matinées" and room wrappers. These latter come in the most temptingly crisp percales, batistes, muslins, etc., with quantities of lace in frills, flounces, insertions, jabots, and robings.

For a young girl the graceful yoked wrappers are the most satisfactory, being entirely cut on the plan of the children's Mother Hubbard dress. The yoke is made of lace insertion, open and showy, and the sleeves of the same. Faintly tinted mulls, rose, cream, écaru, and even one or two striking grenadine stripes, lilac and white, serve as the main ground of the quaint gown. Two shirrs above the bust, with a falling frill of lace, unite the colored portion to the yoke, crossing the shoulder in a narrow strap, with a mounted cluster of ribbon loops on top, or a stiff bias puff inserted in the seam. Ribbons at the neck and lower line of yoke, also at the waist if it is drawn in at all, are of a lighter or contrasting hue. On the bottom a single wide flounce, with lace on the upper and lower edge, constitutes all the trimming of the wrapper. These quaint, graceful robes are so loose, flowing, and picturesque that they are growing constantly in favor, and may be copied at home almost without a pattern. The light yoke can be cut from lace that comes by the yard in any close or regular pattern, or from the same fabric as the body of the garment, and pinned up and fitted to the shoulders in a trice. The connecting seam should pass over the shoulders, dividing the armhole in two equal parts, and in the full portion a plain side breadth should be admitted below the arms, and reach the floor, slightly gored at the back. The length of this wrapper may be determined by the taste of the wearer, though they are considered more coquettish short, giving a glimpse of slipper and hose.

VARIETIES.

The "Bernhardt" mitt is the latest novelty of its kind. It comes in dressed kid in all shades at \$2 50 a pair. The finger divisions are not indicated at all, and a pair of silk laces close the outside seam at the wrist. Kid mitts are always ungainly, and while cooler than the full-lengths, these novelties are not more stylish than the complete hand-covering we are accustomed to.

In boots for extreme dress a new lattice-work shoe, open across the instep and ankle, is introduced. These show the Louis Quinze heel, and are ordered in light satin, brocade, and kid to suit any costume. With combination dresses they are very appropriate and tasteful, as the boot is then made of one color, and is open enough to show the color of the hose through latticed straps, which matches the other shade or shades employed in the costume. Cost is not considered, and they come from \$15 up.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; JAMES MCCREERY & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and A. T. STEWART & Co.

PERSONAL.

In a recent letter to the New York *Evening Post*, Miss MARY AGNES TINKER forcibly disclaims all public identification on her part of actual personages with the characters figuring in her late novel. She says: "Will the editor kindly allow me space in his columns to say that I have never given to any person whatever the right or the power to proclaim what is personal and what is not personal in my book *By the Tiber*, that I have never said nor written to any one that any character in it is a portrait, and that it was my earnestly expressed wish that in the public notices it should be treated entirely as a work of fiction. With anything not to be found in the book itself, the public has nothing to do. It is not my present intention to make any further explanation, and the only persons able to explain will either remain silent or they will tell falsehoods."

The Co-operative Dress Association will open its New York store in September, under the management of Mr. JOHN WALES, late of the well-known retail dry-goods house of SPALDING, HAY, & WALES, of Boston, Massachusetts.

Archdeacon LEAR, canon in residence at the cathedral at Salisbury, England, was lately the subject of a hoax borrowed from THEODORE HOOK, thirty people having been invited to lunch with him, and all sorts of goods ordered to be sent to his prebendal house, including three tons of coal, while two large schools were asked to present themselves at the same hour.

The working-men of Bristol have presented Mr. GLADSTONE with a pair of fine silver goblets. The former home of President MADISON, near Orange Court House, Virginia—Montpelier—where he prepared for his college course at Princeton, including some of the old Madisonian furniture, and a grove of white pines planted by the President, is to be sold at auction soon.

Miss ELEANOR CUSHING, of Bath, holds the chair of mathematics in Smith College, Miss ELLEN LORD, of Portland, that of Greek at Wellesley, and Miss HELOISE E. HERSEY, of Oxford, that of English studies in Smith College, showing that Maine furnishes her quota of instructors.

An arm-chair originally belonging in a palace of LOUIS XVI. of France, whose emblem, the *fleur-de-lis*, is carved upon it, given by NAPOLEON I. to Prince ACHILLE MURAT, brought by

him and his bride to America, and given by the Princess to a neighbor, Mrs. BLOXHAM, is now owned by Judge J. D. WESTCOTT, jun., and is in the office of the Supreme Court Judges at Tallahassee, Florida.

The grandfather of President GARFIELD went as a soldier to the Revolutionary war from Westminster, Massachusetts, and took part in the battle of Cambridge.

Mr. ALCOTT's work, *New Connecticut*, a volume of over one hundred and fifty pages, of which the notes exceed the text, has been withdrawn from publication just as it was ready for the press, the author intending to print it privately, and circulate it among his friends of the Concord School of Philosophy.

A band of gypsies surrounded the royal carriage on the occasion of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Hampton the other day, and begged to tell their fortunes. The Prince bought a pair of cubs of them, and was rewarded by being called King of Egypt by the queen gypsy.

The will of CLAUDE LORRAINE is soon to be published in *L'Art*, having never been printed before, the original being in the Capitoline Library at Rome, where he died.

MIDHAT's children—a boy and girl—were sent to the British Consulate at Smyrna for safety. The little girl speaks French as well as Turkish.

A clock which was brought to this country by the Governor of New York in 1732, and which still keeps excellent time, is owned by Mrs. JOHN EVANS, of Binghamton, New York.

WHISTLER, the London artist, is the funny man among his friends, and the author of *notes* which would do credit to a professional wit.

The chief of the MACKENZIE clan, whose mother was the Helen of Sir WALTER SCOTT's "Lady of the Lake," Mr. KEITH WILLIAM STEWART MACKENZIE, died lately.

In one of the glades of "The Wilderness," at Weston Underwood, near Olney, England—which property, by-the-way, is in the market at present—the statue of HOMER, referred to by COWPER in his letters, when he was at work on his translation of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, is still standing.

ALPHONSE KARR's exquisite little story *Yellow Roses* has been adapted for amateur theatricals by Sir CHARLES YOUNG.

BISMARCK and the Sultan enjoy an occasional pipe with Turkish tobacco; the Czar, ALFONSO, the Prince of Wales, and the ex-Queen ISABELLA prefer cigarettes; Cavour cigars are the favorites of King HUMBERT and the Pope; big porcelain pipes please FRANCIS JOSEPH and Emperor WILLIAM; while GRÉVY and GAMBETTA eschew them all.

Count KAROLYI, who has just died at Pesth, in his eighty-fourth year, was at one time a partisan of Hungarian independence, and equipped a regiment of hussars at his own expense in 1848, besides placing twenty tons' weight of silver at the disposal of the national government, having previously liberated forty thousand peasants on his estates.

The banker and entomologist Sir JOHN LUBBOCK has some ants which he began to observe in 1874, and which are the oldest insects on record.

The Athenæum Club of London has made General DI CESNOLA an honorary member, and Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON and other distinguished persons have given entertainments in his honor.

The most dignified passenger on a recent trip of the *Republic* to Europe was Mr. LAWRENCE BARRETT, it is said, who was obliged to succumb, however, when the captain ordered "taffy" for the children, and the "Taffy Club" was formed.

The colossal equestrian statue of NAPOLEON III. by the Milanese sculptor BARZAGHI, erected by the Milanese, is thought to be the finest work of the kind produced for years.

DONIZETTI wrote *L'Assedio di Calais* for LA BARILI, the mother of ADELINA PATTI.

In the exhibition of antique lace in Oxford Street, London, is shown, among other specimens, a piece of sixteenth-century lace made for the bride of LOUIS XIV., a coverlet with the monogram of bride and bridegroom, and a piece given by FÉNELON to Madame DE MAINTENON.

Among the curiosities of Lord BEACONSFIELD's library is an edition of WALLER's poems, with the autographs "EDMUND BURKE," "BEACONSFIELD," on the title-page, which once stood on the book-shelves at Gregoires, BURKE's favorite dwelling-place, not much more than a stone's-throw from WALLER's home, or from the church-yard where he lies under the walnut-tree.

The Duke of Sutherland is thought to appear more like a business man than a nobleman; he has regular features, blue eyes, bright complexion, short gray hair, tawny beard and mustache.

The Crown Prince and Princess received Dr. SCHLIEHMANN with cordiality at Potsdam, when he carried his Trojan gifts to Berlin for the Gewerbe Museum.

The price set on MUNKACSZY's "Le Christ devant Pilate" is forty thousand dollars. It is to be engraved by M. CHARLES WALTNER. Mr. TENNYSON's portrait by MILLAIS will be engraved by BARLOW, and Lord BEACONSFIELD's by Mr. HERKOMER.

The inventor of the modern bicycle and tricycle, Mr. JAMES STARLEY, who was a gardener in early life, has just died in England. He gave the world the "spider wheel," which is said to have made a complete revolution in the wheel world.

The Princess BISMARCK, who has horses and carriages enough for a regiment, took fancy to drive in the streets of Berlin in a growler the other day, and left her diamond brooch in it.

BISMARCK made hay while the sun shone when invalided in a country house in Denmark: he learned Danish without grammar or master, with only the aid of a dictionary and some books in the language.

A class of forty Celestians are to study telegraphy at Hartford, Connecticut, YUNG WING, of the Chinese Embassy at Washington, having made arrangements to that effect.

Perhaps the largest pasture in the world is the property of Mr. TAYLOR MAUDLIN, on the border of Texas, having forty miles of rock fence on one side, and yet requiring two hundred more to inclose it; the owner expects to raise one thousand tons of oats upon it, and to feed one hundred thousand head of cattle.

Window-Shades.—Figs. 1-3.

SCRIM WINDOW-SHADE WITH CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY ON NET AND KNOT-WORK.—This window-shade is composed of alternate strips of scrim and coarse white net, and is edged at the bottom with knotted fringe. The net strips are ornamented with the border given in Fig. 2, which is worked in cross stitch with white linen twist, each stitch being taken over one lengthwise mesh of the net. The border is edged on each side with a row in cross stitch, the cross stitches forming two lines, in each of which a cross stitch alternates with an open mesh of the net, and extending around the point at the bottom of the strip. When the embroidery is completed, the strips of scrim, which are six inches wide, are basted down on the net strips, and fastened in button-hole stitch, which is continued around the point at the bottom. Strands of crochet cotton are knotted into the lower edge of the shade, and

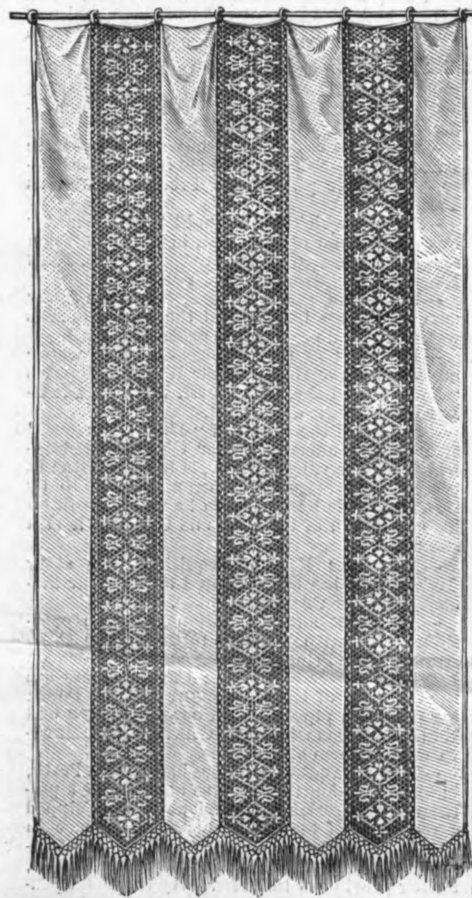


Fig. 1.—SCRIM WINDOW-SHADE WITH CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY ON NET AND KNOT-WORK.—[See Fig. 2.]

Fig. in which the design figures are outlined with maize and white filoselle silk. In the border, the design for which will be given in an early number of the *Bazar*, the design figures are worked with cream-colored filoselle silk, and edged in the manner shown in the illustration with short single stitches of colored silk. The border is joined to the edge of the silk and to the lace with long button-hole stitches of maize silk, and is finished along the side edges with similar stitches.

Wicker Chair with Embroidered Cushions.

THIS low wicker easy-chair is stained in two colors, red and yellow. The cushions, which are tied to the seat and back of the chair, are covered with gray linen, embroidered in applied-work with bright-colored Chinese designs cut out of chintz. The applications are edged with gold

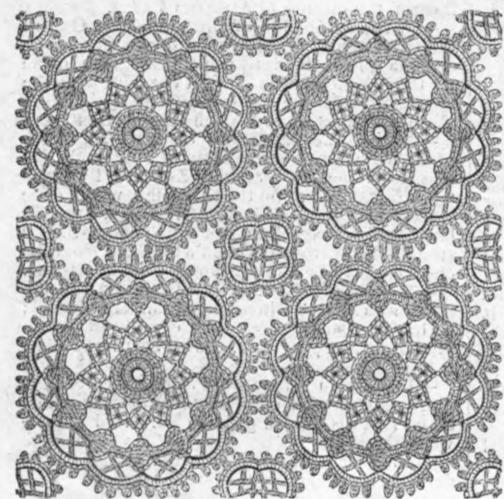
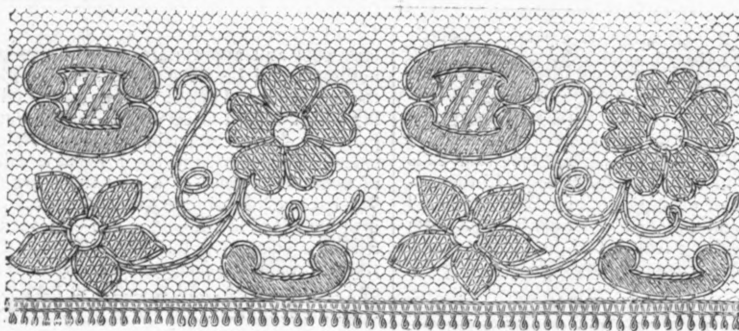


Fig. 1.—CROCHET TIDY.



BORDER FOR FICHUS, ETC.—IMITATION OF ANTIQUE LACE.

with these two rows of double knots are worked in the manner shown in the illustration.

SILK WINDOW-SHADE WITH CUSHION STITCH EMBROIDERY ON NETTING.—This maize silk window-shade is ornamented across the bottom with a border, which is worked in cushion stitch with filoselle silk on a foundation of cream-colored woven netting, and with deep lace edg-



Figs. 1 and 2.—PLAIN AND FIGURED COTTON SATTEEN DRESS. FRONT AND BACK.



WICKER CHAIR WITH EMBROIDERED CUSHIONS.

right side with three buttons. The figured satteen collar and cuffs are underlaid at the edge with a fold of plain satteen.

Crochet Tidies.
Figs. 1 and 2.

THE tidy of which Fig. 1 gives a section is worked with crochet cotton Nos. 10 and 16. Begin with the outer part of a large rosette, and work in the following manner: 1st round.—Take up the coarser cotton, and work 12 times alternately 7 ch. (chain stitch) and

Border for Fichus, etc.—Imitation of Antique Lace.

THIS border is worked on a strip of white tulle footing with fine linen floss and linen thread. The floss is used for outlining the design figures and for the stems and tendrils, and the thread for filling in. The picot edging is overhanded to the lower edge of the footing.

Plain and Figured Cotton Sateen Dress.

THE skirt of this dress is trimmed with two side-pleated flounces of plain cotton sateen, which are bordered three inches deep with figured sateen. The upper of the flounces extends only across the front and side breadths. The basque and over-skirt are of figured sateen, piped with the plain material. The right front of the over-skirt is arranged in horizontal folds, while the left front is pleated diagonally, and caught down at the bottom on the

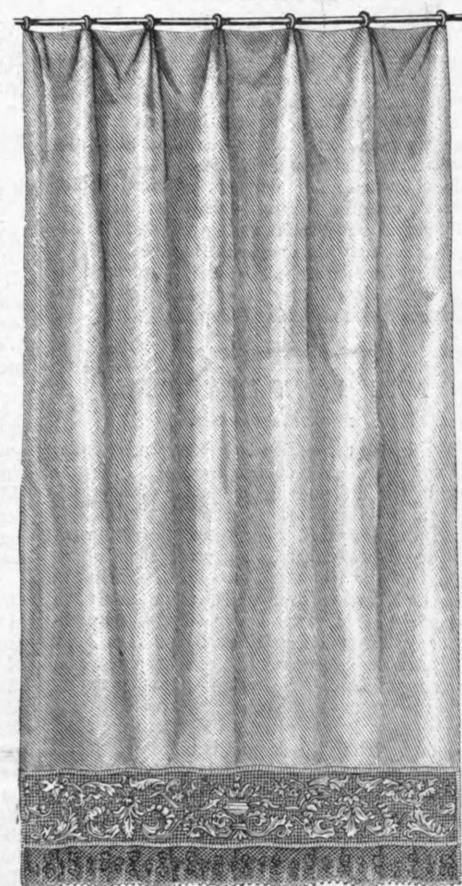


Fig. 3.—SILK WINDOW-SHADE WITH CUSHION STITCH EMBROIDERY ON NETTING.

4 dc. (double crochet) on the 4th of them; then 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the first ch. in the round. 2d round.—Going back over the st. (stitch) of the preceding round, work * 4 dc. on that st. on which the next 4 dc. in the preceding round were worked, 3 ch., 1 sc. (single crochet) on the same st. with the preceding dc., 4 sc. on the next 3 ch. and the following dc.; repeat 11 times from *. 3d round.—Using the finer cotton, work * 2 sc. on the first 2 of the next 4 dc. in the 1st round, 3 ch., 1 cross dc. (for this work 1 sextuple crochet on the following 2d dc., only working off the lowest two veins of it, 1 tc. (treble crochet) on that st. on which the next 4 dc. in the 1st round were worked, then work off the upper veins of the sextuple crochet, 5 ch., 1 tc. on the middle vein of the sextuple crochet), 3 ch.; repeat from *; at the end of the round, 1 sl. on the first sc. 4th round.—Using the coarser cotton, work 3 sc. on the next 3 ch., 1 p. (picot, consist-

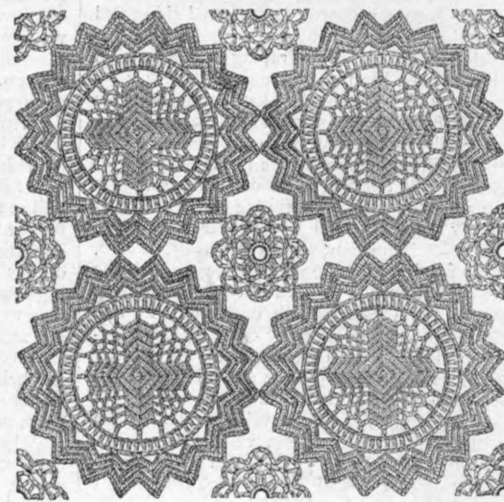


Fig. 2.—CROCHET TIDY.

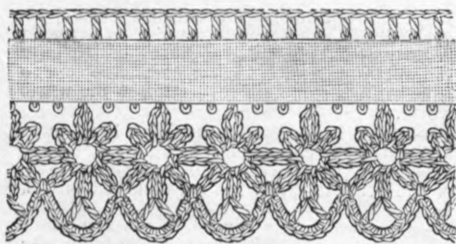


Fig. 1.—RUSSIAN BRAID AND CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE.

cord, which is also used to form the stems and tendrils. The rest of the ornamentation on the linen ground between the figures is worked in stem and satin stitch with blue, pink, olive, and red silk. The back, arms, and seat are edged with tassel fringe in gray yarn and wool of the colors used in the embroidery, and woollen balls with pendent clusters of similar tassels are fastened at the corners.

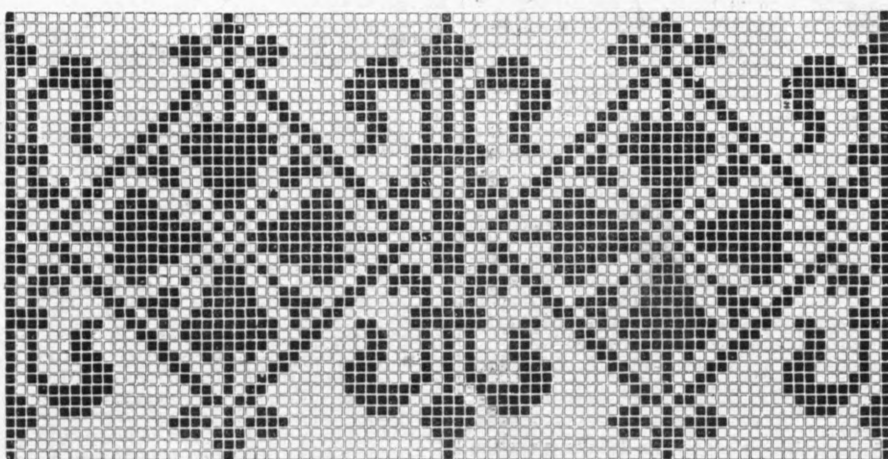


Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR WINDOW-SHADE, FIG. 1.

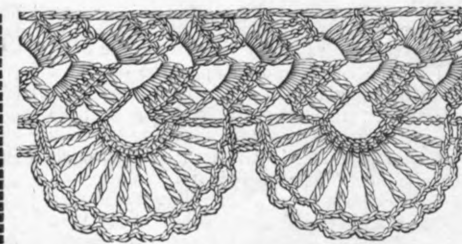


Fig. 2.—CROCHET EDGING FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

ing of 3 ch. and 1 sc. on the preceding sc.), 8 sc., the 2d and 3d, 4th and 5th, and 6th and 7th of which are separated by 1 p., around the next 5 ch., 4 sc., the 1st and 2d of which are separated by 1 p., around the next 3 ch.; repeat from *, and at the end of the round work 1 sl. on the first sc. This completes the outer part of a rosette. For the centre work with the finer cotton on a foundation of 11 ch. closed into a loop in



THE REVISED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT—COMPARING NOTES

the following manner: 3 ch., 23 dc. around the loop; 1 sl. on the 3d of the first 3 ch. in the round. 2d round.—4 ch., then, throughout, alternately 1 dc. on the next st. and 1 ch.; at the end of the round 1 sl. on the 3d of the first 4 ch. 3d round.—14 ch., 11 times alternately 1 dc. on the following 4th st. and 11 ch.; 1 sl. on the 3d of the first 14 ch. 4th round.—5 sl. on the next 5 st., * 2 ch., 1 cross dc. (for this work 1 qc. (quadruple crochet) on the following 3d st., working off the lowest vein only, 1 dc. on the 3d of the next 11 ch., work off the upper veins of the qc., 6 ch., connect to the 2d of the next 4 dc. in the 2d round of the outer part of the rosette, going back over the next 4 of the 6 ch., work 4 sl. on them, 2 ch., 1 dc. on the middle vein of the qc.), then 3 ch., 1 sl. on the middle one of them, 11 ch.; repeat 11 times from *. For the smaller rosette in Fig. 1 work with the fine cotton on a foundation of 8 ch. closed into a loop as follows: 1st round.—11 ch., 1 tc. on the first foundation st., 3 times alternately 7 ch. and 2 tc.

separated by 7 ch. on the following 2d st. of the foundation, then 7 ch., and 1 sl. on the 4th of the first 11 ch. in the round. 2d round.—4 sl. on the next 4 st., 9 ch., 1 tc. on the same st. with the last sl., 3 ch., 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 7, * 3 ch., 2 tc. separated by 5 ch. on the middle ch. of the next 7, 3 ch., 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the following 7, repeat twice from *, then 3 ch., 1 sl. on the 4th of the first 9 ch. 3d round.—Work as in the 4th round in the outer part of the large rosette.

For the tidy of which a part is shown in Fig. 2 begin at the centre of the large rosette with a round foundation of 6 ch., and work as follows: 1st round.—2 sc. on each foundation st. 2d round.—4 times alternately 3 sc. on the next st. and 2 sc. on the following 2 st. 3d round.—1 sl. on the next st., 4 times alternately 3 sc. on the following st. and 4 sc. on the following 4 st. 4th round.—3 sc. on the middle sc. of each 3 worked on 1 st. in the preceding round, and 1 sc. on every intervening st. 5th round.—1 sl. on the next st., * 3 sc. on

the following st., 3 sc. on the next 3 st., 5 ch., pass 2 st., 3 sc. on the following 3 st.; repeat 3 times from *. 6th round.—1 sl. on the next st., * 3 sc. on the following st., 3 sc. on the next 3 st., 5 ch., 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 5, 5 ch., pass 3 st., 3 sc. on the following 3 st.; repeat from * 3 times. 7th and 8th rounds.—Work in the same manner as in the preceding two rounds, increasing the number of ch. scallops in each successive round by one in each pattern figure. 9th round.—1 sl. on the next st., 8 ch., * 4 times alternately 1 dc. on the middle ch. of the next 5 and 5 ch., then 1 dc. on the middle sc. of the next 9, 5 ch.; repeat 3 times from *, but at the end of the round, instead of the last dc. and 5 ch. work only 1 sl. on the 3d of the first 8 ch. in the round. 10th round.—4 ch., then, throughout, alternately 1 dc. on the following 2d st. and 1 ch.; at the end of the round 1 sl. on the 3d of the first 4 ch. 11th round.—Alternately 1 sc. around the next ch. and 11 ch., passing 5 st.; 1 sl. on the first sc. in

the round. 12th round.—1 sl. on the next st., * 4 sc. on the next 4 st., 3 sc. on the following st., 4 sc. on the next 4 st., pass 3 st.; repeat from *; 1 sl. on the first sc. in the round. 13th round.—* 3 ch., 2 dc. separated by 5 ch. on the middle sc. of 3 worked on 1 st. of the round before the last, 3 ch., 1 sc. around the vein between the last sc. in this and the first sc. in the following scallop; repeat from *. 14th round.—Work as in the 12th round, but instead of 4 sc., 5 sc. on the next 5 st. The small rosette which serves to fill the spaces in Fig. 2 is worked on a round foundation composed of 7 ch. in the following manner: 1st round.—8 sc. separated by 5 ch. around the loop, then 5 ch., 1 sl. on the first sc. in the round. 2d round.—3 sl. on the next 3 st. in the preceding round, 8 times alternately 5 ch. and 1 sl. on the middle ch. of the next 5. 3d round.—Work as in the preceding round, working 7 ch. instead of 5 ch. 4th round.—* 2 ch., 2 dc. separated by 3 ch. on the middle ch. of the next 5, 2 ch., 1 sl. on the next sc.; repeat from *.

CANARY-BIRDS.

II.

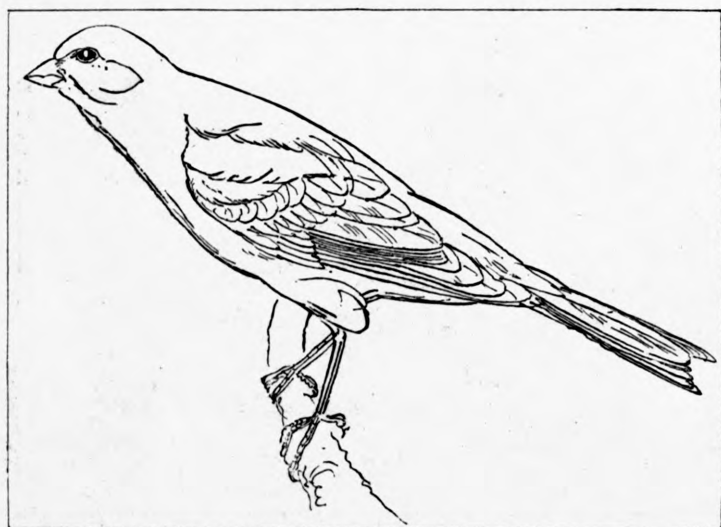
HOW TO BREED THEM.

HOWEVER entertaining the canary may be as a songster, and whatever amusement can be derived from this sweetest of pets as he shows in numberless quaint little ways his appreciation of what is done for his comfort, there is no time at which he can be seen to such advantage as when he is the proud and conscious father of a family.

It is not natural that the bird be confined in a tiny cage alone, kept as a pet simply for the amusement of others without any of the pleasures of home life for himself, and however happy he may appear to be, that happiness can be increased tenfold, while he fully repays you, if you give to him the delicate claw of some dainty little feathered miss in marriage.

There is no love-making any sweeter or more tender than that between a silver-voiced bird and his dainty little mate; she is as coy and coquettish as any maiden, encouraging him just enough to cause him to plead all the more passionately with his liquid music, until at last she consents to the betrothal kiss, and the open beaks and fluttering wings tell that they are mated without a thought of possible application to the divorce courts.

The person who, although fond of birds, has



TYPE OF CROSS BETWEEN LONG AND SHORT BREED.

never seen them in their love-making and house-keeping, can have no idea how much that is human there is in bird life.

One pair of birds, the male of the French and the female of the German species, have afforded the greatest possible amusement to the writer during their married life. They have not been separated for more than four years, and he is quite as attentive now as ever during the honeymoon, always perching close by her side at night, or on the edge of the nest when she is engaged in family duties. Each day when she is sitting, he flies to the upper perch, and for nearly an hour sings to her, and to her alone. But time drags, perhaps, when he is deprived of her companionship for two weeks; and then it has happened several times that, going to a lower perch, he sang to a female in the next cage. On each of these occasions his wife has shown actual jealousy, coming down from her nest like a perfect little fury, and whipping him unmercifully, although she is not quite half as large as he is.

In Germany, where bird-raising is a thing of profit rather than amusement, the birds are given the liberty of a room, around which nest boxes are hung in pairs—two for each female, since she will begin to build another nest before the first brood can fly—and perches are placed at all heights, care being taken to have some only a few inches from the floor for the young. In this room are put a quantity of birds, three females to each male, and then no trouble is had save to provide them with food and water, removing the young as soon as they are able to care for themselves.

In this country canaries should be mated from the middle of January until the middle of May, and no later, for birds hatched after that time are both delicate and inferior in quality.

When breeding birds be sure the old ones are adapted to each other. A quiet industrious female should have an active, cheerful mate, and it is much better for the plumage of the young that the parents should be nearly opposite in color. If the male be dull, irritable, and careless about his dress, his offspring will more often be sickly and delicate; and the same, in a less degree, may be said of the female. Therefore try to have your breeding birds as nearly opposite in nature as they are in color, and the result will generally be strong, beautiful, good-tempered young.

Do not mate two crested birds, lest the progeny be bald-headed. Have, if possible, a male younger than the female, and the result will be a majority of males. Should you desire to breed from a canary and any other species, it will be necessary to have the canary a female, since the females of other species will seldom lay in an artificial nest.

When breeding in a cage it is not well to put more than two canaries together, since in such small quarters jealousy is very apt to make a childless household. The breeding cage should be as large as is convenient, but not less than two feet long, and should be hung where the occupants will not be disturbed. In a light room, against the wall, and from four to six feet above the floor, is the best place for the young couple's home, since if they are at that height the female,

who is always more or less nervous at such times, may not be frightened by any one passing quickly in front of her.

As soon as the birds have begun to mate, provide them with plenty of material for building the nest, such as paper, threads cut about an inch in length, and bits of cloth. Give them, in addition to their regular food, chopped egg with pulverized cracker, and the egg-shell (crushed) may be thrown on the bottom of the cage. Keep the tray well filled with cleanly washed gravel, and change the water at least twice each day.

It is quite likely that the birds will quarrel some at first, but all difficulties should have been settled and the mating begun in a week. Five or six days from that time the first egg should be put in an appearance, and from three to five is the number to each nest, one coming each day, the female usually beginning to sit after laying the second.

Do not touch the eggs. Some people have a mistaken idea that they should be taken from the nest and replaced by ivory ones until such time as the laying finished, she is ready to sit, and this is done that the young may all be hatched on the same day. Now it is safe to assume that the laws of nature can not be improved upon in such a case, and that the bird should be sole guardian of her eggs.

During incubation the bird should be watch-

ed closely, in order to detect, if any, symptoms of illness, for they are very susceptible to chills or constipation at such times, and the food should be varied to meet the tendency to sickness.

The female sits thirteen days, and then the young birds are hatched in the same order the eggs were laid—one each day.

As soon as the young are out, the chopped egg and cracker should be replaced by a paste made of the same, but mixed so thoroughly that it will be of

the consistency of freshly baked bread. Continue to keep the cage well supplied with green food, and make the paste fresh twice or three times each day, as the old birds will feed the young offener if the food be fresh.

It is also well to give rape-seed soaked in water, but it must be given in an extra dish, and not mixed with the dry seed. Be careful that no sour food be left in the cage, since it would be fatal to the young if fed to them.

If through any cause it becomes necessary to raise the young birds by hand, feed them each hour during the day with as much of the egg paste as can be held on a quill pen, or a quill spoon made similar to a pen. Four or five times a day bruised rape-seed may be mixed with the paste. The bruised seed should be prepared very carefully, as follows: soak fresh German summer rape in warm water for at least one hour, then drain, and bruise the hulls from the kernels, mixing the latter evenly with the paste. Grated cracker mixed with well-crushed rape-seed, and moistened with the yolk of an egg, also makes a good food for young birds; but the writer has been more successful with that mentioned first.

As soon as the young birds feed themselves, they should be put in another cage, and in addition to seed be given egg and cracker mixed rather more coarsely than was the paste. Continue giving this soft food about one month, taking it gradually from them, if they do not cease eating it from choice.

It is hardly possible for any but one experienced in bird life to distinguish the males from the females; but by the time they are a month old they will begin to warble, which settles the question of sex at once.

A canary is fully nine months old before it has its full song, and whether that be excellent or ordinary depends as much upon the person in charge of it as on the bird itself.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 16, Vol. XIV.]

THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

By MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

AUTHOR OF "ALL OR NOTHING," "THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE," "A GOLDEN SORROW," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

THINGS settled down at Horndean with the facility that attends changes when there are no difficulties about money in the way. The old master was gone, the young master filled his place, that was all. The transfer was effected with perfect ease, the neighborhood paid its visits of condolence by leaving its cards, but made its visits of congratulation in person, and was of opinion that the new Mr. Horndean was a decided improvement on the old.

The neighborhood had not seen anything of Frederick Lorton for three or four years, and had seen but little of him at any time; if it had heard rumors to his disadvantage, it was not disposed to remember them now. The popularity

of Mrs. Townley Gore contributed not a little to this pleasant state of things. It had amused her and cost her nothing to make herself popular during her annual visits to Horndean. Her brother had earnestly begged of her to remain with him and see him through the taking possession business, as he called it, protesting that he was not well enough, that he could not be bothered, that he supposed he was bound to stay at Horndean for the present, but that it was an awful bore, and altogether demeaning himself as though he were rather injured and aggrieved by being converted into a landed proprietor. This Mrs. Townley Gore patiently put up with. She had been speedily relieved from her apprehension as to how her brother might mean to behave to her by perceiving that although he did not intend to be communicative with respect to the interval during which she had known nothing about him, neither did he intend to rake up past grievances, or maintain a feud with her. This might be the result of magnanimity, or it might merely proceed from Frederick's propensity for making things pleasant for himself: the motive concerned her not in the least. She accepted the fact that the hatchet was buried, and freely acknowledged to herself that smoking the pipe of peace under such prosperous circumstances was pleasant. Of one thing she felt quite certain—whatever Frederick's mode of life had been during the interval which he clearly did not mean to discuss, it had not agreed with him. She was inclined to think the old man had died only just in time: a little more "knocking about," as people airily describe sinful and worthless living, would probably have finished Frederick. It was quite true that he was very like their mother, who had died young. He was rather provoking in his ways just now, but that would come to an end. The serious advantages of so thoroughly enviable and perfectly safe a position as that into which he had stepped must overcome his undisciplined fancies and reckless habits; the mere possession of plenty of money might prove an effectual cure for a propensity to spend too much, and to spend it ill.

Mrs. Townley Gore was, in short, in high good-humor, and made the house very agreeable for every one, including her husband, who was quite over his attack of gout, and able to take an active interest in the stables. The late Mr. Horndean knew nothing, and cared as little, about horses; so that he had a carriage to use when he wanted to go out, it was a matter of total indifference to him what the horses were like. There were four equine quadrupeds in his stables, but he would not have known any of them had he met them detached from the carriage on the road. The present Mr. Horndean was not a horsey man, though, as his sister was well aware, he had "dropped" a good deal of money at the races—courses of more than one country; but he was fully alive to the propriety of having good horses at Horndean. So was Mr. Frank Lisle, but chiefly because he wanted to paint them, as he wanted to paint the cows and the dairy-maids, the dogs, and Mrs. Grimshaw the housekeeper, the cat, the pigeons, the terrace and the flower vases, the lake and the ducks, the boat-house and the post pony. He was always getting a "sitting" from somebody or something, and his friend's very first exercise of authority of the proprietorial kind was to have a big room with a north light "turned out," as Mrs. Grimshaw described the proceeding, and given up to Mr. Lisle and the "painter's rubbish" that he accumulated about him. It was understood that Mr. Lisle was to stay at Horndean until the humor seized him to go elsewhere, and to do exactly what he liked while he staid there. Mrs. Townley Gore made no objection to this unconventional arrangement, although it was not one that would seem at all likely to commend itself to her; and her acquiescence was only one of many testimonies to Mr. Frank Lisle's power of pleasing. He was aware that Mrs. Townley Gore was pleased with him, and he was glad of it, although he was very far from appreciating all the importance of the fact, or imagining how untenable he would have found his position had it not received her sanction. He was agreeably surprised to find Mrs. Townley Gore so urbane and charming a person, for he had been predisposed by information that he had received to dislike her.

If any one had described Mr. Frank Lisle to her, and she had not seen him, Mrs. Townley Gore would have pronounced him off-hand to be an objectionable person, one of those superfluous and annoying individuals in a well-ordered world who allow a taste to assume the proportions of a mania. To be an artist was not by any means a passport to her favor; she disliked artists as a class, and had been annoyed, not without reasons, by her brother's predilection for their society. Not successful artists, of course; that was quite another thing; one met them everywhere, and they were eminently respectable, though a little pronounced, perhaps; but Frederick's artist friends were not in the first nor even the second line, and they had certainly done him no good.

Mr. Frank Lisle had, however, established himself in the good graces of Mrs. Townley Gore with ease by his pleasant manners, undisfigured by any of the carelessness which she disliked, his happy temper, his good looks, and his evidently wholesome influence over Frederick. It was from Frank Lisle that she learned the particulars of her brother's illness, for, as she told Miss Chevenix in a letter written in fulfillment of the promise she had made on leaving her, Frederick was really not yet well enough to like talking about the narrow escape he had had.

"It seems," wrote Mrs. Townley Gore, "that he had been staying with Mr. Lisle in Paris—was actually there while we were. I told you, you may remember, that some one called to ask about me the very day I left Paris. No doubt it was Mr. Lisle himself; and they were to have come on to London together. But Mr. Lisle took one

of his crazes for painting somebody or something, and went off to some place near Paris, merely leaving word for Frederick that he would follow him as soon as he could. Frederick had been feeling rather ill, and as usual taking no care of himself, and from what Mr. Lisle made out afterward, but he is not very clear about it, he sat up all night playing at some circle in Paris, having to start next morning for England. He has told me next to nothing himself, but he has informed me that his object in coming to England was to see Mr. Horndean: he thought the *brouille* had lasted long enough, and he meant to try and make it up. He started feeling weak and giddy, as well he might, and when the train ran into the station at Amiens, the railway people found him insensible in the carriage. As there was plenty of money in his pocket, they took him to a good hotel, sent for a doctor and a nurse, and put him into their hands. There he remained for a whole month. His illness was brain-fever, and when it subsided he was so weak and so confused he could form no plans for himself, and give no directions, and he just staid on, helpless, but saved. Mr. Lisle, in the mean time, had been wandering like a will-o'-the-wisp with brushes for wings, and after the pleasant fashion which he tells me he affects, and (quite seriously) advises me to adopt, had been receiving and writing no letters. He wanders back to Paris, and finds a 'communication' from the doctor at Amiens, dated several weeks back, to the effect that a gentleman was lying ill there whose initials were F. L., and in whose pocket-book the address of the house in which Mr. Lisle lived was written. This communication was addressed to the concierge: rather vague, but it would have been all right had Mr. Lisle been in Paris. He started for Amiens by that evening's train, and found my brother in the state I have described. I am sure that nothing could be better than the way in which he acted, and the care he took of Frederick, but it was some time even yet before he was fit for anything. I asked Mr. Lisle why he did not write to me, and he said it was because Frederick would not let him write. He did not want a fuss made, and he meant to go back to Paris. I asked Mr. Lisle whether Frederick had forgotten Mr. Horndean as well as everything else; but he said no, he had not; he had only changed his mind, and would come to England later. They went back to Paris together, and Frederick was there for two or three days, after which they started for England, and would have come straight through only that Mr. Lisle wanted to paint something at Calais, and they put up at a queer little inn 'with associations,' as Mr. Lisle says, with Hogarth and Sterne, and people of that kind; at all events, there they staid, Mr. Lisle painting promiscuously (especially vagrant dogs—you should see his sketch-book!), and Frederick wandering about. He picked up the *Times* at the railway station, and saw our—or I should say your—advertisement, and he and Mr. Lisle came on at once to Horndean. There, dear Beatrix, is my story, or rather Frederick's, for you, and you see how successful your brilliant idea was. As for my brother, I can not tell you what I think about him, because I have not yet made up my mind. If he were not still far from strong, I should say he was immensely bored. I am not bored in the least, and Mr. Townley Gore is wonderfully well. We probably should not like more than a few weeks of this sort of thing, but at the end of them we shall have a few people down; no regular house party, of course, only *des intimes*. Don't you think you could come? It would be nice; and if Mr. Lisle has not flitted away somewhere, he would paint you to perfection as the Fair One with the Golden Locks. I see the *Morning Post* announces the Darnell-Hylton affair as 'arranged.' His mother has succeeded, and will no longer be amusing. How funny was her dread of your fine eyes and your freethinking. I shall ask you to call at—"

Then followed a list of commissions.

It was a hot day in London, and Miss Chevenix—wearing a gown which she would have described as the simplest thing possible, for it was merely an elegantly arranged combination of soft, shiny white muslin and filmy lace, but which represented an entry of thirty pounds in her modiste's bill—was ensconced in the shadiest corner of her back drawing-room. The sunshine was shut out by blinds, the air was cooled by a jet from a pretty little fountain, and scented with the breath of choice flowers. The small but luxurious rooms were models of good taste, and had an air of leisure and repose especially charming from its contrast with the sullen roar and rattle of the great city outside. Miss Chevenix looked very handsome that day; her magnificent hair was a glowing mass of brightness in the shade; there was a deeper rose tint than usual in her cheeks, and her eyes made up in brilliance for what was wanting to them in color. It was anger that shone in them; but hers was a face to which anger was not unbecoming, but not contradictory. The coolness that surrounded her was only external; there was nothing answering to it in her heart and brain. On a pretty gold-tasseled basket-table beside her lay a number of cards and letters; in her hand was an open paper, but she was not reading its contents; she had gathered them already, and her thoughts were busy with their meaning.

"But I must have some money," thus her thoughts ran. "There is no use in his writing such nonsense as this to me; there is no good in his telling me I must 'tide over things for the present'; they can not be tidied over. It is cowardly of him to keep away, and leave me to bear it. Servants are not insolent to him; tradespeople don't tell him that customers of our sort don't suit them, as that wretch from Morrison's told me this morning. I can not, I will not, bear what I have borne for the last week. It is the Darnell-Hylton affair, as my tenderly sympathetic friend calls it, that I may thank for this sud-

den persecution in the middle of the season. They were all civil enough while he was seen about with me. Yes, that is the explanation."

She suddenly and viciously tore the paper she held into strips, twisted them tightly together, with a subtly cruel suggestiveness in the manner of the action, as if those strong white fingers of hers could have wrung a bird's neck—or a baby's—and flung them on the floor.

"It's horrible, it's sickening, it's maddening, to see the safety, the peace, the calmly triumphant selfishness, of securely rich people, about whom nobody has any doubt, and who have no doubt about themselves. And how I do hate them! I might not hate them so much if I knew more about ourselves. I suppose I could bear what people call reverses as well as another, and I am sure I could play a bold game for a big stake; but there's no such thing: there's only a dreary sham, and I don't even know how much is sham."

She lay back in her chair, with her hands behind her head, her face bent forward, her eyes downcast, so that the red-gold lashes hid them, and a strange smile hovering about her full red lips. Her thoughts had flown off at a tangent from her father's letter, which was altogether displeasing, to Mrs. Townley Gore's, which was pleasing and irritating at the same time.

"My fine eyes and my freethinking! How clever she thinks herself! What a neatly turned phrase she flatters herself that is! And yet, if there is any woman in the world whom she likes, I am that woman. To be sure, I have red hair and eyes like rain-drops, while she believes that

'All that is best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes,'

as no doubt it did, *dans le temps*. So she can afford to patronize me, among a great many other pleasures which she, lucky woman, can afford. But the pleasure of hitting me hard is at least as great: will she find it as cheap?"

A cluster of yellow roses was pinned into the front of her gown; she crushed them with her soft round chin as she inhaled their perfume, and nibbled their delicate leaves with her sharp small teeth. The action was subtle, and like that of her hand.

"She does not even know the ugly little Puritan to speak to, and if I had been Lady Darnell, I might have been of some use to her; and yet she can not resist a thrust at me, so strong in her nature is the instinct of spite. How thoroughly she enjoys her queening it at Hordean! It should not be difficult to dethrone her. The brother seems to be an *effacé* person, not the sort of man I imagined until now. Not one-third as rich as Sir Henry Darnell, and probably quite as stupid. I will accept her invitation; there will be no duns in the hall at Hordean; and Mr. Lisle, who is apparently a much pleasanter person than Mrs. Townley Gore's brother, shall paint my picture."

She laughed suddenly, aloud, and rose; she had seemingly recovered her good-humor. She looked in the glass at herself approvingly, pulled out the plaits of her hair, flung the crumpled roses at her neck into the basket under her writing-table, and prepared—smiling as she arranged her writing materials—to reply to Mrs. Townley Gore's letter.

"A telegram, ma'am," said a correctly impassive servant, tendering her the yellow missive, which she carelessly opened.

The sender was a Colonel Wilton, at whose house Mr. Chevenix was staying for some famous mid-season races, and it contained these words:

"Your father has met with a serious accident. I am coming to town to take you to him. I shall be with you in an hour. Be ready to start at once."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

PEOPLE have left, are leaving, and are about to leave town, yet Paris preserves all its animation, for strangers abound, and our dress-makers have quite as much to do, and our shops display quite as many attractions, as ever, despite the absence of the Parisians. Then there are a great many weddings, which serve as occasions for dress. We will begin by describing some of the latest styles. Costume of royal blue Surah and satin with a blue ground, brocaded with capucine flowers with moss green leaves. The Surah skirt is trimmed on the bottom with a satin flounce, brocaded in a pattern; that is, with large flowers at the bottom, which diminish in size toward the top of the flounce. This flounce is set over a double and very thick balayouse of moss green satin. Corsage, tablier, and scarfs of brocaded satin. Italian straw hat, trimmed with blue and capucine feathers. Another toilette is of myrtle green satin merveilleux, trimmed with guipure, embroidered with white silk on white silk muslin. At the bottom broad guipure bands from four to five inches wide lose themselves in cascades of puffs. Narrower bands of guipure edge the corsage. Very high standing collar, covered with guipure, with deep cuffs to match on the elbow sleeves. Black straw bonnet, trimmed with velvet, and adorned with a very dark red feather. Black gloves, embroidered with silver.

The fine weather that we are enjoying permits the display of summer toilettes. Muslin, batiste, and gingham dresses are about to have a vogue which has been refused to them for many seasons past. Very original styles are seen; for instance, a dress of black muslin, with immense printed colored flowers, either full-sized poppies or dahlias larger than nature, trimmed with insertion and flounces of black Spanish lace. This has a Japanese aspect, which is only becoming to a very slender and spirituelle person.

A multitude of narrow flounces are worn, almost all pleated and mixed with English embroid-

ery set on flat, or lace flounces for dresses of linen, batiste, etc., six or eight flounces being set on a skirt, the top of which is completed by sashes, scarfs, or paniers. For instance, we will cite a cameo pink muslin dress, the skirt of which has six pleated flounces about two inches wide, trimmed with black Chantilly lace (imitation) of the same width. The basque-waist is shirred, and is clasped closely over the hips by a broad sash of black watered silk, trimmed with very wide black lace which mixes behind with the pouf. Black lace pleatings edge the neck and sleeves. This toilette is charmingly effective. There are also skirts formed of puffs, from six to eight inches wide, flattened down at the top, and having the appearance of flounces the bottom of which has been turned under and sewed through the middle; these are separated by ribbons that are partly hidden by the puffs. We have seen a dress of porcelain blue percale, with delicate white figures, that was made in this fashion. Rather loose basque-waist, the bottom of which was slightly puffed up by a sash of red Surah placed underneath and tied in the first puff, which was formed by the puffed-up basque. The skirt had two of the puffs we have just described, which were underlaid with red Surah ribbon, the third and last, which formed a flounce, was trimmed with open-work embroidery four inches wide, all falling over the narrow flounces of the under-skirt. Apropos of skirts, they are becoming much fuller, so as to give more ease in walking. Moreover, nothing can be more bizarre and ungraceful than a skirt scanty at the bottom, while the top is adorned with ample drapings and puffs, which tend to become more and more accentuated. Without following the example of certain leaders of the *ton* who carry a steep promontory behind them at the bottom of the waist, it is impossible for any one who wishes to be in fashion to dispense with a tournure either of hair-cloth or of starched flounces set one above another. We only hope that this does not presage a speedy return to crinoline and to skirts six yards in circumference.

The Louis XV. and Louis XVI. styles prevail for the moment over those of the Directoire and Henri Trois. There are, however, a number of high pointed bodices, as we have said. Paniers are often attached to them by flat pleats, which clearly define the hips, and produce a slender effect than gathers, with the stripes so much in vogue. These paniers draw a little at the sides, open in front in fan shape, and turn sharply toward the middle of the skirt, where they are lost in the pouf. *Everything*, however, is worn, and pointed bodices are outnumbered by shirred or pleated basques, and by pleated round waists, belted with a ribbon that crosses behind, and is brought again in front in the form of a point, somewhat covering the hips.

Bonnets continue to be infinitely varied, from the microscopic cap or simple capote, heavily embroidered with gold, silver, etc., and garlanded with flowers, to the high-crowned Italian straw hat, set upright on the head or drawn over the forehead, loaded with feathers and flowers, or sometimes with a broad brim, lined with velvet, turned up on one side, and furnished with a feather falling backward; the latter is very pretty, especially if of a dark color. The shapes are mostly well known, but from day to day they become larger and more accentuated.

Among new fabrics we will cite the rich and elegant grenadines with large trellis-work or medium-sized woven flowers of velvet of the same shade as the ground—brown, myrtle green, or *caroubier* red. These are superb; they are used for mantles, jackets, applications, etc. There are still seen at soirées the pretty chiné and brocaded Pompadours, which, according to the style of the costume, are combined with plain stuffs of ancient tints, or with gauzes and blonde lace. Blue is much worn in silks, from the darkest to the palest shade.

Parasols continue to be embellished with bows of ribbon, flowers, and even feathers, for we have seen one of white watered silk with a large bunch of ostrich plumes on the top, and which looked as if it might have belonged to an Indian begum. Flowers are prettier, always matching the color of the parasol, and shaded with ombre silk, such as geraniums shading from red to pink, etc. For useful parasols for all occasions the handle is stout, and rustic in appearance, the luxury being displayed in the knob, which may be of old porcelain, precious stones, chased silver, etc. Flowers continue to be more used than ever, and their imitation has attained perfection. A few are of velvet—pansies, for example. They are worn on the corsage, at the throat, on the skirt, at the belt, and even on the long gloves, in the guise of fastenings, which is in questionable taste, for nothing is more unsightly than a crushed flower, and here it is inevitably crushed in a few seconds. As a refinement of elegance we greatly prefer glove buttons set with precious stones, such as garnets or cat's-eyes, which are used like cuff buttons, and serve to guard against the annoyance of bursting off the ordinary buttons.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

HOME OBSERVATIONS ON BIRDS.

I WAS much interested last spring in the peculiar behavior of a pair of house wrens. Almost at once after his arrival from his winter's sojourn in the South the male selected one of the small wooden bird-houses which we had fastened to the top of a grape post for his accommodation. He sang from early morning until night, now and then stopping long enough to carry a stick into the house, as if to preempt his claim.

About a week after his arrival his mate makes her appearance—a bright-eyed, busy, chattering housewife, and now the happy pair commence building in earnest. The male brings a stick to

his mate, she meets him at the door and takes it, while he flies to the top of the little house, throws up his head, and pours forth his jubilant song.

The little housewife is very amiable, always accepting the sticks that he brings, and they chatter over the work in the most loving, confiding manner. But now another male comes into the neighborhood. Evidently he is trying to woo this pretty partner. He stations himself on the top of an adjacent grape post very near to the happy couple, and tries his most entrancing song. This exasperates the wedded lord; he pounces upon the gay wooer, and a fierce struggle ensues. The lord seems to have conquered, and sings triumphantly. But this gay, insinuating fellow is not so easily put down, he too sings, as if challenging him to another conflict. Meanwhile the little partner goes on with her building, apparently unconcerned, wholly indifferent to the insinuating ways of the rival, and the nest is completed on the eighth day after her arrival.

On the morning of the ninth day I miss her, neither do I see the other male, and the lord seems dejected. He is left sole possessor of the premises. It looks as if this pretty partner had forsaken her home and mate. But he does not long repine over his desertion; in a day or two he is singing as gayly as before.

He still considers himself proprietor of the establishment, and no sparrow is allowed to remain a moment near it, and he scolds and blusters at the bluebirds, although not daring to attack them. He is very angry when I raise the roof to inspect his faithless partner's work. What a cozy place she has left! The nest is built in one corner of the little house, and neatly lined with feathers and hair.

In a few days the widower selects another home, a few rods distant from his first, and again preempts his claim by every now and then carrying a stick into the house; but he claims the other also, and is now sole proprietor of two homes. Clearly the future Mrs. Wren can take her choice of two fine establishments. But he does not leave the premises to woo a second partner, but sings loud and long, with faith that she will surely come.

It is June, and the robins, bluebirds, and cat-birds have built all around him, and are rearing their young, while he has nothing to do but sing and keep watch over his two establishments. His enforced idleness finally develops a curiosity with regard to the young of other species. He slips up to a nest of young cat-birds, and peers at them until one of the parents drives him away. A robin has built on a tree a few feet distant from one of his houses. This too excites his curiosity; but Madam Robin proves to have a very bad temper. She has caught him looking into her nest two or three times, and she is not satisfied with simply driving him away, but follows him about, driving him from place to place. Now he takes refuge in the wood-pile, while she sits on the top waiting for his re-appearance. He stays so long that madam becomes tired of waiting, and begins to make her toilette. With her head bent to one side, she is wholly absorbed in plucking her feathers, and now he slips out, and flits to a quince bush, and pours out his most defiant song. Madam instantly straightens up, and makes a dash toward the bush. He drops beneath the thick foliage, and is again secure. Soon he slips away, with another defiant song, always eluding her, until, tired of the chase, she returns to her nest.

It is the middle of June, and at last a female is attracted by the wooer's song. She accompanies him to the deserted house of his former partner, and now they flit to his last establishment. This seems to suit her better, and she begins to throw out some of the sticks which he has been carrying in for the past month. He is not at all disconcerted by her lack of appreciation of his work, for never seemed a happier bird. He is in a tremor of delight, his wings quiver and flutter, and his throat swells with his jubilant song. Now he carries a stick to the door, whereupon she scolds and chatters, telling him there are already more than she knows what to do with; so he drops it to the ground, and sings again.

Soon she has arranged the sticks to suit her, and begins to line the nest with feathers and hair.

Within a week she is sitting, and her lord is most devoted. He looks beneath the bark of trees and under the eaves for dainty bits, which he reserves and carries to her.

The first week in July the young are hatched, and never was there a more loving, happy father. He has no time nor disposition now to trouble himself about the young of other species; but from morning until night, with brief intervals of joyous, gushing song, he is providing for his young household.

Birds of the same species differ greatly in disposition. Sometimes they are quite peaceable, and the different species will rear their young in close proximity.

The robin mentioned above was one of the most quick-tempered birds I ever observed. She built her first nest in a spruce at the rear of the house. This tree stands in an angle formed by an addition to the main building. From the dining-room a glass door opens within three feet of the tree, and from the other jutting apartment is a door often used, the ends of the branches touching the casement. Yet here madam chose to build, not at all afraid of our close proximity. She had safely reared a brood in this tree the previous year, and now considered it her property.

Birds of other species were also attracted to this eligible situation. Either experience has taught them, or they reason, that this tree is more safe from the depredations of crows or cats than the groups of spruce and other evergreens on the lawn. A male cat-bird attempts to preempt his claim to this tree by carrying a few sticks and paper and placing them on a low limb several feet

distant from the robins' nest. In two or three days thereafter the mate arrives, and seems satisfied with the location her partner has chosen, and they commence building, but Madam Robin soon puts a stop to their work; she repeatedly drives them from the tree, until they are obliged to seek other quarters. They select the arbovitæ hedge—which surrounds the "Insect Menagerie," figured in *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1880—where they build, and safely rear their young.

Next a brown thrush makes his claim by laying the foundation of his domicile within three feet of the robins' nest. It would seem that madam must submit to this arrangement, for our thrush is ruler over all the birds that frequent the grounds.

The mate arrives, and they rapidly proceed with the building. Conscious of their superior power and strength, they pay no attention to the robin, who eyes them askance. The nest is completed and the eggs deposited, but they soon disappear. I mistrust Madam Robin is at the bottom of the mischief. She probably slipped to the nest in the absence of the thrushes, and destroyed the eggs. Had it been any other enemy, it would seem that the robins' nest must have shared the same fate, for the two nests are very near each other.

The young robins leave the nest, and now madam informs her partner that he must take the entire responsibility of finishing their education and providing for their wants, while she proceeds to build a second nest. This time she chooses a deciduous tree on the lawn back of the house, within a few feet of her first domicile. She builds on a low limb just above my hammock. This is a favorite tree for many birds to alight upon. But now madam's tyrannical disposition manifests itself in fiercely driving them all from the tree. The cat-birds whom she had driven from the spruce are now feeding their young in the hedge, and they have all along used this tree as a stopping-place in their flight to and from their nest, and they do not like to abandon it, but madam compels them to select another tree. She seems to have a special spite toward these cat-birds and the little wren.

The robin is sitting; she leaves her nest and goes to the orchard, quite a distance away. Now one of the cat-birds, as if awaiting his chance, flits up to the nest and looks in, and immediately flies away, and soon returns with his partner. They alight on opposite sides of the nest, and quickly break three of the eggs before I am hardly aware what they are doing. So intent are they upon the mischief that they allow me to approach within reaching distance, clapping my hands to frighten them away, and one carries a broken egg and throws it upon the ground. It looks as if done out of revenge.

Madam Robin returns, and comprehends the state of affairs, and immediately calls her mate, who makes a great outcry, evidently mistaking me for the author of the mischief. But madam seems to know better, and is very quiet, and continues to have the same confidence in me as before. She does not forsake the remaining egg, but rears one lone nestling.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER.—Irish poplins are not worn now. Your red silk is rather bright, but can be made up with a skirt of satin Surah of the same shade.

B. G. M.—Your small boy's white piqué should be open in front, with plain princess front, and some box pleats below the waist in the back. Edge it with your trimming. Have black shoes, with red and blue stockings; sashes should match stockings.

TEN YEARS' SUBSCRIBER.—Make your cambrics with round belted waists and round full skirts simply hemmed. The dark blue might have a tucked basque worn with a belt, an apron over-skirt and round skirt, with bias bands of the plain blue. The delaine would make a pretty hunting jacket; or else use the round waist that you have, and put all the new material into a pleated skirt, with three pleated flounces across the back, and a deep apron with one flounce in front.

NOVIOK.—The bridegroom at a quiet morning wedding should wear a black diagonal cloth frock-coat and vest, with gray pantaloons. It is a matter of taste whether he travels in this suit or puts on the usual Cheviot travelling suit, but he should not wear a travelling suit during the wedding ceremony. The coat of the travelling suit may be a cut-away fitted coat, or a short sack coat. It is the caprice of the season for gentlemen to be married without gloves.

JANE S.—Your inquiries about false hair and hair-dressing were anticipated in a late number of the *New York Fashions*.

M. S.—You need not put black crape around your neck even in the first months of deep mourning. Wear pleatings of black crepe lisse, if you insist upon having black, but you can with propriety wear white lisse pleatings and collars inside rolling collars of the Byron shape of your black dress goods. The trimming at the wrists should correspond.

B. W. C.—Get wide white Spanish net, and make it up plain over the soiled waist of your cream-colored silk. Then have a draped apron over-skirt of the net, and put flounces of the lace on the silk skirt.

ANNA.—The shirred Mother Hubbard dresses, the yoke slips, and pleated blouses in princess shape, are suitable for your little girl. Shirr the Mother Hubbard dresses around the neck, letting the remainder hang full for the waist and skirt, with merely a hem or some tucks. Then put a puff above each armhole, have a sash or not, as you choose, and fasten the dress behind. This will be pretty in écaru, pale or dark blue, or dark maroon flannel or cashmere, for next fall. The yoke slips of white muslin have the dress pleated below, and finished with a wide Spanish flounce of embroidery. For piqués, have princess dresses with the fronts plain, buttoned their entire length, and some box-pleats behind to hold the fullness. Pale shades of pink and of cream-color are pretty for the little artistic dresses. These reach half way between the knees and ankles. Use soft wide ribbons, strips of cashmere, and also of the dress goods, for sashes. The little pokes of straw and wide-brimmed straw hats are worn, also shirred sun-bonnets with high crowns. The Mother Hubbard cloaks for next winter will be made of gray, brown, blue, or maroon cloth of light quality.



PORTRAIT OF A CHILD.—FROM THE PICTURE BY CAROLUS DURAN, EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON OF 1880.—[SEE PAGE 523.]

A FASCINATING GHOST.

WANTED—A young gentleman who knows how to spell, and who writes a good hand, to do copying in the country for two or three months. Must remain in employer's house. Address in own hand, stating what salary is expected, X., Box 1400, this office.

This was an advertisement I cut out of the *Evening Post* one spring afternoon. For half an hour I had stood the vociferous offerings of "Fourth Editions" and "Extras" without number, and for half an hour sheets of various political complexions had been thrust under my nose without effect, for I had been out of employment so long that my stock of money was nearly exhausted, and it had been a good many days since I had allowed myself the luxury of a paper. But at last I was overpersuaded by a very small but remarkably pertinacious newsboy, and for fear of further temptations put the paper hastily in my pocket and went home.

In the old days I had been book-keeper for the late concern of Skinfint, Starvehimout & Co., and while with them I had been getting a good salary, and to my sorrow he it said, lived pretty well up to it; so as I made nothing by the failure of the concern, and lost my place as well, I had to come down very low. I had saved a little, more by good luck than from forethought, and this little, used with the strictest economy, and added to by a few dollars made here and there in odd ways, was all that had kept me alive for eighteen months. However, I didn't feel quite disposed to go to the dogs yet, for there was always a chance of something turning up in a great city like New York.

As I looked around my room that evening I realized how bare it was of either furniture or adornments; how unlike—Ah, well, there was my paper; and I unfolded it with all the glee of a child over a new story-book. There was, of course, the usual political news, the usual number of railroad accidents and criminal proceedings; there were items of interest to investors and theatre-goers and travellers; but nothing for me. I had no money to invest, or for theatres, or travelling. So I skipped all that and went on to the advertisements, and the only one of them all worth reading twice was—

WANTED—A young gentleman who knows how to spell, and who writes a good hand, to do copying in the country for two or three months. Must remain in employer's house. Address in own hand, stating what salary is expected, X., Box 1400, this office.

I read it two or three times, and then decided it was worth trying. So I hunted up a sheet of paper, and addressed X— as follows:

"MY DEAR MR., MRS., OR MISS X.—I notice your advertisement in to-day's issue of the *Evening Post*. My handwriting you can see for yourself. My spelling, I think, is usually correct, and there is no doubt I am a gentleman. As to salary, I don't know what to say—I don't wish to value my services at more than they're worth. Should you mean by 'remain in employer's house,' that I would be boarded and lodged at your expense, my price—that is, asking price—is five dollars a week. Yours respectfully,
JAMES W. WOLCOTT."

The next afternoon I heard from my friend X., who proved to be a man. His letter ran thus:

"James W. Wolcott, Esq.:

"MY DEAR SIR,—You may be a gentleman, write a good hand, and know how to spell, but you're a fool. I inclose sixty-three cents, the fare to —. You will take the 7 A.M. train tomorrow morning from Grand Central Depot, and when you arrive at —, ask for my carriage, as it will be there to meet you.
Yours, etc.,
SOL. HUMPHREYS."

Sol. Humphreys!—the last man in the world I would voluntarily have written to, and for employment, too! Two years before, I had a very nice little flirtation with pretty Mabel Humphreys, and it had gone so far that if the crash in my affairs had not occurred, I believe there might have been an understanding, if not an engagement. But as it was, I put away all thoughts of love and love-making, and dropped pretty Mabel very suddenly, without any kind of an understanding, and I had not seen her since. And now to think I had fairly got myself into it again! But, I reflected, I might not see much of Mabel, after all. So much the better. Bread and butter was a necessity, and I would go and make the best of it.

The next morning I caught the train, but missed my breakfast, and by the time I reached the house I was decidedly hungry.

Mr. Humphreys met me at the door, and I was pleased to see he did not seem to remember me at all. He put up his eyeglasses, and inspected me from head to foot.

"So you're James W. Wolcott, are you, young man?"

I told him he was not mistaken. I always had that name—born with it, I believed.

"And you think you're a gentleman?"

I begged his pardon—didn't think anything about it; it was a self-evident fact.

The old fellow grinned. "Suppose you come in and have some breakfast. You haven't had any, I suppose?"

I said I had not.

"Well, come in and have some."

After breakfast Mr. Humphreys led the way into the library, and motioned me to take a chair, while he explained what my work was to be. He had been writing a history, or text-book, of ferns—he was an enthusiastic botanist—and wanted it copied for press. The work of rewriting the whole thing legibly was more than he wished to

undertake, so he had advertised for an amanuensis.

After this had been explained to me, Mr. Humphreys started up. "Get your hat, Mr. Wolcott. I want to show you around."

All through the house and all over the place he took me, and when he got to the farther extremity of the grounds he paused, and pointing to a huge stone house beyond, said, "I'm trying to buy that house; I'm very anxious to get it, but my daughter objects."

I asked him why she objected.

"Well, you see, it hasn't been occupied lately, and she says it's gloomy; says it's haunted, and she wouldn't like to live in it."

"Miss Humphreys can't really believe that to be true," I answered.

"I don't know whether she does or not. She's away now, but she'll be home to-morrow, and perhaps she'll be more reasonable."

The next day Mabel arrived. She met me politely, went through the introduction gracefully, and acted as if she had never seen me before. There was not the slightest half-glance of recognition: she evidently intended to consider me a recent acquaintance. With curious inconsistency I could not help being a little disappointed, while at the same time I was immensely relieved. I don't know what I had expected—a start, a blush, just the shy, pleased look of a girl toward an old friend not yet forgotten; or was it haughtiness, hardly veiled anger, disgust? Whatever I had expected, I got nothing at all but pleasant, meaningless words, great politeness, great civility. I had nothing whatever to do with, and could have no interest in, the intimacy that formerly existed between Mabel Humphreys and James W. Wolcott; he was one man, and I was another. And so the days went on, and she was always friendly with her father's copyist.

Toward the end of July, Ned Humphreys came home, and brought Mr. Butter-Scotch Steele with him. Mr. Steele's baptismal name was William, but he had been rechristened by his friends Butter-Scotch, on account of his fondness for that particular kind of candy. Ned was quite a boy, and a capital fellow at that, and he and I soon became firm friends; but Butter-Scotch I loathed. I really don't know why I loathed him so much, unless because there was a rumor afloat that Mabel was making up her mind to renounce the bangs and bangies of a single life, and henceforth stick to Butter-Scotch. Of course this of itself was enough to make me contemplate placing an extraordinarily bent pin on his chair, or converting his overcoat pocket into a repository for a litter of baby kittens. But independently of this rumor, I had a distinct and positive impression that I loathed the man just as he was, whether he ever succeeded in marrying Mabel or not. Of course it was none of my business, but it did seem a pity to stand by and see her become the missing rib, thereby completing the anatomy, of such a molly-coddle.

One morning I was standing on the piazza—just finishing a very nice cigar Mr. Humphreys had presented me with the day before, with the remark that "he didn't mind a man smoking once in a while, if he smoked tobacco, but he abominated cabbage"—when Mabel came out.

"Mr. Wolcott," she said, "are you going to be busy for a few minutes?"

"I think not," I replied. "Mr. Humphreys doesn't want to begin for half an hour yet."

"Then will you come to the croquet ground, and finish your cigar there?"

"Certainly," I answered; "with pleasure."

Over to the croquet ground we strolled, and Mabel sat down on one of the rustic seats. Without preamble of any kind, she began:

"I know you have a friendly feeling for us all, Mr. Wolcott, and I want to ask your opinion and advice."

I bowed, for she was unquestionably right about my friendly feeling, but I wondered what was coming.

She went on: "What do you think of Mr. Steele?"

Well, that was a poser! What did I think of Butter-Scotch? That he was a fool, of course; but I reflected it wouldn't do to tell her so, particularly if she was going to—Oh no! it wouldn't do at all.

"Why do you ask, Miss Humphreys?"

"I will tell you frankly. There is a very strong inclination on papa's part to buy the stone house."

"Yes, I know there is."

"And I don't want him to."

"May I ask why not?"

"Because it's haunted."

"I don't see how that affects Mr. Steele—he isn't haunted."

Mabel laughed. "I don't suppose he is. But that isn't what I mean. I want to know if he is courageous enough to go there and see if it really is haunted."

"Oh, I guess he's pretty brave: he says he is, and Mr. Humphreys thinks so too, I believe."

"Yes, papa is so enthusiastic over Mr. But—I mean Mr. Steele's kind heart and religious feeling; he thinks he must be a good man, and not easily frightened." She looked at me squarely.

"And I want to know if he's a man fully to be trusted—"

"With untold wealth?"

"No; to see a ghost."

"Ah! I see!"

"You're brave too, aren't you, Mr. Wolcott?"

"You're very kind to say so, but I assure you there never was a worse coward than I am. I've no courage at all—I'm all brain! Now there's the difference between Mr. Steele and myself."

Mabel rose. "Yes, I see the difference," she said. "I'm very much obliged to you, Mr. Wolcott, for your good advice. I wasn't sure whether he would undertake it. Brain is a good thing, so is courage; I prefer a happy mixture." And with a pleasant little nod she sailed off.

I never saw until afterward what a comparison I had made—one all courage and no brain, and the other all brain and no courage. I had muddled things badly, that was evident, and the worst of it was that she never gave me an opportunity to let her know I had not intended any disrespect to her future liege.

All this time Sol. Humphreys never ceased talking about buying the stone house. At last Mabel made the proposition that some night we three, Ned, Butter-Scotch, and myself, should go there and stay until morning, and if our report was "no ghosts," she would not say any more against the purchasing scheme; but if anything diabolical or mysterious happened, that her father was to give up the idea. Our consent being asked, we cheerfully gave it, and as one time was as good as another, we decided to make the experiment that night.

Armed each with a stout stick and a pillow, we advanced upon the haunted dwelling about nine o'clock, and were admitted by the man in charge, whose head-quarters were in an adjoining building, which communicated with the house by a long entry, at the end of which was an iron door. This door was closed and bolted after us, and we were left to make our explorations in our own way.

I for one did not expect to see anything supernatural, but Mabel's stories were very vivid, and I would have liked to oblige her by seeing something uncanny. We had brought a lantern with us, and Butter-Scotch had very self-sacrificingly taken charge of it. So we ascended the stairs, and made a tour of the upper floors, then descended, and made another tour of the ground-floor and cellar, and Butter-Scotch considered the exploration so thorough that he strongly advocated going home and to bed, and bringing in a sealed verdict, "No ghosts." But we wouldn't hear of it. So, having made sure that the front door was unlocked on the inside, and could be opened instantaneously if the proposed ghost were disposed to be violent, or use language unfit for "ears polite," we made ourselves as comfortable in the hall as the circumstances of no bed and an indefinite ghost would allow.

Ten o'clock—no ghost. Eleven—not a sound.

Eleven-thirty—"Ned, you're snoring."

"Oh no; I was thinking how—"

"Great heavens!" whispered Butter-Scotch.

"Where? where?" we asked, simultaneously.

Butter-Scotch wiped a moth off his cheek.

"I thought you saw something," Ned said to him, irritably.

"He went in my eye. I guess you'd cry out if a bug went in your eye."

"That's all right, Scotchy. You're game, eh, old man?"

"This is sheer nonsense," Mr. Steele explained. Whirr-rr-rr, fizz, thupp!

Butter-Scotch yelled, and started up.

"Sit down. Don't you know a June-bug when you hear one?"

"Was it, indeed?" and Butter-Scotch wiped his forehead.

Suddenly there was a crash somewhere in the house.

"By George!" gasped Ned, "we're in for it, boys, and don't you forget it!"

I don't know how long we waited, but then it began again—first a sneeze, then a hissing sound, then a pail rolling down stairs, followed by an assortment of dust-pans and fire-irons.

This was first-class. After the storm ceased, Butter-Scotch, in a committee of one, proposed that we should alter the verdict to "ghosts emphatically," and go home. It was entertaining, but, to tell the truth, he was sleepy.

In a few minutes there was another crash, and we saw something white on the stairs, slowly and solemnly approaching. As it neared the bottom, it raised an arm; a low moan came from it, and a rasping sound of a by no means cheerful character.

Butter-Scotch made for the door, and in his excitement pushed against it instead of pulling, so he couldn't get out. The ghost, seeing our fright, uttered a shriek, and came swiftly toward us.

This was too much for flesh and blood to bear, and Butter-Scotch yelled, "Murder! thieves! fire!" frantic with horror, and we all three pulled and pushed, beside ourselves with fear.

Just as the ghost had nearly reached us, Ned pulled the door open, and there was a crash and a rush, and before I knew what had happened, the door was shut to with a bang, and I was left in darkness in the hall, with the knowledge that the beastly ghost was where it could touch me if it wanted to. A second of silence, and then a voice hissed, "Cowards!" I indorsed that opinion heartily, but the others were greater cowards than I was: I wouldn't have kicked the light out of the lantern, or shut the door on them.

There was a yawn, and then the thing said, "Oh my!"

I plucked up my spirits a little. The ghost had sense enough to be sleepy, and I thought I could stand a little talk, if it would only keep hands off. Possibly it wanted to find the door, for it came straight toward me. But the knob wasn't where the phantom thought it ought to be, and the seeking hand rested for about two seconds on my nose. The touch gave me courage; it was warm, soft, and pleasant as a woman's. I stretched out my arms, and grasped the phantom. It shrieked and started, but I was strong, and the ghost was solid, so it didn't get away. I didn't feel afraid of it then; on the contrary, it seemed afraid of me.

"Dear ghost, sweet ghost," I said, "I won't hurt you."

The answer came tremblingly and low: "What are you saying? Who sent you?"

"Why, my darling ghost," I said, "the lady that's going to be Mrs. Butter-Scotch."

"How do you know she is?"

"Oh, I know well enough. You must be a smart ghost not to know that!"

"She doesn't love him."

"Oh yes, she does. My sweet little phantom, you're entirely mistaken. Come, I'll see if I can't light the lantern, if that insane booby hasn't smashed it all to pieces in getting out."

"Let me go, please," the ghost begged, in a very polite manner; and as it spoke, the words sounded to me very much as from a human voice disguised, and yet I couldn't see for the life of me how anything human could have got into the house after we came in, or how anything human could have made such an everlasting row, and rattled its bones so unpleasantly. But the ghost's hands had flesh on them. My curiosity was aroused, so I said, "No, I can't let you go."

"It's wrong—hugging me, when you love another."

"Whom do I love?"

"Mrs. Butter-Scotch, of course. I know all about it."

"You do, eh? Then I suppose you know how it all happened?"

"Yes, of course I do."

"Do you know why I stopped?"

"Because you hadn't money enough to ask her to marry you."

"You're perfectly right, my dear little ghost; but neither you nor I know whether she'd have married me even if I had happened to have plenty of money. I wish you'd tell me that."

"I won't do anything of the kind. I'm perfectly surprised at myself for talking to a mortal so long. Good-by, man. Go back to the Humphreyses, and tell them what you have seen. If the old man buys this house, won't I make it hot for him! Good-by, mortal."

But I wouldn't let go of the ghost's arm.

"Please let me go now," the phantom beseeched.

A bright idea came to me. I said: "Can I trust you? Is a ghost's word good for anything?"

With great dignity it answered: "Yes; I never lie."

"All right. If you'll promise to meet me to-morrow evening under the old apple-tree on Mr. Humphreys's place at ten o'clock, I'll let you go." And as I released my hold, the ghost seemed to vanish away, and I opened the door, and went out. My senses were dazed in the open air; the evening had been so strange, so almost suspicious, that I could not fathom it all at once. Besides, I had allowed the ghost to go before it had given the promise to meet me again. I remembered my stupidity with regret, but somehow I felt the ghost would consider the promise as having been given, and be at the trysting-place.

At the house they had given me up for lost, and were discussing all manner of plans for my rescue, and Ned was on the point of coming for me alone, as Mr. Steele could not be persuaded to enter that house again until daylight. However, the thing was settled, and Mr. Humphreys accepted our report unquestionably, but with great regret, and the next morning Mabel was informed of the result.

At last the evening came, and we were on the piazza. Mabel had retired with a headache, and the rest of us smoked our cigars and followed our own thoughts in silence. As it neared ten, I arose leisurely, and strolled off to the old apple-tree. I had been there but a few minutes when I saw a white figure approaching as if from the adjoining place, and it came straight to me, and stopped at my side.

I lifted my hat. "Good-evening," I said.

The phantom responded with a neat little ghostly courtesy. "Mortal, I never tell a lie," it said.

"Will you shake hands? Truly a ghost's word can be believed."

The phantom gave me its hand, but after I had held it a decent length of time, tried to regain possession of it.

"Does the old gentleman believe?" asked the ghost.

"Yes; it's all right—he won't buy the house now. You can remain alone in it in undisturbed possession."

"I don't want to stay alone in it."

"Well, my sweet phantom, I don't see how you're going to fix it. Haven't you got any relatives to come and help you be gay?"

"No, none."

"That's bad. I know the dust-pan and fire-iron business is jolly, and then it does sound awfully cheerful to have pails rolling down stairs; but it's like playing billiards—gets monotonous if you haven't any one to play with."

The ghost sighed.

"What's that for?" I inquired. "Don't you like being a ghost?"

"No, not a bit."

"Dear me! Would you like to be an ordinary common mortal person?"

"Yes."

"My! And get married?"

"Yes, I guess so—I don't know."

"Well, I'm very fond of you, dear little ghost."

"I don't believe you. You're fond of somebody else."

"Well, well; you told me that before, and I don't deny it; but, my sweet little phantom, she don't care two cents for me now."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, I know it very well."

"You're wrong. Why don't you go and ask her?"

"I'm not going to insult her."

"Do you call that an insult?"

"Yes—from one in my position. Sweet ghost," I said, coming nearer, "let's make believe you're my angel," putting my arms around her, and drawing her to me.

"Then you don't love her?"

"On the contrary, it's because I love her so much that I want to make believe you're Miss Mabel."

The ghost submitted with a good grace, but forgot her assumed ghostliness. "James!" she

said, and the voice carried me back two years, and my darling was revealed to me.

"Mabel, Mabel," I said, "what is this? Does it mean you love me?"

"Yes."

"But why did you play such a prank on us all?"

"I knew you still loved me, but would never say so, and, besides, I wanted a little fun."

"Bless you, it was fun, but you might have been hurt."

"Oh no," she laughed; "I wasn't afraid. The others were so brave, and you were such a coward—all brain and no courage, you know."

A month later I was a clerk on a good salary, and six months later Mabel and I were married. But the secret of our wooing in the stone house and under the apple-tree was never told, and from that time forth I had no fear of ghosts—my own particular precious little ghost was my shield and my protection.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 31, Vol. XIV.]

MISS ANDERSON'S COLORS.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY," "POOR HUMANITY," "COWARD CONSCIENCE," ETC.

II.

EIGHT years afterward I was staying for my health at the Grand Hotel, Scarborough. I had been recommended the Yorkshire coast—I had been poorly for six months, perhaps twelve: I had only just stopped growing.

People interested in me thought that I wanted bracing air. My mother, very nervous about me, had come as a fond companion—nurse, if it were needed. The trustee and second husband was dead, and my mother was again a widow, with no thought of marrying a third time. The second edition of wedlock had been an utter failure; but of that no matter.

I had grown out of all knowledge, my friends said—and I was certainly a very tall specimen of the human race, six feet three without my boots, and with an unpleasant stoop in the shoulders, as if I had overdone it, and was bending forward like a badly trained bean-stalk. The law had become my profession, and I was making progress therein, when my health gave way. "It was only a temporary ailment," the doctor assured my mother; overapplication to business, combined with rapid growth, had thrown me out of gear. Rest, freedom from anxiety—indeed, perfect idleness—was the only certain cure for her son.

And here at pleasant, frivolous, bracing Scarborough I gathered strength, made a few friends, took to dancing of an evening at the hotel, was the delight and pride and comfort of my mother, as a son should be, even in these degenerate days. It was here that I met Bennett again. We should not have recognized each other had it not been for chance allusions at the dinner table, and then we shook hands with great heartiness, and laughed over school reminiscences till the tears ran down our cheeks. He was very short and stout.

"Do you intend a long stay?" I asked.

"Off and on," he replied. "I am Yorkshire born and bred. A Bradford man, and I am down here perhaps half a dozen times during the year."

"Cloth, I suppose?"

"Yes, cloth."

"And I dare say, now, there is an attraction here which brings you to Scarborough so frequently?"

"Ah!" he said, displaying his white teeth, "I dare say there is. But I'll tell you all about it next Saturday week. You'll laugh a bit."

"Very likely."

"I shan't be here again till Saturday week. I have only taken the place *en route*—business first, you know."

"Certainly, business first."

"And I like business. It pays—it is becoming almost respectable."

He laughed heartily at his own satire, and left me. He seemed a pleasant, hearty, and just a trifle boisterous fellow now: I thought I should be glad when he returned.

Before he returned I had renewed my acquaintance with another friend from the far off happy Weston days—I had met Janie Anderson!

She had arrived at Scarborough with a right royal retinue—she had brought her own carriage, her own horses, her own staff of servants, not to mention a host of friends, male and female, old and young, who had come with her to do her reverence, and make her time pass easily.

"The heiress has come again," they whispered at the hotel—"the Indian lady; she is still unmarried, too. What a time we shall have now!"

"Why shall we?" I inquired.

"She is so full of spirits, so charming a young lady, so fond of light and life and gayety. We call her the enchantress."

"Indeed!—and her father?"

"Oh, he died years ago in India, and left her every penny of his money. And it's lucky there's no end to it, for she knows how to spend it."

I felt very strange—strange and uncomfortable—at this account of Miss Anderson. My boy-love had gone with my boy-life, perished from inanition, but there were reminiscences that made my cheek flush and my heart throb. I had been so very foolish and sentimental a boy-lover—I had loved her, for a boy, so very much indeed.

I did not introduce myself to her as the long-lost Edwin—I did not renew the acquaintance even on the first evening, when she was in the ball-room, dancing vigorously, and none the worse for her long journey from town.

She was still *petite*, and she was very, very pretty. I smiled to think how brightly she was dressed, and how the brightness of it became her olive skin. I smiled still more to find what a complete stranger I was to her, and how there was not a trace of her old sweetheart left in me. I think I should have known her anywhere myself.

The next day she was talking to my mother in the drawing-room. She made innumerable friends, and was wholly without affectation. Riches had not spoiled her.

"What a charming young lady she is!" my mother said to me afterward. "I will introduce you this evening, Edwin. Indian princesses are not to be met with every day."

"She is English."

"Yes—but how you can tell I don't know. They call her the Indian princess here."

"Indeed!"

My mother introduced me in the course of the next night. Miss Anderson was a blaze of diamonds on that special occasion, and it was a regular formal high-priced ball, in aid of some local charity, which was taking place that night. She did not even remember my name, or at least associate me with her old sweetheart. We were dancing a quadrille together, when I asked her suddenly if she did not recollect me. I was amused by her long steady stare at me.

"Was it at Bombay?" she asked. "I remember a gentleman who was very tall and thin—who was very tall, some four years ago, in India."

"No, it wasn't at Bombay."

"Where, then?" she asked, quickly, and in her old sharp, girlish way; "do tell me."

"Don't you recollect the name?"

"Well, I forget what yours is," she said, laughing, as she looked down at the programme. "'E. G.'—that stands for *exempli gratia*, does it not? I was taught so at school."

"Yes; and it stands for Edwin Griffin too."

"Edwin Griffin," she exclaimed, "of Weston-super-Mare—of Doctor Ragstaff's seminary for young gentlemen. Is it really?"

"Really it is."

She clapped her hands, and laughed so loudly and musically that the remaining sections of the set looked with surprise at her excitement.

"What fun! Oh, I am so glad to meet you, after all these years. *Our turn*."

After we had had our turn she said, "You did keep growing, then—don't you remember?"

"Yes."

"And oh, what a couple of sillies we were!" she cried. "I am afraid, very much afraid, that I led you into all the nonsense. Oh, I was a dreadful young creature, and a great trouble to poor Miss Fitzsimmons."

This was the beginning of life number two together, then. I hardly knew if I thought she had improved; I was not quite certain till after supper that my heart rejoiced to see her very greatly.

The next day I was sure it did, but then I had danced with her four times after supper—once by stratagem, she having boldly and maliciously cut out, or forgotten, a very bald old gentleman old enough to be her grandfather, and who had been careering about on his dear old volatile legs all the evening.

"It will do him good to have a bit of a rest," she said, as we were whirling round and round in the last waltz but two.

Yes, it was a wonderfully happy week; the next was verging upon dream-land again. There was no sentiment about Miss Anderson now; she was full of fun and dash, with an unpleasant habit of turning everything into ridicule, good-tempered ridicule though it might be. Upon the world about her, its little trials, temptations, victories, and heart-burning jealousies, she looked out with a laughing face on which no shadows rested. Never a maiden with so little care perhaps. Was I falling in love with her again—with a love that might be dangerous to me at last? Were the old fancies, the past follies, to troop back with their legions as in the boy's dream-land, from which in his heart he may not have thoroughly awakened? I felt so like the boy again! The halcyon days of Kewstoke Woods seemed to be eight years nearer to me.

"Do you remember the colors?" she said one day.

"Every one of them."

"The lemon, with red spots?"

"Ah! that was a crisis in my life."

"In your school life—ah, yes."

"In my life altogether, perhaps."

She looked quickly at me—the deep brown eyes were difficult to meet, before the long black lashes veiled them.

"What a hot day, is it not? And I have a long ride before dinner with half a dozen friends. Good-day for the present, Mr. Griffin."

We did not meet till late that night. I was dull and dispirited for reasons not to be accounted for clearly. When I came down from my room that Saturday evening, I preferred to lean against the door-post and watch the dancers. She was dressed in amber and black, and looked more pretty than I dared to seriously consider. I remembered, suddenly and oddly, an amber and black silk neck-tie with which my mother had presented me—the colors almost matched, I thought, a little grimly. She looked at me and smiled, as she passed me in the dance; I went immediately and madly to my room, put on my frock-coat, changed back from evening to morning dress as more appropriate to my new costume, and arranged my amber and black tie upon my chest in the old boy fashion.

The old, old conceit—the old romance! She

would remember, for she had remembered everything.

Would she recollect the last day of our romance?—the last words that I said almost?

"If we weren't to meet, oh! for ever so many years, I should wear your colors to let you see I loved you just the same, Janie."

And in the gay colors of that night I stood at the door and watched her, and loved her once again, I fear.

She came toward me at last, on the arm of my old school-fellow Dick Bennett, who had returned to Scarborough. Always an officious, pushing fellow, he had soon obtained an introduction to the Indian princess, it seemed. I wondered how long it would be before he recognized her.

She looked at me as she approached, started, and then turned away her head, and colored very much.

"What's the matter, Janie?" said Bennett.

"Your hand is trembling like an aspen."

"The dancing has fatigued me."

"I was going to introduce you to an old school-fellow of mine."

"I have been introduced days ago, Richard. Now," she said, looking up with her old bright, steady gaze, "it is my turn to do the honors. Mr. Griffin, this is my future husband, Mr. Bennett."

"Well, that's odd," said Bennett; "I was going to say my future wife. I dare say, Griffin, it will surprise you a good bit to know that Miss Anderson went to school at dear old Weston."

"No, it will not," I answered, hoarsely.

"Oh! we were all very foolish at dear old Weston," she murmured, "and full of idle fancies. It is well that children's fancies never last."

She looked at her colors near my heart, and then at me, and smiled and shook her head. It was all over, I knew; and it was lucky for me that I knew so quickly and completely.

My mother and I left Scarborough the next week. When I met my lady-love again she was a pretty woman of thirty, but getting as stout as her husband, and there were half a dozen children romping round her knees.

THE END.

THE ENLIGHTENED SHAH.

FOR three days his great and serene Highness the Shah had brooded in silence. Some lofty scheme filled his brain, and not even the charms of his nine hundred wives, the delightful tidings of a famine in an unfriendly state, the soothing knowledge that at a word the heads of his devoted subjects could be set rolling—none of these had power to rouse him. The courtiers trembled in secret. Much had they endured since their great master had returned from his European travels; for he was bent upon "elevating" the nation over which Allah had placed him; his own royal head and hand should lead the way.

The Shah's mind was an unusually receptive one; hence it was that every country he had visited had had its direct influence on a nature from birth simple and engaging. From England he had gathered a modest self-confidence, that only its enemies could call pig-headedness, united with an amiable desire to have a finger in everybody's pie; from Lapland, appreciation of color; from Turkey, subtlety and refinement; in Spain he had imbibed the just pomposity and arrogance of the grandee; in Germany, a reverent love of forty-syllabled words, whether or no they clad half-syllable ideas; in France, a certain airy nonchalance that, when cornered, escapes from a dilemma with a shrug and a pertinent "Mon Dieu! what would you have?" while from Russia's vast extent he had gathered breadth, sparsely and meanly populated, but breadth beyond all question.

Yes, since his European trip the Shah was a changed man, and now was the result of his three days' seclusion to be made known. He had summoned the Grand Vizier and his cabinet, and thus addressed them: "The one desire of my life has become the elevation of my people from the slough in which they exist, ignorant or willfully blind to the charms of culture. This, then, is the scheme with which, praise be to Allah, I have been inspired. In the audience chamber of my palace shall be collected all the works of art that can be produced in the kingdom; the people shall be recompensed with vast honor, and pieces of copper—it is not well, saith the Prophet, to let greed of gold outstrip desire for glory—and we will constitute ourselves the judges as to what is worthy of a place. In gazing on this noble collection, my people will become the fairest, most enlightened nation of the world. Behold!" and with a twitch of his royal hand he uncovered a painting, upon which the Grand Vizier and cabinet looked with awe-struck gaze. In the foreground there was a cow, and in the background a house, or else it was a house in the fore and a cow in the back ground; but as they were alike in form, color, and expression, the difference was immaterial. In the west was setting a beautiful golden tomato, shedding its rays over a grove of trees in the heavens, and a youth fishing from a bridge between two towering bushes. The youth was taller than the house, and the fish struggling at his line taller than either. "Is it to be accepted?" asked the Shah, mildly.

The committee were unanimous in praise—all but one. He said it lacked feeling. When the shades of evening fell over Ispahan he too lacked feeling—because he lacked his head.

Thus was the new society organized. The emblem was the Peacock; for the modesty as well as the beauty of the bird recommended it to the sympathetic susceptibilities of the Shah with peculiar force. A new title was added to his already dazzling array—"Father of the Peacock"; the coin of the realm was henceforth stamped with the Shah and a peacock by his side; the Most Noble

Order of the Peacock was founded, and the highest distinction the monarch could bestow was a peacock feather; so greatly was it valued that the race of peacocks threatened to become extinct, and the neighboring Great Mogul felt it necessary to put an extra guard around his peacock throne.

The new society prospered, for the Shah was industrious, and soon there were collected in the vast audience chamber some of the rarest works of art. The Shah had the leaning common in the East toward embroidery, and much that adorned the walls and divans was of that department of art. There were thousands of exquisite inscriptions of the lofty teaching of Mohammed, "Wash and be clean," that were to be hung up over the entrance, instead of the low-minded "Salve" of barbarian races. Well did the zealous Shah know that his subjects needed the counsel, and to facilitate the reform, he kindly added a vast quantity of wash-rags.

He worshipped the Conventional—not in the least because he found Nature too much for him. And it had its advantages beyond question. When the hot Persian sun had faded the beautiful golden dandelions to a tender yellow, they could be rechristened primroses; and when these in turn had faded away, they could again command attention as snow-drops. And people looked at them in awe, and whispered, "How natural they are! Beautiful! beautiful!"

The society was a success; only once had a contribution of the noble founder been declared not up to the standard he sought to establish. The next day one of the heads of the society was missing.

There was a certain delicacy amongst the people about sending in their contributions. They did not like to compete with the Shah. At last a barbarian plucked up courage. He had been one of the Shah's suite in England, and he set to work on a copy of a drawing he had seen there. It had been designed and painted on one of the doors of his own house by a miserable scribbler and dauber, known in the singular nomenclature of the English as Sir Christopher Dresser. It was called "Paternal Advice," and it represented a rooster giving counsel to his little son. The English, in their benighted condition, considered it a remarkably fine specimen of conventional art. The barbarian copied it with exquisite care. Not only was there line for line, but the expression, the *life*, was identical, and in presumptuous hope he brought it to the audience chamber. The next day he received the Shah's verdict. He graciously declared the workmanship to be commendable, but the design was very poor. The next day the barbarian's head had fallen. "The standard must be maintained," said the Shah.

For some time no one else brought anything. At last another barbarian, who had picked up the art of embroidery whilst in France, sent to the royal palace the finest piece of work he could devise. The next day the royal criticism came: "Well executed, but the design is poor. It lacks breadth. The tone is thin and poor, and the chiar-oscuro does not display a good feeling for color."

The barbarian was overwhelmed. He felt that he was in danger of losing his head. When, by-and-by, he had recovered, he thought to himself: "It is said our gracious lord and master sometimes changes his mood. I will try again to-morrow." He did so. The work came back to him with the criticism appended: "The design is excellent, but the workmanship is poor. Study Swift and Dr. Johnson."

The poor barbarian grew pale; he felt his reason tottering. But once again he gathered courage. Again his work came back to him, and with it was the criticism: "It lacks delicacy and refinement. The strength of the lines is not compensated for by the rudimentation of the color feeling and the development of the flower stalks. The theory should be more elaborated. It would then gain breadth, and the Emperor of China would encourage the opium trade. In short, it is not up to the standard."

The next day came the emissaries of the Shah to put the barbarian to death. Too late; the day before he had expired in an insane asylum.

Time went on. One day the cabinet acquainted the Shah with the fact that his vast audience chamber was filled to overflowing. It would contain absolutely nothing more.

"It behooves us, then, to find a name for our undertaking," and the Shah smiled a pleased smile. "But first, how do they sell?"

The cabinet looked at each other in profound silence. Instinctively did each feel of his neck. "Gracious and Serene Highness, Heart and Sun of Persia, Father of the Peacock," at length replied the Grand Vizier, gently, "they are a tremendous sell."

"We will call the new society," said the Shah, solemnly—"we will call it the 'Society for the Regeneration of Mankind by the Cultivation of the Aesthetic Faculty.'"

PORTRAIT OF A CHILD.

See illustration on double page.

THIS exquisite picture is one of the happiest efforts of the illustrious French painter Carolus Duran, whose name is almost as well known in America as in his own country, and whose most signal successes have been won in portraiture, particularly that of children. The perfect naturalness which is one of the artist's greatest charms is apparent in this excellent specimen of his work. With his hands demurely clasped before him, the pretty boy stands lost in thought, quite unconscious that he is posing for his portrait. The picturesque dress, wide collar, broad hat with curling feather, and long floating curls, enhance the grace of one of the

most beautiful art pictures of the day, which won the warmest applause from the critics upon its exhibition at last year's Salon, one of whom, Eugène Montrosier, admirably sums up the characteristics of the artist as follows: "The wherefore of the grand success of Carolus Duran is easily explained. He makes living beings, and he makes them thus because he so sees them. One feels that when he has a subject under his eyes, he scrutinizes the very soul. With a penetrating look, he seizes the dominant passion, and this becomes the point of support for the whole work. With such a painter there are no trickeries, no feints, no *sous-entendus*; all is precise, definite, absolute—true even to cruelty; and by the side of this force, what delicacy, what sentiment, what grace, mingled with his *déborde-*

ments! No one paints children better than he; he allows them mischief and fun, tender joy and juvenile revelry. He gives affection and solicitude to the strokes of his brush." The engraver has done justice to the original, and produced a picture that is a worthy addition to the art gallery of the *Bazar*.

Bird and Ring Table Screen.

THIS is one of the Royal School of Art Needle-Work designs after the Japanese style, and is infinitely varied, like the Japanese circles, by changes of coloring and of background. It may be worked on dark brown satin or plush in gold thread with a few touches of yellow silk, or with solidly worked gray-blue birds on dark blue

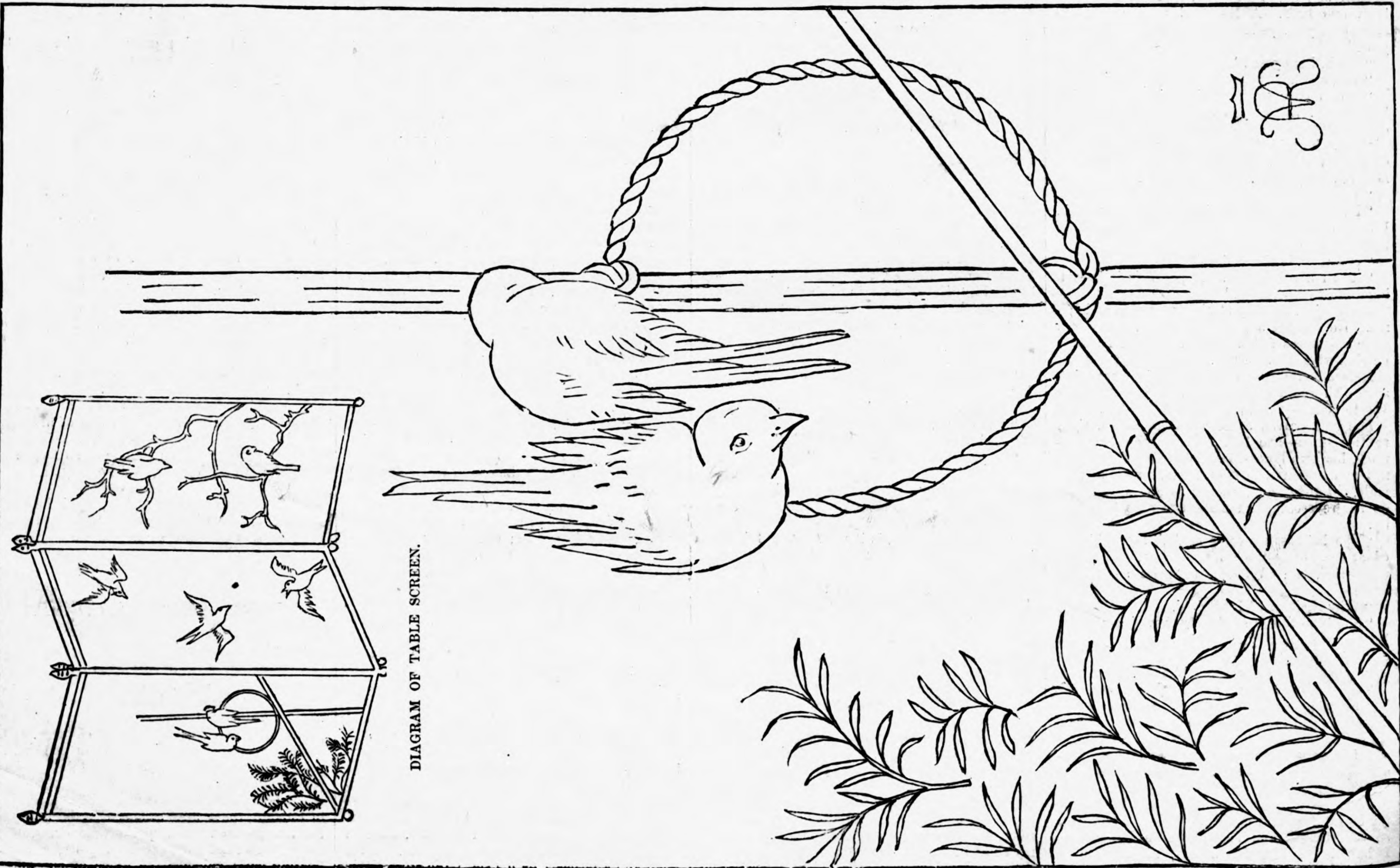
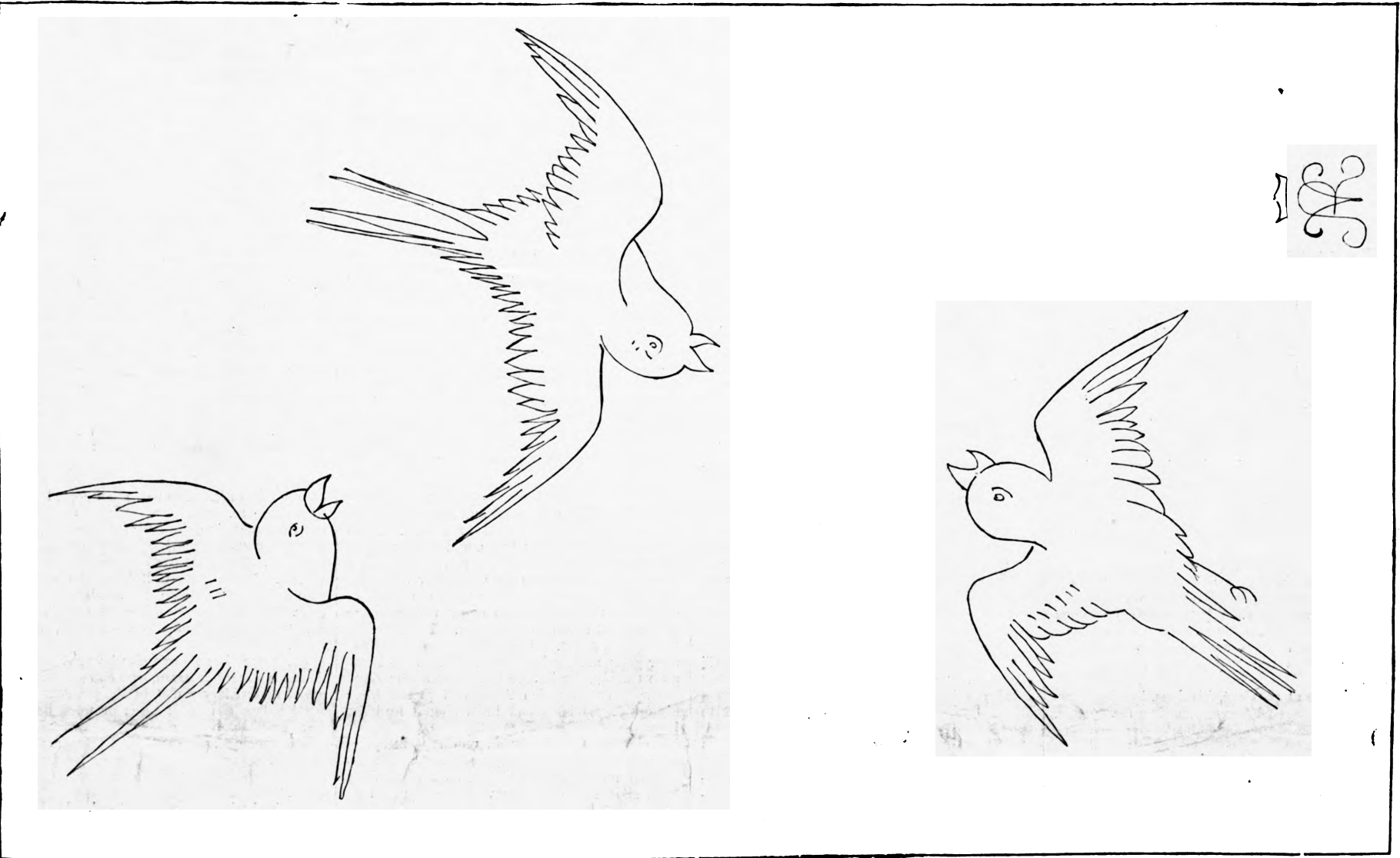
with gold bamboo, rings, beaks, etc., or with green birds on dark olive. The three flying birds on the centre panel are also good for parasols and fans, and many uses for this design will suggest themselves to the worker. Feather stitch, stem stitch, and laid-work (where gold thread is used) are all the variety necessary. Figs. 1 and 2 on this page and Fig. 3 on page 525 give the three panels. A diagram in the corner of panel Fig. 1 shows the whole screen mounted.

Large Folding Screen—The Seasons.

See illustration on page 525.

THIS elaborate screen is worked in natural coloring, and with crewels touched up here and there with silks; thus in winter the stems

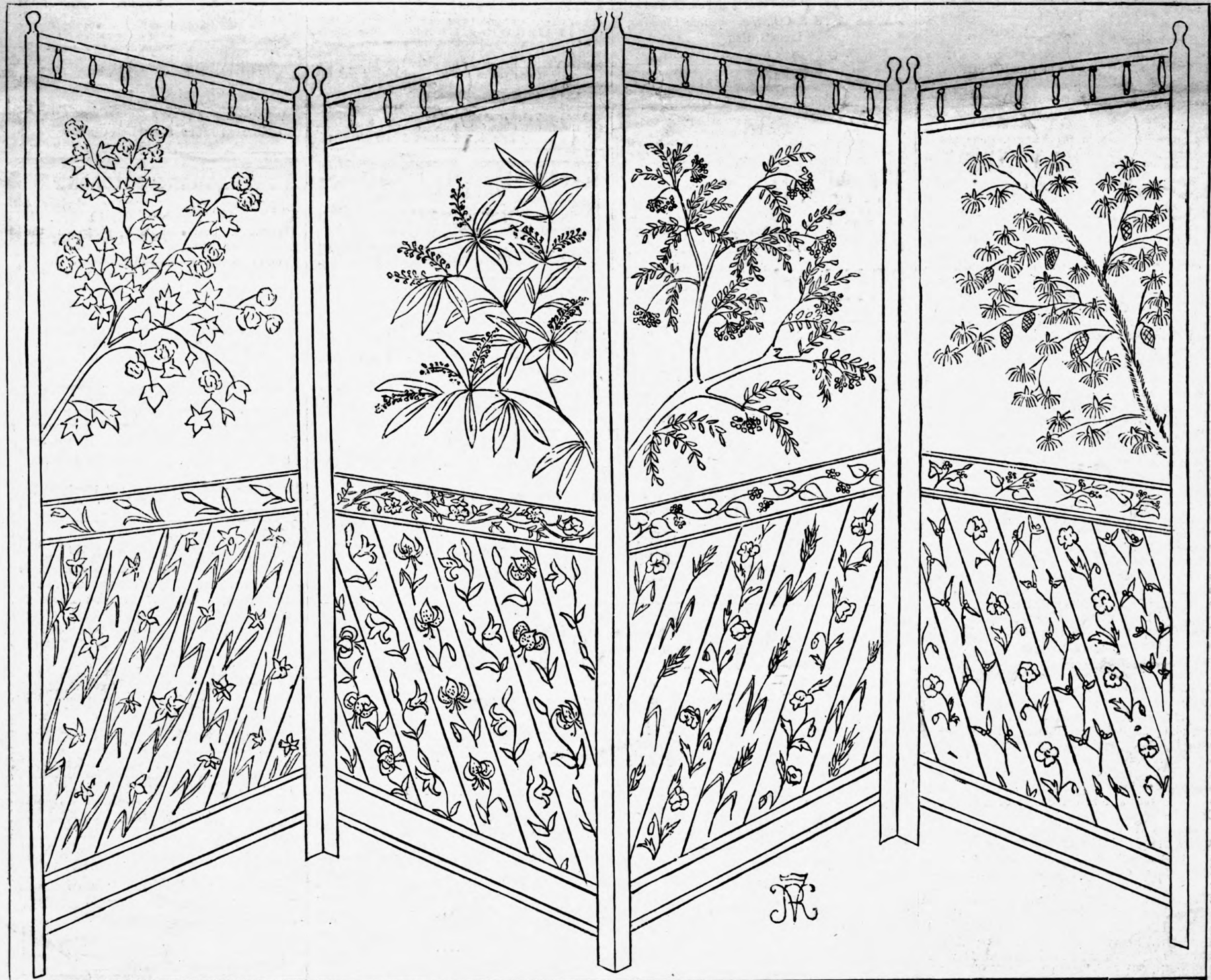
and cones are brown crewels, the pine tassels dark blue-green silk, leaves browns and grays, with the high lights in silk. As the design is natural in style, any skillful sketcher can easily draw it full size for herself, the arrangement being admirably well shown in the sketch. The flowers in the dado are closely copied from nature, both in design and coloring; the tiger-lily with its spots, the mistletoe with its greenish-white berries, are perfectly imitated. The screen is worked on a variety of neutral backgrounds—cream sheeting, dull olive satin, or brown plush—and is mounted in black, olive-colored, or brown wood, according with the ground color. The pattern, full working size, is too large for publication, but can be obtained from the South Kensington Royal School of Art Needle-Work.



FIGS. 1 AND 2.—BIRD AND RING TABLE SCREEN.—FULL SIZE.—[SEE FIG. 3, PAGE 525.]—FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLE-WORK.



FIG. 3.—BIRD AND RING TABLE SCREEN.—FULL SIZE.—[SEE FIGS. 1 AND 2, PAGE 524.]—FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLE-WORK.



LARGE FOLDING SCREEN—THE SEASONS.—REDUCED SIZE.—FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLE-WORK.—[SEE PAGE 524.]

USEFUL RECIPES.

GERMAN PEACH PICKLE.—Boil together one gallon of good vinegar, seven and a half pounds of brown sugar, two ounces of ginger, two ounces of black pepper, two ounces of mace, two ounces of allspice, one ounce of cloves, with a little scraped horse-radish. All the spices must be beaten. After these have boiled well, put in fifteen pounds of peeled clingstone peaches, and boil well together till the peaches are done enough to stick a straw through to the stone; if they are boiled too much, they will fall from the stone. If the pickle should begin to work, pour out all the liquor from the fruit, boil it well, and pour it boiling hot over the fruit.

TO PRESERVE PEARS.—Parboil the pears until a straw can be darted through them. Set them on dishes to cool. Meanwhile to each pound of fruit allow one pound of white sugar. Make a nice syrup of nearly one pint of water to a pound of sugar, and when clarified put in the pears—in the blossom end of each should be stuck a clove—and boil gently until clear. Pear jam is made precisely like peach jam, only pears must always be parboiled in the first instance.

CHERRY BOUNSK.—Morello cherries are best for this purpose. The cherries must be put into large three-gallon stone jars, and set in a pot of water that must be gradually brought to boiling heat. Let the water boil briskly for an hour, putting also into each jar about one quart of water; then strain off the juice through a sieve, without squeezing the fruit at all. Add to each gallon of juice a pound of clarified sugar stirred into a quart of oged brandy. Put away in demijohns or bottles, tightly corked.

BIBLE HELPS.

A great deal of Bible study as carried on at the present day, with the oftentimes superficial helps afforded by the newspapers and the Sunday-school articles, is very like college cramming. It gives us a knowledge of the lesson for the hour, but no broad, general, and permanent acquisition. It is far wiser for the Bible student to prepare himself for careful Bible study by gradually gathering about him a Biblical library, and especially a good Commentary and a good Bible Dictionary. These ought to be in every household.

The best Commentary on the Bible is that of Mr. Barnes. It was the work of his lifetime; the verdict of the American people has been given upon it; more copies of this Commentary have been sold in this country probably than of all other Commentaries combined. It possesses in a remarkable degree the combined qualities necessary for such a Commentary—a scholarly interpretation of the original derived from a careful study of the best authorities, an intelligent and clear illustration of the ancient manners and customs, an understanding of which is necessary to much of the Scripture, and a practical and spiritual elucidation of the truth as applied to actual life. The work is vividly and fully illustrated, and is printed in volumes easily carried in the coat pocket.

By far the best and completest religious Dictionary is the monumental work of McClintock and Strong, in ten volumes. This work has been over twenty years in preparation. The ablest scholars in America have contributed to its pages; it covers the whole ground of Ecclesiastical, Theological, and Biblical literature, and its learned editors have made full use of the works of English, Scottish, and German scholars.

What McClintock and Strong's is to the professional student, the "Dictionary of Religious Knowledge" is to the layman, the family, and the Sunday-school teacher. It is the joint product of Dr. Lyman Abbott and Dr. T. C. Conant. It covers the whole ground of Biblical literature; but it also includes much else: it contains full information respecting all the Christian sects and denominations, and all religious and theological terms. It is written in the interest of no sect, and its articles on the different denominations have been each submitted to the supervision of some eminent scholar in that denomination. An Index—a novel feature in a Dictionary—at the close of the volume, contains all the proper names to be found in Scripture, with Biblical references; so that even those names of persons and places concerning which nothing else is known are referred to. Dr. Abbott commands a literary style which is eminently fitted to convey knowledge to the popular mind. He has inherited from his father, Jacob Abbott—whose well-known works evince a marvellous power of bringing down historical and scientific knowledge to the comprehension of children—a clear and attractive style of expression, which renders this work available for the use of the most unlettered and inexperienced reader. The whole work has passed under the supervision of Dr. Conant, than whom there is no abler, profound, and more accurate Biblical scholar. The work, therefore, is thoroughly trustworthy, not only in its more important statements, but also in its references to Scripture and other authorities; and with its aid any parent or member of the family circle, any teacher in the Sunday-school, or any pastor, may answer any question on religious or semi-religious subjects that may be asked by a child, a pupil, or a member of the congregation, respectively, or may obtain full and trustworthy information upon any point that may suggest itself in the course of reading the Holy Scriptures.

He who will place on his shelves Mr. Barnes's Commentary and Abbott's Dictionary will have the best apparatus for the instruction of the household and the children, and for the preparation for Bible study in the Sunday-school, which modern literature and scholarship afford.

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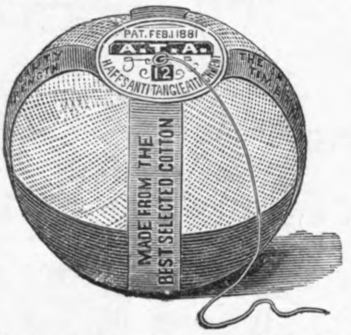
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quantities of this mixture are now being
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FACETIÆ.

ONE night a burly Englishman who had the faculty of exciting Carlyle to frenzy by talking about O'Connell called on the sage, and after a little talk about the weather, at it they went. It was hot and heavy, and a fierce and merciless contest. The call to tea put a brief stop to it, but it soon began again. There were several guests present, and Mrs. Carlyle put her foot on the Englishman's to implore peace. He no sooner felt the pressure than he screamed out: "Why don't you touch your husband's toe, Mrs. Carlyle? I am sure he is far more to blame than I am." The whole company burst out laughing, including Carlyle himself, and tea was finished in comparative tranquillity.

A wag, who thought to have a joke at the expense of an Irish provision dealer, said, "Can you supply me with a yard of pork?" "Pat," said the dealer to his assistant, "give this gentleman three pig's feet."

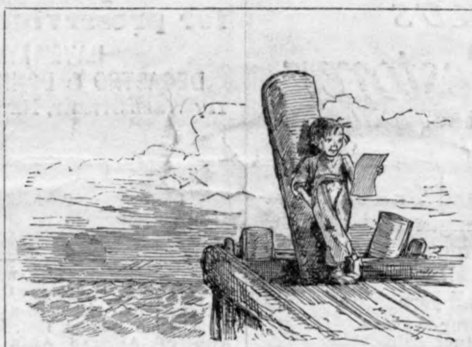
THEY ARE.—Bay windows are safe harbors at night for little smacks.

The weather continues very changeable in Scotland. A few days ago a man near Balmoral was sun-struck right at the close of a snow-storm, because he couldn't get his Ulster off quick enough.

"Etiquette" writes to inquire if it would be proper for him to support a young lady if she was seized with faintness, even if he had not been introduced. Proper, young man? Certainly—proper, by all means.

The following notice is placed at the door of a ready-made clothing establishment in one of the poorer quarters of Paris: "Do not go somewhere else to be robbed; walk in here."

The clergyman who tied the knot made a serious sort of speech when the cake was cut. One of the little bridesmaids, aged seven years, was asked by a younger sister to give an account of the ceremony. "Oh," said she, "we had the prayers in church, and the sermon at breakfast."



THE TRYSTING-PLACE.

make it up. I said there was no woman in the world so unbearable as you—didn't I?—at which you felt hurt. Well, I take it back—there are others."

"There's some things as old as the hills, anyhow," said old Uncle Reuben. "What are they?" asked his niece. "They're the valleys between 'em, child," solemnly answered the old man.

A rich patient of hypochondriacal disposition detailed his imaginary woes and symptoms to his doctor. "My dear fellow," said the witty physician, "I can do nothing for you. The man who listens to himself living hears himself dying."

If you are troubled with sleeplessness, imagine you have got to get up.

There has been a family jar. "Come, mother, come," says the son-in-law to the old lady, in obedience to the pitiful request of his wife not to be disagreeable, "let us

House-painters are beginning to develop high art. A gentleman who wanted his house repainted called upon one of the craft. "Well," said the painter, "what's your taste, sir? I can give you a harmony in green and white, or a symphony in lavender and brown, or a nocturne in yellow and blue." The gentleman was terribly embarrassed at being obliged to say he did not know. He had not before been aware that it required a knowledge of high art to qualify a man to give an order to a house-painter.

A little girl was eating green corn by gnawing it from a cob, when her teeth became entangled with the corn-silk. "Oh dear!" said she, impatiently, "I wish when they get the corn made they would pull out the basting threads."

"There is no place like home," repeated Mr. Henpeck, looking at a motto, and he heartily added, "I'm glad there isn't!"

Never cry over spilled milk. There is enough water in it already.

"Pat," said a gentleman who is fond of using high-sounding phraseology to his man-of-all-work, "I am going to town at ten o'clock, and shall weed out the cucumber beds in the interim."

"Interim?" thought Pat. "That's a mighty square name for a garden, anyhow!" "Is Mr. Smithe at home?" asked a visitor who called shortly afterward.

"Yis, sorr; ye'll find him at work in his interim there beyant," announced Pat.



ONE OF THE THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.
JINKS. "A—have I had the—a—pleasure of saying Good-by to you, Miss Mary?"



ÆSTHETIANA—THE CHINA CRAZE.

LADY CHELSEA WARE (with vase). "Yes, it is quite too distinctly tender. Yesterday it knocked against a loathly modern plate—and chipped!" CHORUS OF ÆSTHETES. "Quite too preciously terrible!" LADY C. W. "I treated it with diamond cement, and heart-throbbingly watched by its side the livelong night. To-day—to-day—it is as well as can be expected."

T
500
129

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. XIV.—No. 34.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1881.

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Needle-Book.

See illustration on page 532.

THE covers of this pretty needle-book are made of two heart-shaped pieces of card-board. The lower one is covered on both sides with gray satin, and pieces of white flannel of the same shape, button-hole stitched with maroon silk around the edge, are set on the inside. The upper cover is faced with gray satin, and furnished with a strap of like material, which is herring-bone stitched with maroon silk, and which serves to hold papers of needles. The outside is covered over thin wadding interlined with dark red velvet, out of which a heart-shaped piece has been cut in the manner shown in the illustration, and the opening underlaid with emerald brocade. The figures in the brocade are outlined with bullion that is twisted with a silk thread, and the ground between them is ornamented in stem, satin, and herring-bone stitch with blue, pink, and olive silk. The opening is edged with a double line of the bullion, and the velvet is bordered with alternate chain stitches of blue silk and point Russe of yellow silk. The top is edged with red and gold cord, and the covers are held together by ends of ribbon tied in a bow at the top, and by a button and loop at the point.

Sofa Cushions. Applied-Work and Underlaid- Work.—Figs. 1-4.

See illustrations on page 532.

THE illustration Fig. 1 shows an embroidered top for a sofa cushion, and Fig. 2 the manner of working. The design is transferred to the canvas foundation from Fig. 17, Supplement, and the various design figures are cut out of velvet, the leaves and the calyxes of the flowers and buds of dark olive, the petals of the flowers and buds of red, and the stems of brown. The bands bordering the embroidery are of red velvet. The olive velvet centre of the large flower is crossed with the lightest shade of olive silk, which is caught down at the intersecting points with a darker shade of the same color. The

squares in the net-work are ornamented in knotted stitch with dark olive silk, and the whole is edged with similar silk caught down with split silk. The red velvet petals are edged with red filoselle silk in a lighter shade, caught down with split silk, and are ornamented with similar silk in chain stitch and point Russe. The remaining flowers and buds are applied in a corresponding

manner. Light olive, réséda, and bronze silks are used for the embroidery on the leaves and stems; the veins in the leaves are defined in stem and in herring-bone stitch with silk of the color in which they are edged. The diagonal bands on the cushion are embroidered on the canvas with light and dark brown silk in the manner shown in Fig. 2. The canvas foundation is filled

with réséda wool in brick stitch. The borders around the outside are worked in half cross stitch with light and dark brown filoselle silk; each of the alternating bars is two stitches in width. The velvet band between the borders is edged with dark red filoselle silk, caught down with overcast stitches of similar split silk.

The foundation for the sofa cushion top Fig. 3

is a square of maroon velvet. This is ornamented at the centre with a design in diagonal stripes, for which the velvet is cut away in the manner shown in Fig. 3, and underlaid at the openings with old gold satin. The designs for the embroidery are transferred to the satin, that for the middle stripe from Fig. 4, and that for the stripe on each side of it from Fig. 51, Supplement. The straight and serpentine lines are transferred to the velvet according to Fig. 3; for these gold bullion that is twisted with black silk is sewn down. The embroidery on the satin ground is worked in satin stitch with light blue, old gold, and heliotrope, pink, golden brown, and red embroidery silk. The various design figures are edged, as shown in Fig. 4, partly with bullion and partly in stem or chain stitch with silk of a contrasting color, and are ornamented in point Russe with gold thread. The embroidered bands are edged with old gold silk cord in the manner shown in Fig. 4, and similar cord is sewn down for the parallel lines that border the centre of the cushion. The space between the lines is filled in with a cross seam in blue silk.

Plush Pompadour Bag.

See illustration on page 532.

THIS Pompadour bag is made of olive plush, lined with silk in the same shade. It consists of two oblong pieces twelve inches long and eight inches wide, which are joined at the lower edge and along the sides, with the exception of a slit two inches deep on one side. The lining silk is faced with plush to the depth of the slit, and below the slit the bag is stitched in two rows through the double material to form a shirr, in which olive silk cord



Fig. 1.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 3 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—NUNS' VEILING AND SATIN SURAH DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 20*, 20*-23.

Fig. 3.—STRIPED GAUZE DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 12-16.

is drawn and tied. The bag is trimmed on the front with heavy silk cord, the ends of which terminate in passementerie drops.

A QUERY.

Oh, what has become of the fair English lily,
The beautiful lily of world-wide renown?
Did seasons in London prove changing and chilly,
And blight the sweet blossom transplanted to town?

'Twas only last summer in each daily cable
Her charms and her graces were honored and praised,
And Solomon's glory had never been able
To rival the lily that Jersey had raised.

Her height, and her form, and her fairness refulgent
Were painted and photographed freely to sell;
For Fashion decreed that such beauty transcendent
Became a profession—when exercised well.

She flourished and thrived in the butterfly bowers
Of duchess, and countess, and people of note,
And princes gave ducats for one of her flowers
To pin in the royal lapel of a coat.

In spite of the furor, and British commotion,
And judgment of Parliament titled and grand,
Americans loyally cherished the notion
That lovelier lilies were found in our land.

Did she droop 'neath the whisper of envy and malice,
That cruelly tarnished her exquisite bloom?
Did she die in the glamour of court and of palace
For want of the sunshine?—or what was her doom?

The swallow returned on swift homeward pinion,
The daisy and violet came with the spring;
But never a word of her Majesty's minion,
The lost Jersey Lily, our messages bring.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

NEW SERIAL BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER."

No. 92 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued
August 2, contains the opening chapter of a new
serial story by the author of "Toby Tyler," entitled

TIM AND TIP;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG.

The story, which will be illustrated from drawings by ROGERS, is full of incident on land and water; and those readers who followed with such kindly interest the adventures of Toby Tyler and Mr. Stubbs will no doubt feel an equal sympathy with Tim and Tip.

In this number also appears Part I. of "A Bit of Foolishness," a two-part story of the White Mountains, by MISS SARAH O. JEWETT, and "Mother Michel and Her Cat," a dramatized version of the "Cat and Countess," translated by T. B. ALDRICH. The play contains numerous illustrations descriptive of costumes, situations, etc., and will serve to pass pleasantly some rainy days of the summer vacation.

FERVENT HEAT.

THERE is a certain luxury about hot weather that we do not altogether appreciate till it is over, and we are shivering round the "black hole in the floor" once more. Then we remember the delicious outdoor days, the season of well-being in expanding heat, the feeling of freedom and fellowship with the growing things of the earth; we sigh for the scent of the roses that hangs round them still; repeat, "In summer, when the days were long," and frame all our day-dreams in an atmosphere of that weather where it is always summer. Few are the poems of any worth that have been written concerning cold weather and ice and snow, so few that you could count them on your fingers; countless are the songs of summer. And there is no more pronounced trait in the picture our minds unconsciously carry of a heaven after death than that it is always summer weather there; while if we portray to ourselves any possible future occupation of journeying from star to star, or of the doings of aerial beings in their flights through the ether, it is not as wrapped in furs and water-proofs and blanket shawls, but robed in white samite rather, and clad altogether suitable for summer weather.

If, then, it is so delightful to us in dreams and memories, why do we grumble and complain concerning it when it is with us, and the glass ranges among the nineties, and the sun shines in brazen heavens, and no wind blows? Why do we sigh, and mop our faces with a desperate air, and declare that only the ice-man is comfortable, while only he ought to be a little warmer than the rest of us? Why do we fly to the seashore or the mountains, and put cabbage leaves in our hats, and buy big sun-umbrellas, and darken our houses, and take innumerable baths, and count the days to the equinox?

Is not this discontent with warm weather when we have it, and this lounging for it

when we do not have it, a singular part of the general dissatisfaction of human nature with its surroundings, as if either the world were not yet quite finished and polished off and adapted to humanity, or humanity itself were not quite shaped to its situation? But certainly humanity never shaped itself to its situation by sighing and complaining and doing nothing; and as in this affair there seems to be nothing to do, it may be as well for the grumblers to submit to the inevitable, or else to join the party at the pole, unless they can invent some method of overcoming the effect of the rotary motion of the earth, diverting the equatorial currents, and insisting upon a more equal distribution of the Gulf Stream and similar waters, so that their heat may temper our winters, and their moisture soften the glare of our summers. Yet as, despite the wondrous doings of our age in the works of science, it is to be doubted if it achieves much, in our day at least, toward materially improving the climates of North America, there seems to be left us only the option of enduring what we can not substantially change for the better.

In Southern countries, when the dogstar reigns triumphant, one hears but little complaint of the heat; in the Oriental South the people seem to know of and care for no better state than day in the shade of narrow streets and behind jalousies and screens, with their thick protecting head-cloths and thin garments, and night upon the rooftops, hot need having taught them the art of making themselves comfortable as possible. In our own semi-tropical latitudes, the work, the drive in the cool of the morning and evening, the closed house at noon, the gallery all about the house to catch in its shade every breeze that stirs—all these things help to make life endurable when the thermometer registers a hundred. But in our more Northerly life—that is, the life of the so-called temperate zones—we are much better prepared for cold weather than for warm. We can not afford broad galleries about the house generally, since we shall need, during as much as eight or nine months in the year, every ray of sunshine to be gathered. Our habits do not incline toward jalousies and screens, and our hot weather always so takes us by surprise, and is so brief, that we are not invariably prepared for it in our wardrobes, since most people can not spare the means for garments that are to be worn perhaps not a dozen times in the year, and that will be out of fashion with the next year. When the fervent heat does come, therefore, with its melting, sun-smiting, sun-stroking way, three days at a time, before the blessed east wind takes it in hand, we probably suffer more than do those who expect it as a matter of course for two-thirds of the year or the whole year round, and are prepared to encounter it, and we show the suffering in feverish ailments, exasperations, nervous excitability, and general misery.

There is only one thing to do in our unprepared North when the South pays us a visit, when we have done all that its own fountains and water-tanks and "squares of colored snow" can do, and that is to keep our tempers, to refuse to allow ourselves to be irritated by prickly-heat, or clinging garments, or glowing faces, remembering that irritability reacts on our nerves till every gush of the heated blast stings like nettles; to maintain, as far as we can make it possible, in spite of the consciousness of dragged or of blowy appearance, a peaceful equanimity—an equanimity that even defies that last worst enemy of mankind, the mosquito, an equanimity which, if it is illusion, helps presently to make illusion real; and it will astonish us, if we once succeed in establishing it, to see how mitigating to discomfort in its effect is that calmness, how it seems to pour the dew of Hermon on our heads, and how it lightens and makes easy the way to that east wind which on a hot day seems to breathe out of paradise itself.

TO INDIA IN A DAY.

By H. H.

THERE has been recently opened, as a department of the South Kensington Museum, in London, an India Museum, which is so complete and so artistically arranged that people knowing India well say, in all earnestness and sincerity of speech, a study of this museum is better than a hurried visit to India.

"You will learn more of India there than you would see in a month's ordinary journey in the country itself," said the friend who told me of the collection. I set the remark down to the score of his enthusiasm; but after I had seen the museum I believed he had understated rather than overstated the truth. As very few people can go to India, but sooner or later almost everybody goes to London, this collection is a benefaction to the great body of travellers.

It contains casts of many of the most celebrated sculptures and carvings from palaces, temples, tombs, gateways, and topes (or relic mounds); models of many of the most celebrated buildings; specimens of every sort of thing made in India

to-day, from the most exquisite and costly tissues, jewelry, and armor, down to the common articles of every-day use among the poorer people; accurate models of artisans working at their trades—the building of houses, making shoes, selling of fish, etc.—all are going on in exact miniature. The famous Ghosala Ghat of Benares is not represented any more faithfully than the thatched house of the half-naked native. Thrones, pagodas, palanquins, umbrellas of state, lamps wrought in the shape of peacocks, saddle trappings, coats of mail, weapons, musical instruments, furniture, jewelry, utensils—everything that enters into the life of India, so far as the eye could see it, is to be seen here in this museum. All the Buddhist deities and the Brahmin are here, silver, stone, and clay. An Indian worshipper might pick him out a god as well here as in a shop in Benares. Here is Ganesa, the every-day god, whose image stands in every house, and is painted on every Hindoo school-boy's slate, always called upon in the outset of every undertaking—a fat, big-bellied man, with an elephant's head, and sitting either on a water-lily or on a rat. He is a four-handed fellow, and looks very jolly in whatever material he is carved.

And the pretty Kama-deva, the Hindoo Cupid, made with wings, as all nations have made their Cupids since the world began; but the Hindoos have set him on a parrot, in which bit of satire they are alone, I believe.

Indra, on his four-trunked elephant Airavati, and holding a trident (for thunder-bolt) in his right hand, is another very pretty figure, and his name is associated with many of the most beautiful customs and fancies of the Hindoo mythology. He is king of the new year, giver of rain, bestower of harvests, one of the ten great guardian deities of the earth, "regent of the east quarter." His images, when made in gold, and kept in private houses to be worshipped, must not weigh less than one tola (half an ounce), and they generally weigh three or four tolas.

The rooms devoted to carpets, embroidered stuffs, tissues, gauzes, and trappings and caparisons, are the most brilliant rooms in the museum. It is probable that carpets were not in the beginning intended for the floor, but for the wall. Certainly this was the original intent of the old Indian carpets, which were as much works of art as the inlaid vases. They deserved to be hung in the sun, and looked at like a picture. There is in this museum a Malabar carpet of silk which would change color under the tread, as a field of grain changes color under the wind. There is also an antique goat's-hair carpet from Khiva, a ground of madder red, decorated with leaves and scrolls, and lozenge-shaped forms in red, white, and orange, each lozenge being defined by a deep line of indigo blue. It is said that these lustrous carpets are made entirely by gypsy women about Khiva, the head worker tracing out the design in the desert sand, and handing out to her companions the dyed materials of different colors as required in the progress of weaving. The older artists of India never make blunders in carpets. All violent contrasts are avoided. However gay the colors may be, the tone is kept low. The most brilliant hues are so blended as to produce an almost neutral tint. To-day the pressure of manufacturing competition is forcing them to hasty and careless methods, and there is great danger that the ancient type of work will gradually die out and be forgotten in many of the beautiful handicrafts of the country. It will be long, however, before any Birmingham rivalry or device will contaminate the working of their gauzes, fine muslins, tissues, and silks.

The gold and silver cloths, laces, and embroideries on silk; the fine gauzes wrought with gold threads; the shimmering white muslins from Dacca—these last best described by the poetical names given them by the native artists, "abrawan," or running water, "bafthowa," woven air, "shubanam," evening dew—all these, hanging in gorgeous profusion, make these rooms of the museum look (and feel) like a scene from the Arabian Nights. There is a whole dress of this "woven air" muslin embroidered with green beetles' wings and gold, which is as beautiful as a young birch-tree glittering with rain-drops in a golden sunset light; and another of the same shadowy fabric, wrought thick with infinitesimal pearls and gold, which looked more like a white cobweb shining with dew in the morning sun than like any man-wrought thing. Another marvellous costume of emerald green tissue, shot through and through with gold thread, was said to have belonged to the Queen of Oude. To wear it she ought to be as beautiful as a houri, which she probably is not. She could not possibly, however, be so hideous as the lay figure on which the costume was hung. A royal "male costume" matching this was on a most unkingly figure near by. Scarves, sashes, turbans, all of the same ineffable stuffs, were piled or floating on all sides, and gorgeous saddles, caparisons, housings, horse cloths, elephant cloths, and standards interspersed here and there. A spicy fragrance combined of cedar and sandal-wood filled the room, and completed the illusion, which was only broken by the sight and sound of a few English-clothed English-speaking people.

One of the most interesting articles in the collection is an ancient gold casket found about forty years since in one of the Buddhist topes.

In the centre of this tope was a small apartment constructed as usual of squares of slate. Here was found a large globular vase of steatite, which with its carved cover or lid was encircled with inscriptions. On removing the lid, the vase was found to contain a little fine mould mixed up with burnt pearls, sapphire beads, and this casket of pure gold, which was also filled with burnt pearls and beads of sapphire, agate crystal, and burnt coral, and thirty small circular ornaments of gold, and a metallic plate, apparently belonging to a seal, engraved with a seated figure. By the side of the vase were found four copper coins in excellent preservation, having been deposited

in the tope fresh from the mint. These were the most useful portion of the relics, as they determined the date of the monument to be about fifty years before Christ.

The upper and lower rims of this casket are studded with rubies in alternation with a raised device. Between these jewelled lines the whole circumference of the casket is divided into eight niches enshrining four figures. The niches are made by a series of flat pilasters supporting finely turned arches, circular below and pointed above, between which are figures of cranes with outstretched wings. The whole is executed in the finest style of beaten (repoussé) work. The figures in the niches reveal at once the figures of angels carved in niches in the old Christian churches.

Nothing in the museum is more significant of the unity of the old and new in India than this casket. More than two thousand years ago the patient Indian workman hammered and chiselled and wrought as he hammers and chisels and works to-day.

They cut emeralds into vases then, and they cut emeralds into vases now. Their forms and chasings and embossments have come down in unbroken tradition from the Ramayana and Mahabharata. To-day the best of them is glad to work for twenty cents a day, and a very fair workman can be hired for eight cents. When time is worth so little as that, there is time enough for everything; no wonder there are vases of jade inlaid with jewels on which three generations, father and son and son's son, have worked.

The golden throne-chair of Runjeet Singh (the Lion of the Punjab); a carved ivory palanquin; a howdah of carved ivory with a canopy of gold and silver; models of carved open-work stone screens; of ceilings inlaid with mosaics of looking-glass and raised wood; a model in sandal-wood and silver of the great golden-domed temple of Siva at Benares; of the Elephanta caves; Bombay mosaics in marble, ivory, and jewels; carvings in sandal-wood which are like tapestries; swords, shields, spears, daggers, blazing with jewels; chain-armor as fine as lace-work; breastplates, gauntlets, greaves, and battle-axes—these are a few, and only a few, of the objects of special interest.

In one of the rooms is a curious and uncouth memento of Tippoo Sultan's cruelty and inhumanity; it is a hand-organ made in the shape of a tiger crouching over the body of an Englishman. When the crank was turned, the tiger was seen gnashing its teeth and growling, and the music was intended to represent the groans of the dying Englishman—a strange record of barbarism to stand side by side with the triumphs and refinements of the utmost achievements in decorative art that the world has ever seen.

In the vestibule of this museum was a queer and clumsy thing, whose possible use did not suggest itself to the eye, but recommended itself strongly as soon as it was explained. If the heat rates in the United States continue as they have been going on for the last two or three years, we shall presently see these clumsy wind-choppers and water-splatters in every house that can afford them. Their name is startling. "The Patent Breeze Expander" seems more suggestive of Connecticut than of Allahabad, and of a trick than of a genuine thing; but the exhibitor seemed sincere in his praises of its efficiency. A lift raises water from a reservoir below, perpetually showering it over a straw matting set between uprights; the motion necessary to do this keeps a brisk current of air in circulation through this wet matting, and radiates an astonishing amount of coolness. The only trouble about it in America would be that to keep it going requires a man also to keep continually moving in a regular tread-mill motion. In India, where eight cents a day will hire a skilled jeweller to sit on your porch and beat silver and gold into artistic shapes for you, probably a breeze-expander man gets next to nothing; but in America he would be a dear luxury.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

DRESSES FOR THE COUNTRY.

AS the season approaches its height, ladies indulge more and more in a variety of costumes, whether they find themselves inland among meadows and farm-lands, or high up on hills in mountain regions. A number of dainty and becoming morning costumes are *de rigueur* where life presents anything like variety, and married ladies vie with the young ones in the elaboration and elegance of their forenoon toilettes. Lace-trimmed white batiste, Swiss muslin, percale, mull, and lawn are sheer crisp favorites for such wear, and made with elbow sleeves or coat sleeves, with lace insertion to the hand, make dressy styles for the older people. Young ladies' dresses have seldom, for morning, the slashed or open sleeve, while this constitutes a special feature of the morning toilette of a youthful matron or stately dowager. One dress for this use, which may be worn also to luncheon, is made of fine batiste edged with beautiful batiste, or, as it is also called, Paris embroidery. It has a round skirt of pleating of double box folds across the lower front. From the left side five diagonal stripes of wide embroidery, with shirrs between, cover the front to the waist. A wide trimmed ruffle about a foot deep terminates the back below, and panier loopings gather in above. All the back runs on strings, and is loosened when it goes to be laundered, though where expensive laces and bands of needle-work are used in quantity, washing and ironing are deferred as long as possible. The waist of this batiste costume presents a straight basque, cut V-shape in the neck, with rolling bands of the needle-work turning with square ends from the throat, which is well filled in with pleated frills of lace or ruching. The sleeves are cut very short on the shoulders, filled in at the top, and have a wide strip of the

batiste-work running down the outside of the arm. Edging of the same ended the sleeve a short distance below the elbow, showing the arm half way up. Jewelry is in bad taste for the first half of the day, but a narrow circlet of jet, or a chased gold bracelet with double-finished heads that do not clasp, may be worn by a married lady very appropriately. This dress is very simple in effect; where the Russian, Languedoc, Miracourt, Valenciennes, and other lace is extensively used, so much dressiness is evolved that it is almost impossible to suppose that a richer effect can be secured for afternoon or evening. Young ladies approach a more demure appearance by choosing gingham, pongees, nuns' veiling, beige, and grenadine, made up in suits, also relieved by jabots and falls of fleecy lace, but high-necked and long-sleeved in the majority of cases. The gingham, where the pattern or stripe will allow, are frequently self-trimmed. Porcelain blue with a slate gray and pink makes up prettily, with the dark lines fitted in bias for the principal effect, and no trimming but a good color effect, wrought by concealing the different shades in different portions of the costume, alternately showing gray and pink against bands of blue, or vice versa.

Irish guipure and Carrickmacross lace are considered a trifle heavy for morning, but some ladies affect them, and have the lines of the costume so composed as to produce direct simplicity and quiet. One example is found in a heliotrope cashmere combined with gros grain of the same hue. The skirt is of the silk, entirely plain in front, and completed by fine pleatings at the bottom. Basque of cashmere, and sleeves of gros grain, short, with wide guipure lace cuffs laid back to the elbow. Around the neck, down the front of the waist, carried on to the skirt, and slanting from the belt outward and down to the edge, lies a wide robing of guipure lace in unbroken line. It does not appear again on the costume, and the back is enriched by puffs and loops of the cashmere in a soft mass. Another fine foulard—blue ground and white polka dot—has box-pleated flounces opening over inserted spaces of white watered silk, with tunic of foulard knotted with white moiré bows. A basque with broad collar and Carrickmacross harmonizes with the tunic, which is bordered with the same lace in circular form in front. In this costume lace lies upon the white moiré. A large blue satin parasol, faced with white satin, and finished without fringe, with a deep band of the lace in a showy pattern, is carried for garden promenades with this suit.

SUMMER DINNER DRESSES.

In spite of the fact that warm weather and wine are bad boon companions, a number of dinners are given at the fashionable summer resorts, and for these dinners there must be toilettes. For a small affair of this sort a chaudron satin mervilleux with square-cut corsage is suitable and stylish, and belongs to a blonde. It may be one of the most pronounced shades of chaudron, richly made, and toned down by elaborate bands of fine batiste embroidery. These cross the figure in front horizontally, and divide it into equal sections of the same width, and as a full pleating on the bottom of the dress. These divisions are filled with full shirred puffs of the dress material, and are carried to the hips, where they meet on each side a trimmed panel, which overlies the back draperies in its turn. The fullness, made by the straight breadths of the satin, puffed on the right side, then carried in sweeping folds to the left, like great bows, falls at the bottom in widely trimmed sash ends, giving the appearance of a scarf drawn through loose knots. A tight basque of the chaudron satin is covered behind with satin ribbons, dropping like fringed trimming, headed by small mother-of-pearl buckles, and the front is vest-shaped, with fine pleatings strapped five times across with the same, and caught at either end by a single pearl. The neck is square, and trimmed with the embroidery, as are also the plain sleeves. A couple of yards of silk tulle lie next to the skin, softening the outline of the square more than frills or pleatings. Another dinner toilette for summer consists of a brilliant brocaded velvet grenadine and white satin Surah. Velvets are worn without other relief than lace and jewels this summer, so one can not wonder at the constant employment of these massive fabrics in the grand toilettes of the season. Heavy leaf patterns and arabesques, outlines in gold thread and silver, superb embroideries in colored metal beads, pearls, embossed grenadines and velvets, are doing constant service this year, leaving the gauzier fabrics for gay youth and out-door sport. The necessary contrast in the simplicity and elegance, the moderation or extravagance, of the respective costumes is thus easily maintained. The dinner toilette referred to is a white silk grenadine with raised design in shaded lilac and gold, made en train, and heavily trimmed. The satin Surah front has a fine shell-pleating across the bottom; tiny frillings of the same succeed each other to the knee. A deep tunic is gathered into a very small space below the basque in front, and makes an ample apron, from which a deep fringe of grasses hangs half a yard over the white. At the top of the fringe are strings of gilt beads holding each an amethyst drop along the entire apron. The train folds back with lilac revers from the hips, and sweeps to the floor, well supported by a balayouse, without any trimming whatever. Heart-shaped cut at the neck, with frills of old lace, white Surah sleeves with a brocaded puff at the shoulder, necklace, bracelets, and hair ornament resembling a butterfly of gold, amethyst, and diamonds, complete the costume, not omitting the gants de Suède of the familiar tan-color. Of course when people are not in circumstances to suit their whims in the matter of dinner toilettes, the stylish demi-toilette of satin, silk, grenadine, brocade, or Algérienne serves every purpose, and

handsome street costumes, open at the throat, with additional embellishments in the way of corsage bow or bouquet, profusion of lace, or becoming fichu, where a special dress is not available, do graceful service at a small dinner party. Particularly, too, as the dinner dress, though essentially created for home use, like its companions, is now made short.

OUT-DOOR WRAPS.

These seem to assume something of the heavy air which pervades the general toilette, and come in broché satin and velvet, without any relation whatever to the costumes worn. Long shawls superbly embroidered accompany all hand-worked dresses, satins, pongees, cut velvets, or mulls even, and may be carried on the arm for use in cool evenings at the sea-shore, or tied lightly around the shoulders, with the costume for which they are intended. For this use, however, the crêpe shawls, capes, or fichus are also much in vogue, and come in all colors. The most stylish of all summer wraps, above the Spanish open-sleeved or chenille "visite," is the plain velvet paletot and velvet long shawl. They are imported, and come in very dark shades, faced with satin of a brilliant sun-color, brick red, white, or some positive hue. Some bear along the edge a gold-embroidered scroll pattern, a similarly worked but smaller pattern lining the upper side. The "paletots," in dark blue, brown, or ruby velvet, have a page's collarette at the neck, also richly embroidered in gold or silver, and even silks, and fasten with a cord and tassel. The young lady who from very different motives has decided upon carrying the mantle or long shawl of her winter costume, be that of velvet, with her to the sea-shore, will find that her economy has taken her to the very top of the fashion. The soft chuddah shawls, and a host of fancy goods in striped woollens, daintily shaded and deeply fringed, with the staple knitted and crocheted wraps that are always seen, and are reasonable and becoming, are at the disposal of the average shopper, for whom these mediæval garments in velvet have not yet developed.

JERSEY SUITS.

Near New York the Jersey seems to meet with little favor, and in the city it is absolutely ignored, but along the shore and in the mountains, at places where boating is an amusement, the Jersey has been taken up with enthusiasm. Canadians use it even in a lawn tennis suit, with a plain kilt skirt and deep collar. The favorite choice in the Jersey for the matter of color is navy blue or blue-black, and the finely woven wool Jersey is preferred to the silk. One graceful manner of making up these garments is with two full kilt-pleatings, one extending from the hips to the knee, and the second falling to the edge of the dress, and sometimes a half-inch below, so as to give no suggestion of the presence of a foundation skirt. A dark blue Jersey should be made with deep wine-colored cashmere skirt, and a changeable red and blue silk sash about it, meeting under wide bows. A Worth Jersey suit had the skirt of striped serge, a wide blue stripe showing on the surface, and the flaring of the kilts giving glimpses of yellow. Another costume prepared for house use in the early fall has a white silk Jersey for the waist, of course, and a shirred plain black velvet skirt, with mixed sash, broad sailor collar and deep cuffs, showily set off with black and white onyx buttons. Silk Jerseys come at \$11 and \$12; fine woollen ones at \$3 50, \$4 50, and \$5. A silk muslin Jersey for children, woven straight up and down under the arms, is much in vogue for boys and girls alike. Boys wear them with knee-breeches, like a sort of blouse, which is turned in at the throat, and worn with a rolling collar.

The latest addition to the lawn tennis costume is the mob-cap, or the lawn tennis cap, as it is termed by an act of grace. These dainty contrivances are small crushed-looking mysteries of lace, insertion, ribbons, and flowers, which crown the young heads of girlish tennis-players as becomingly as the head-dresses of our grandmothers. Full frills of lace should come about the face with these caps, and the ribbons should match the knots of the lawn tennis apron.

DINNER CARDS.

New designs in these fanciful table dressings are coming in for the autumn, and a number are already in use for midsummer entertainments. When the lattice-work ribbons of satin are stretched over the damask table-cloth, in preference to the open-worked linen spread used this past winter, the cards for guests' names and menu are fringed with the same color. The desire to secure unconventional and artistic specimens in this province of light art has led to the introduction of flower forms in the cut of the dinner and lunch card, though the geometrical figures and the plain square card retain their place. Novelty shows oblong deep blue or red satin designs, with small name card of white double Bristol strapped with ribbon and bow in one corner. The rest of the card surface has a hand-painted comic illustration or floral decoration, done either in France or by French artisans in this country. The name cards are frequently detached, but are then merely narrow fringed slips of three-sheet Bristol, unadorned. A clover leaf is fringed on all sides but the stem, and shows place for name and a spray of field flowers. Sunflowers, lilies, pansies, bunches of violets, give an idea for the contour of these cards, which in plain white or cream tints range all the way from \$1 50 to \$5 a dozen. Extravagance in table matters is the easiest thing in the world to find, and after these more familiar squares, ovals, and circles, we come to palette shapes and curves, also fringed, and strapped with a single or sometimes a triple knot of ribbons. Beautiful colored cards are forwarded from Mexico, with the deft workmanship of the Southern artisans exhibited in the feathers

applied to the surface, reproducing every known and unknown creature of the air. These importations are, moreover, elaborately painted and fringed, and cost, on an average, \$5 apiece, or \$50 a dozen. Lunch cards are a trifle smaller than the dinner cards, and the ordinary "regret card" is the rule for its size, but there is close rivalry between the fine designs for dinners and luncheons, as in both instances color and treatment add much to the general effect of an elaborate table.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; JAMES MCCREERY & Co.; STERN BROTHERS; LORD & TAYLOR; and A. T. STEWART & Co.

PERSONAL.

MRS. LOUISA PARSONS HOPKINS, the author of the poem "Motherhood," which has attracted much attention, is a native of Newburyport, Massachusetts. At school in that place she was one of a rather remarkable class, among whose members were Miss ANDREWS, the author of "The Seven Little Sisters," Mrs. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, ALFRED T. BRICHER, the artist, the wife of Mr. GEORGE CORLISS, of the Corliss engine, and others of note—a class in which the Rev. Dr. WASHBURN, of Calvary, now deceased, and Colonel T. W. HIGGINSON, both of whom were then pastors in the town, took a lively interest. Mrs. HOPKINS is a woman of much personal beauty and of great charm of manner and conversation. She is a blonde, and her features are of the purest Greek type, exquisite as those of an antique statue. She is very happily married, and one of her sons is now a student at Harvard.

A vase is being designed by Mr. THEODORE R. DAVIS, who designed the famous White House dinner service, to be called "America in 1881," with a sub-title of "Union and Peace," all the decorations of which are to be entirely American.

There has been lately published at Bombay, for use as a text-book in the Indian schools, an edition, with notes, of Mr. FRANCIS PALGRAVE TURNER'S *Golden Treasury*.

In Mr. AINSWORTH SPOFFORD'S *Library of Choice Reading* every standard author from HOMER to CARLYLE is represented.

When in 1854 Harvard University conferred the degree of M.A. upon the late CHARLES WESLEY TUTTLE, in recognition of his scientific work in connection with the observatory, he was the youngest person who had ever received an honorary degree from the institution.

After Dean STANLEY, who was educated at Rugby, returned from his American tour, he wrote a letter to a Boston gentleman, which only Rev. GEORGE E. ELLIS and Hon. A. H. RICE were able to read, owing to the illegible script.

At M. GRÉVY'S country place in Mont-sous-Vaudrey he is esteemed a mighty huntsman, but ten months of the year he is to be found at the Élysées Palace in Paris. M. GRÉVY has two brothers, one of whom is Governor of Algeria, the other a general in the French army, and both of them ardent supporters of the republic.

A sister of Mrs. T. ADOLPHUS TRÖLLOPE, author of *Stoker Anne* and other novels, published by the Messrs. HARPER, is special correspondent of the London *Standard* in Tunis.

The courtship of MILES STANDISH has furnished the backbone for a new opera, named *Priscilla*, by J. T. WHEELWRIGHT, of Boston, the music to be composed by ADAMOWSKI.

Mr. WORTH is said to have an aviary of birds of various plumage, whose exquisitely mingled tints he studies in order to improve his taste in color professionally.

The author of "Kathleen Mavourneen" is thought to be living at Baltimore in poverty. Kathleen's lovers should see to it.

Dr. SCHLEIMANN, General VON MOLTKE, and Prince BISMARCK are the only living persons upon whom the honorary citizenship of Berlin has been bestowed.

A book of Common Prayer, translated into the Mohawk tongue for the use of the Indians in 1715, was lately sold in an English collection.

A marble statue of the Duchess of Westminster, who was such a friend of artists and poets, has been executed by Mr. BOEHM. It is a reclining figure, one hand, lying across the breast, holds a stem of lilies, and her favorite dog crouches at her feet.

A London critic says that Mr. HIGGINSON'S subvention of the Boston symphony orchestra has no parallel in musical history.

Miss THURSBY is to visit the widow of OLE BULL in Norway after the fulfillment of her Swedish and Norwegian engagements.

Mr. HENRY LARKIN, who prepared the index for CARLYLE'S *Frederick* and *The Collected Works*, will have an article in the next *British Quarterly* on the cantankerous Scotlman that is looked for with interest. Owing to the fact that Mr. CARLYLE had no respect for Westminster Abbey, even as architecture, his friend Mr. WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, the poet, objects to the idea of placing his bust in that edifice.

A dinner table, the centre of which is occupied by a lake containing gold and silver fish and rocky islets, from which fountains and ferns and palms arise, having banks of green lycopodiums that leave just enough space for the plates and glasses of guests, is a remarkable feature of Lord CHARLES BERESFORD'S dining-room. It is a pity LUCULLUS never thought of it.

The wife of ROBERT TOOMBS, to whom the doughty Confederate has been married fifty years, is descended from a Huguenot family, and at seventy is yet a beautiful woman.

In chronicling the death of M. DUFAURE, M. ROCHEFORT suavely remarked: "M. DUFAURE has died at eighty-three. BUFFON never said that crocodiles were wont to live so long."

The brother of Mrs. LANGTRY, Mr. LE BRETON, who was lately killed by a tiger, was a young man of much promise, and had been lately decorated with the C. I. E. for important services in Afghanistan.

In addition to others, Mr. MOODY has secured the assistance of the Rev. Dr. BONAR for his fall campaign, Mr. SANKEY being still in charge of the music.

As a few drops of rain, according to VICTOR HUGO, lost Waterloo for NAPOLEON, so a chance shower made the fortune of the Hungarian painter MUNKACS, as the way to a regular academical education was opened to him by means of a chat with two art students while waiting under

a gateway, at the time when he was a cabinet-maker's apprentice turning his leisure to account by painting flowers on the furniture of the peasant farmers.

M. OCTAVE FEUILLET is writing a comedy, to be produced next January.

It may interest the athletic world to know that in September PAUL BOYTON swims from Fort Benton to St. Louis, and finishes the Mississippi trip before cool weather.

When Mr. GLADSTONE'S physician orders rest, the statesman takes it by collating the revised New Testament with the Greek.

JENNY LIND'S husband, who was a Hebrew, gave up that form of religion in order to marry her. They live near Buckingham Palace, London.

At about the same hour, on the day of the attempted assassination of President GARFIELD, his nurse at the time of his birth, Mrs. STEWART C. GARDNER, died in Michigan.

At the marriage of Lady CATHERINE JANE CECIL and Mr. HENRY DE VERE VANE, heir to Raby Castle, the bride's nephew, Hon. WILLIE CECIL, in dark blue velvet, attended her as a page, and the bridesmaids wore gowns of white Tunis cloth, and carried big bouquets of roses from the gardens at Burghley.

The Town and Country Club of Newport numbers among its members LA FARGE, STAIG, RICHARDS, T. W. HIGGINSON, JULIA WARD HOWE, W. D. HOWELLS, Colonel WARING, Professor COOKE, of Harvard, and other celebrities.

A letter of EDMUND BURKE'S, in which he says he never desires to see a brick of London again, and adds that he has no liking for it, "with its Indian corruptions and Jacobin peace," was sold the other day for twenty dollars.

M. GAMBETTA and Madame ADAM were once friends, but became separated by political differences. But at one time, M. GAMBETTA being threatened by a person who had letters in her possession which would prove of serious danger to an ambitious man, Madame ADAM took pains to secure possession of the package by paying a thousand dollars for it, and sent it sealed and unread to her enemy. Such is a woman's revenge.

The sixtieth anniversary of the first performance of WEBER'S *Der Freischütz* has been lately celebrated at Berlin, where it was originally produced, and where it has been given fifty times within the last eighteen months.

Surgeon JOHN FREDERICK MCCREA, who, although severely wounded in the breast in the engagement last January with the Basutos at Trefontein, South Africa, remained all day at his post, knowing there was no other medical officer at hand, has received, as he deserved, the Victoria Cross.

After their Jerusalem trip, Prince SERGIUS and Prince PAUL of Russia summer with the King of Greece.

The first ascent of the Jungfrau this season was made by Frau MÜLLER-RAMSPERGER, of Zürich, when the thermometer stood at eighteen degrees on the mountain-top—unusually warm for that region.

Mr. ALBEE, of the Concord School, says that "it," in its possessive form, occurs but once in Milton, three times in Shakespeare, and not at all in the Bible.

Mr. AYRTON, formerly Commissioner of Works in London, having had a dispute at one time with the sculptor of the WELLINGTON monument in St. Paul's, the late ALFRED STEVENS, the artist made the face of "Falsehood" on that monument represent Mr. AYRTON'S face, who thus has the honor of having his effigy in St. Paul's Cathedral during his lifetime.

The Princess LEINEB HANOUN, the only living daughter of MEHMET ALI (who, by-the-way, is shortly expected on a visit to London), is very charitable, and is laboring at present to establish a hospital at Scutari.

BOTTESINI, the distinguished double-bass virtuoso, has become also a composer of enviable fame. His last opera, *La Regina del Nepal*, is pronounced the best of his works.

OSCAR WILDE, the æsthetic poet, is patronizingly spoken of, by those who think too much fuss is being made about him, as a harmless young man with a proclivity to velvet suits low in the neck, artistically disordered hair, and an air of mediæval languor—although why mediæval, considering the stirring and bloody deeds of the Middle Ages, is scarcely understood.

Prince BISMARCK, who was a student friend of MOTLEY'S, is reported to have written an autograph letter to Mrs. GARFIELD.

At the late Bazar for Distressed Foreigners, in London, the largest trade was done at the Turkish stall by Mlle. MUSURUS, where were the Sultan's splendid gifts of shawls and carpets.

The National Portrait Gallery of London has received from an Edinburgh gentleman a half-length of Mrs. SIDDONS in marble, by CAMPBELL, intended originally as a mural ornament for Westminster Abbey, it having been decided later to erect a full statue there.

The wife of the Grand Sherief of Morocco is an English lady, and retains her own religion and the esteem of the Mohammedans.

Mrs. C. N. BARNARD, of Malden, Massachusetts, makes a move in the right direction, and takes daily exercise on the tricycle.

At a recent Children's Flower Service, in London, when the church was quite full and the organ was playing softly, a side door admitted three fair-haired children, who quietly handed their baskets of flowers to Mr. TIGMOUTH SHORE, and followed the Princess of Wales to a pew.

Artists sometimes have amusing adventures. Mr. SMILLIE, one of our New York artists, has been mistaken by the rural inhabitants, while on a sketching tour, not only for an umbrella-mender, but for the man with the monkey.

When Mr. CONKLING'S daughter, now Mrs. OAKMAN, acted as one of NELLY GRANT'S bridesmaids, she was thought to be the handsomest of the eight.

A collection calculated to please smokers is on exhibition at the Alexandra Palace, in London, consisting of numerous German, Turkish, and Scandinavian pipes, more than a hundred specimens of Japanese, and seven hundred English ones, all belonging to a Mr. BRAGGE.

Du MAURIER observed one day an odd thing on the race track at the Derby. The immense sea of faces seemed only a mass of blended color, when presently strange shades of light and dark red surged over the whole, under the artist's educated eye. It was all simply the flush of excitement, as the horses dashed away, on the multitudinous countenance.

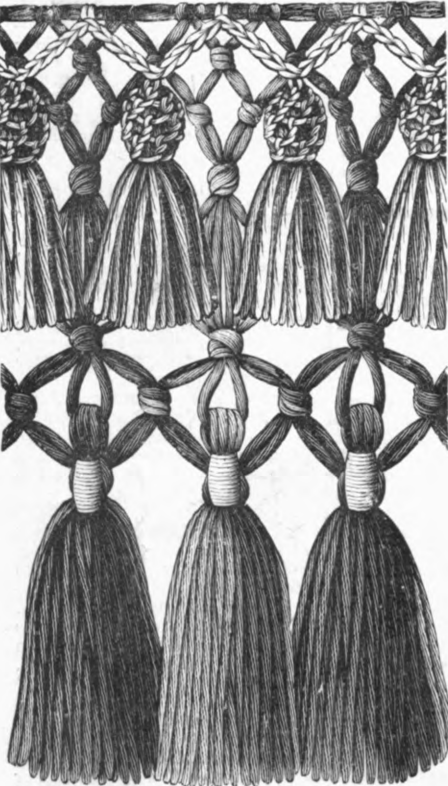


Fig. 1.—FRINGE FOR FURNITURE.



NEEDLE-BOOK.

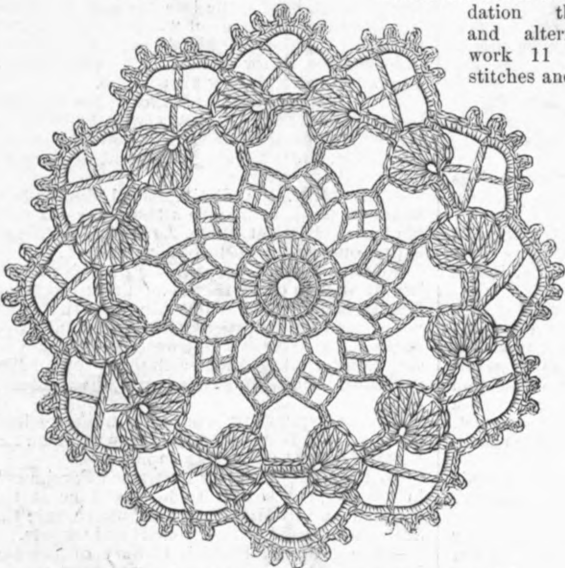


Fig. 1.—CROCHET ROSETTE FOR TIDIES.—[See Fig. 2.]



Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERY FOR SOFA CUSHION.—APPLIED-WORK ON CANVAS. See Fig. 2.—[For design see Supplement, No. IV., Fig. 17.]

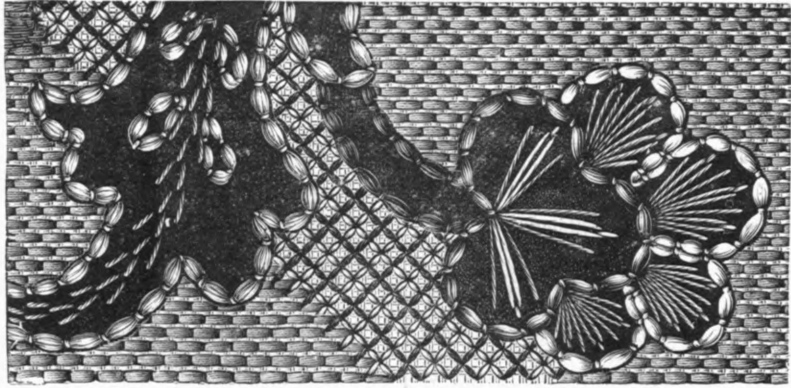


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF EMBROIDERY FOR SOFA CUSHION, FIG. 1.—BRICK STITCH.

Fringes for Furniture.—Figs. 1 and 2.

To make the fringe Fig. 1, cut threads of light and dark brown tapestry wool of the requisite length, which depends on the depth of the fringe. Allow for the knot-work at the top, and cut the threads double the length, fold them in the middle, and slip them, two light and two dark brown alternately, around a double foundation thread. Work two rows of knots, transposing in the 2d row in the manner shown in the illustration. In the 3d row knot the 4 ends of each shade into one knot. In the 4th row knot the last end of one shade with the first end of the next, passing by the intervening ends. Work the remaining rows in the manner shown in the illustration, but in the 3d from the last, tie the middle 2 ends of each shade, slip over them a sufficient number of ends of similar wool to form a tassel, and wind the tassel and the ends with blue tapestry wool. Crochet the chain stitch border at the top of the fringe with blue wool. Fasten the end to the foundation thread, and alternately work 11 chain stitches and con-

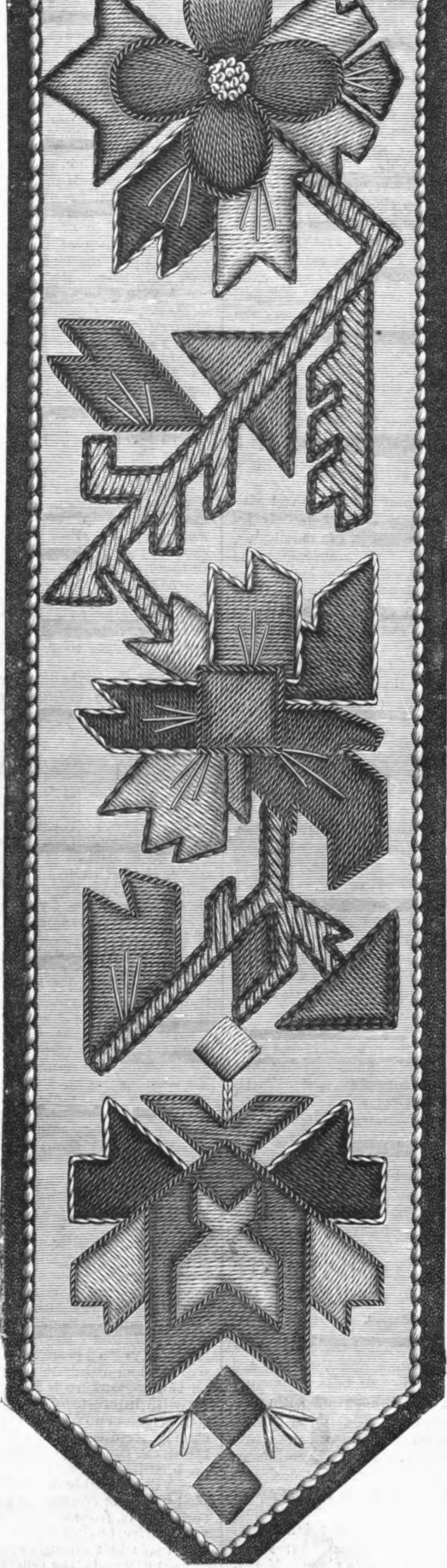


Fig. 4.—MIDDLE STRIPE OF EMBROIDERY FOR SOFA CUSHION, FIG. 3.



Fig. 2.—CROCHET ROSETTE FOR TIDIES.



Fig. 3.—CROCHET ROSETTE FOR TIDIES.

nect to the foundation at intervals as shown in the illustration. Attach a short tassel of brown and blue wool at the middle point of each scallop, and button-hole stitch the head of each tassel with blue wool or silk. To make the fringe Fig. 2, cut threads of brown Saxony wool of the requisite length, fold them through the

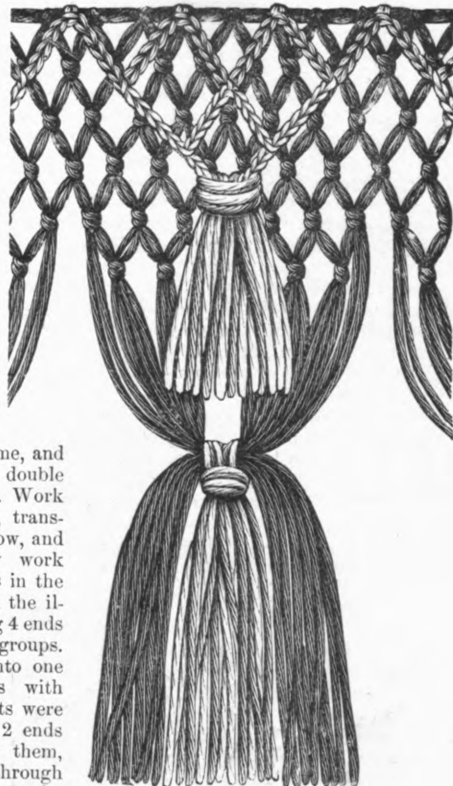


Fig. 2.—FRINGE FOR FURNITURE.



PLUSH POMPADOUR BAG.

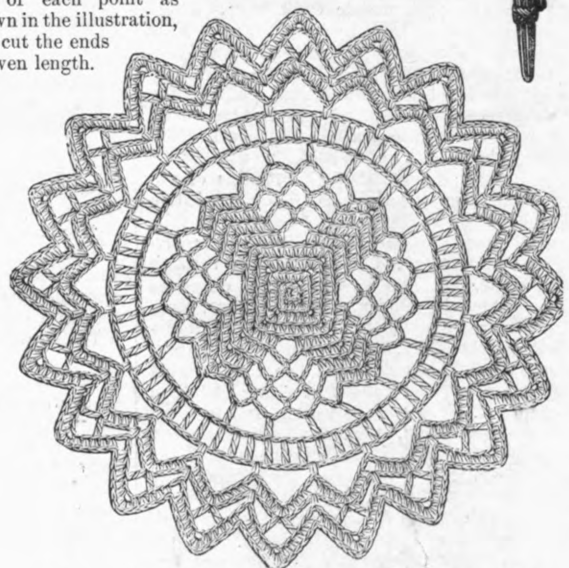


Fig. 4.—CROCHET ROSETTE FOR TIDIES.—[See Fig. 3.]

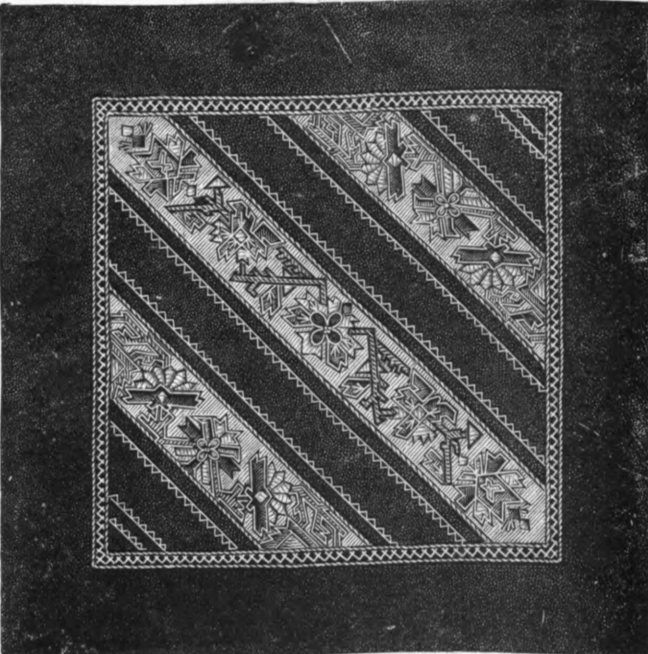


Fig. 3.—EMBROIDERY FOR SOFA CUSHION.—UNDERLAIN-WORK. See Fig. 4.—[For design see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 51.]

Crochet Square Shawl worn as a Hood.
THIS shawl is worked with a single thread of white mohair wool in a double crochet pattern, and is trimmed with a border in blue and white mohair wool and with lace edging. To work it, begin at the centre with a foundation of 4 st. (stitch) closed into a loop with 1 sl. (slip stitch), and work around it as follows: 1st round.—2 ch. (chain stitch), 3 dc. (double crochet) on the next st., 3 times work 4 dc. on the following st., then 1 sl. on the 2d of the 2 ch. at the beginning of the round. 2d round.—2 ch., 1 dc. on the vein before the next dc., * for one increasing work 4 dc. around the vein between the 2d and 3d dc., 2 dc. around the vein between the 3d and 4th dc., 2 dc. around the vein between the 1st and 2d of the next 4 dc.; repeat 3 times from *, but at the end of the round, instead of the last 2 dc., work 1 sl. on the 2d of the 2 ch. 3d round.—2 ch., 1 dc. around the vein before the next dc., * for an increasing work 2 dc. 3 times around the veins between the 4 dc. of the next increasing, twice work 2 dc. around the vein between



DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 7 YEARS OLD.—CUT PATTERN, No. 3116: PRICE 20 CENTS.—[For description see Supplement.]



DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 36-43.



CROCHET SQUARE SHAWL WORN AS A HOOD.

the next 2 dc. worked on one vein in the preceding round; repeat from * 3 times, but close as in the preceding round. Work 22 additional rounds after the manner of the 2d and 3d, and then crochet for the border as follows: 1st round.—1 sc. (single crochet) around the vein in the preceding round before the next dc., then through-out alternately 5 ch. and 1 sc. around the vein between the next 2 dc. worked together; at each of the four corners increase by working 2 sc. separated by 5 ch. around the middle vein; increase as much as may be necessary at the corners in each of the following rounds. 2d round.—Using blue mohair wool, work alternately 1 dot (for this, 3 times alternately put the thread over the needle and take up a st. out of the middle ch. of the next 5 in the preceding round, putting the hook of the needle over the thread and drawing it through to form the st., then work off together all st. and threads on the needle, and work 1 sc. around the veins of the dot) and 5 ch.; for the increasing at the corner work 2 dots



STAND WITH WORK-BASKETS.
For designs and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 18 and 19.

separated by 5 ch. on the middle ch. of the scallop; at the end of the round 1 sl. on the first sc. 3d-7th rounds.—Using white mohair wool, work alternately 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 5 in the preceding round and 5 ch.; at the end of the round 1 sl. on the first sc. Repeat the 2d-7th rounds, and then repeat once more the 2d and 3d rounds. Work for the lace edging as follows: 16th round.—3 sl on the next 3 st. in the preceding round, * 3 ch., 4 dc. on the middle ch. of the next 5, 3 ch., 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the following 5; repeat from *. 17th round.—3 sl. on the next 3 st. in the preceding round, 6 ch., the first 2 of which are considered as first dc., * 4 dc. around the vein between the middle 2 of the next 4 dc., 4 ch., 1 dc. on the next ch., pass 5 st., 1 dc. on the next st., 4 ch.; repeat from *; at the end of the round, instead of the dc. and the last 4 ch., work 1 sl. on the 2d of the 6 ch. at the beginning. 18th-21st rounds.—Work as in the preceding round. 22d round.—Using the blue wool, * work 6 dc. around the vein between the middle 2 of the next 4 dc. in the preceding round, 4 ch., 1 sc. around the vein between the next 2 single dc., 4 ch.; repeat from *. Finally, 1 sl. on the first dc. in this round.



DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 1 TO 2 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.



BUNTING DRESS.—CUT PATTERN, No. 3115: BASQUE, OVER-SKIRT, AND SKIRT, 20 CENTS EACH.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 29-35.



LAWN TENNIS COSTUME.—CUT PATTERN, No. 3114: POLO-NAISE, 25 CENTS; TRIMMED SKIRT, 25 CENTS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1^a, 1^b-6.

CANARY-BIRDS.

III.

HOW TO TRAIN THE SONG.

BUT few people who own canaries, keeping them rather as an ornament than a pet, realize how much the bird depends upon its owner for its song. The general idea is to get a male bird, put him in a fine cage where he has no companions, and expect that he will sing in comparison to the amount paid for him.

It is true that the canary is naturally a song-bird, but it is hardly to be expected that a young bird—and the greater number of those sold by dealers are young—can sing without being taught, any more than a child could talk without being instructed.

Of course a young bird thus deprived of the companionship of his kind will sing after a fashion; but compared to what it is possible for him to do, it is as the efforts of an amateur on a Jew's harp are to the master's hand on an organ. Therefore, however valuable a bird may be, or however fine a brood he may have come from, if he be confined when young where he hears no music, he will be as the most ordinary-bred bird. And the same may be said if his instructors are common, uncultivated singers.

It is possible to give the canary, provided he is not more than six weeks old when taken in

save so far as the distinguishing marks of good blood go; but the writer's experience leads him to believe, and firmly, that very much depends upon the form. Compare the shape of a good singer with that of a poor or ordinary one, and then afterward try to find a full-voiced bird of the same shape as the one who had no range of notes. The form of a bird has the same value in selecting a songster as in a horse the shape is an almost sure indication of his speed.

To select a young bird likely to prove a good singer, have the head round and slim rather than thick—a better description perhaps is, have the line between the head and neck so marked as to give it almost the appearance of having fat cheeks; neck rather thin, and set slightly below the line of the back; the body a medium between long and short, with a tail on which the feathers are folded compactly; the legs neither long nor short, nearly straight, and joined to the body close together. The bird to measure about six inches. If such a formed one be selected, it is the firm belief of one who has studied bird life some time that, with proper education, he will more than repay his owner for all the time spent on him.

Procure for him a small cage, for, since you are to make of him simply musical flesh and blood, too much space in which he can move around should be avoided. Feed only on the best German summer rape and canary seed, with a

little green food twice a week in season; be sure that he has an opportunity for a bath each day, and see to it that he does not have the companionship of ordinary birds about town; in fact, take care that he does not even hear the twittering of the swallows.

After he has become accustomed to the cage, which will hardly be in less than two or three days, give him a lesson about an hour each morning for one month; during the second month give him two lessons each day, one in the morning and one in the afternoon fully two hours before dark. During the third month instruction should be given according to the proficiency or ignorance shown.

In giving these lessons first cover the cage with a cloth, in order that he may see nothing; whistle, play on the piano, flute, or bird organ eight or ten bars of whichever air you wish to teach, taking care that it is repeated in the same key and with no false notes. Repeat the music for five minutes, making no stop at the end or commencement of the air; then cease playing or whistling for a few moments, thus giving him the idea of repeating the air to the ordinary length of his song.

If this be done patiently for three months, if the bird be allowed to hear a repetition of no other music, and if the pupil be of a good-blooded family, he will sing the tune taught rather than any other. After six months he may be allowed to go into bird society, and there need be no fear that he will forget the song given him.

To have a fully accomplished bird, the better way is, six months after the written music has been taught him, to put him in a room with a full-voiced canary. By that means he will acquire all of the natural song as well as the one given, and will be among the perfect nobility of birds, ready to act as instructor to others.

The most important matter in thus training the song of birds is to remember that "evil communications corrupt good manners," and as in a child a low companion will poison his mind, and through that his speech, so will a vagabond or dissolutely bred bird undo in an hour all that has been taught in a month, giving to the canary a quantity of bird slang which is neither harmony nor song.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 16, Vol. XIV.]

THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

By MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

AUTHOR OF "ALL OR NOTHING," "THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE," "A GOLDEN SORROW," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

A BARGAIN.

MISS CHEVENIX arrived too late. The accident to Mr. Chevenix, which was said by the newspapers to have cast a gloom over the proceedings of the festive week, but which in reality affected only those individuals whose bets with him were rendered void by his death, had produced fatal results before she reached Colonel Wilton's house. There was nothing for it but to take her back again. Colonel Wilton, an unmarried man, and who had hardly known anything of Beatrix—his friendship with her father was the conversation of clubs and race-courses—behaved very well under the circumstances. Beatrix had no male relatives, and her friends were hardly such as may be counted on in dark days. Nevertheless, she was not unkindly treated; all that had to be done was done properly, but the inevitable time came when the provisional friends produced by a crisis and a catastrophe retired, and she found herself face to face with the facts of her position.

If the shock of her father's death had been succeeded by the deepest grief that ever filled a daughter's heart, Beatrix Chevenix would have been forced to rouse herself from its paralyzing influence, for the question that she had so often asked herself, as to what her father's position

really was, had found an unpleasant answer so soon as she was free to investigate it by the aid of his papers and the testimony of his creditors. No such feeling had, however, ensued upon the shock of the catastrophe. Her nerves were tough, her sensibilities had the bluntness that frequently accompanies strong passions. She had learned by the precept and example of her father to care supremely for self alone, to hold the making the best of a life which was to have no hereafter as the sole practical distinction between wisdom and folly; and she had no keen instincts or un-eruly emotional tenderness to tempt her to an illogical departure from principles merely because he himself was in question.

Mr. Chevenix's daughter felt no grief for his death; they had been very good friends, but without paternal love on his or filial piety on her side; neither of them recognized any source whence such feelings could proceed. The association had come to an end, and the survivor had merely to accept the fact, and wipe it out. For beings without a future to mope over the memory of the past would be a waste of time and power indeed, and one of which the dead atheist's intelligent pupil was incapable. She was neither sorry for her father nor angry with him. When she discovered the truth about him, she indulged in no retrospect. He had made as much out of life for himself as the chances of his little subdivision of the realm of accident enabled him to make, the contingent remainder coming to his child. When the game was played out was no affair of his. There was a good deal of hard fairness about the view of this young woman, who resolved the science of life into every one for himself, and no God for any of us.

There was also a great deal of self-control and some sound worldly wisdom in the polite but steady resistance which Miss Chevenix opposed to the offers of friendly companionship that were made to her so soon as her father's death became known. She felt certain that she would have much that was disagreeable to face, and she resolved that she would encounter the enemy alone. When she should have learned the worst, without the temptation of telling it to or the risk of its being found out by any female friend, she would be able to determine on her course of action; and she would know exactly what version of her position it would suit her to give; until then she was deeply grateful (on black-edged paper) for everybody's kindness, but unable to see any one. From among the letters of condolence she selected two for more careful consideration than the rest. One was written by Mrs. Townley Gore, the other by Mrs. Maberley, who was out of town when the death of Mr. Chevenix occurred. Mrs. Townley Gore's letter afforded a proof that her heart was not altogether closed to pity for the orphan. The sympathy and compassion that had been appealed to in vain by the helplessness and the solitariness of Helen Rhodes were called into active exercise and eloquent expression by the deeply affecting calamity that had befallen the well-known Miss Chevenix, and the touchingly interesting position of that much-admired young lady. Was there anything Mrs. Townley Gore could do for her dear afflicted young friend? She would come to town at once if she were wanted; would have come, indeed, without a summons, only that she did not know whether Beatrix was at the house in Chesterfield Street, and therefore thought it best to wait until she should hear from her. Her anxiety for an assurance that Beatrix was tolerably well would be extreme.

Miss Chevenix had opened a heap of letters, this one from Mrs. Townley Gore among the number, without being at all discomposed by the operation; but when she took up Mrs. Maberley's her usually steady nerves thrilled unpleasantly. The sensation for which she was so often provoked with herself came again to irritate her. The letter was commonplace but kind, and as she glanced over the first page the thrill of her nerves subsided. It returned, however, as she read these lines at top of the second page:

"I will not press you to see me until you feel disposed to do so; but you will best consult your own interests by admitting me without delay, and by keeping strictly to yourself, until we have met, any knowledge of your father's affairs that you may have gained. I am in full possession of them all."

She had been right, then. Her instinctive aversion to Mrs. Maberley—she plainly admitted to herself now that it was aversion—was well-founded; the sense this woman had stirred in her was the sense of danger. The knowledge which she had gained amounted to this: her father had died just in time; his resources, unless he had some means of making or procuring money of which no trace remained, would be exhausted by the payment of his most pressing debts, and there would remain for her—nothing. She was dismayed at the prospect that presented itself, as any woman might well be, all the more so that she had no temptation to make the disclosure against which Mrs. Maberley warned her. To whom should she tell her trouble?

Nobody would care about it. She did not murmur at that; her harsh fairness of perception came in there also. Why should people care? Their prosperity or adversity did not affect her. She did not expect that her prosperity or adversity would affect them.

Under such circumstances it would have seemed natural that Mrs. Maberley's letter should have brought Miss Chevenix a kind of relief: the writer had been her friend and her father's friend always; she would at least be one with whom to consult, and her knowledge of the truth broke the loneliness of Miss Chevenix's position.

But this was not what Beatrix felt; instinct was stronger than reason in this instance; the letter left on her the impression of a realized fear of being taken in a trap.

Beatrix acted on the advice of the writer nevertheless, and when Mrs. Maberley was admitted

to see her, she found her composed and on her guard.

Beatrix's mourning dress, composed of the handsomest materials, and made in the latest fashion, set off her brilliant coloring and stately form.

When Mrs. Maberley told her she was looking wonderfully well, she told her the truth. The quiet, colorless, slight little woman, who regarded her with genuine admiration, presented a strong contrast to her.

One might meet Mrs. Maberley three days in succession, and not be able to remember who she was or where one had seen her on the fourth day. There was nothing remarkable about her except her insignificance.

She had a low, musical voice, and a slow way of speaking. She moved noiselessly, and although she was not one of those persons who can not look one straight in the face, and therefore carry a danger signal always displayed for the warning of their neighbors, she rarely fixed her eyes on anybody or anything. The glance would at first be frank and clear enough; after a moment it would waver and droop, and she would go on speaking with her eyes downcast.

Mrs. Maberley wasted but little time in condolences; she came to the point of her intended discourse with a decision which Beatrix had not previously observed in her manner.

"You have acted on the caution I gave you, I hope?" she said.

And with the last word of this short sentence her eyes drooped from their look into those of Beatrix.

"I have said nothing about my father's affairs to anybody."

"Quite right; you will presently see why, when you and I have discussed them."

"Excuse me," said Beatrix, a sudden anger rising in her against the power that revealed itself in the slow, low voice; "I do not understand why you are to be the exception."

"No?"—then I will explain. I am to be the exception because I am the only person from whom you have anything to expect; you know that I was, so far as your knowledge of his friends went, your father's closest friend. Your investigation of his affairs has not, perhaps, disclosed to you that I am his chief creditor."

"You?"

"Ah, I see that I was right; the only record is in my hands. Yes, I. You have only to look at these, and see for yourself."

She put a packet of papers into the hands of her hearer, and sat still, with downcast eyes, while Beatrix untied the string and unfolded the first of the papers.

"Look through them all before you say anything," she went on, with a slight uplifting of her right hand.

Beatrix obeyed her, and when she had mastered the contents of the papers, every gleam of color had left her face. She handed them to Mrs. Maberley without a word.

"You could not have had any idea that things were so bad with him, could you? Poor man, it was not altogether his fault; you really ought not to condemn him too severely."

"I don't. He did the best he could for himself, I suppose. He had been accustomed to live in a certain sort of way while the money lasted, and he wanted to go on living in the same."

"Just so; after the money was gone. As you say, he did the best he could for himself; now you have to do the best you can for yourself."

"There's no best, in the face of these. This house is yours, the furniture is yours, the little money there is coming in, so far as I know, would not pay one-half of the outstanding bills; there is no will—naturally, since there was nothing but debt to bequeath. I have five pounds in my purse, I believe, and my mother's pearls. I can not see that there is any question of 'best' in the matter."

"Now, my dear," Mrs. Maberley said, with a still sort of smile that hardly changed her face at all, "you are making me that exception to which you objected at first, and we shall understand each other very soon. You put the case clearly: I am your poor father's chief creditor, and I am secured by the possession of the lease of this house and a bill of sale on the furniture. There is no need for me to go into particulars of the transactions between your father and myself; we were old friends and in a certain sense associates. His notions were different from mine: I like to have more money than I spend; he liked to spend more money than he had. Every one to his taste in this short life, which he wanted to be merry; I prefer its being solid and safe."

There was not a touch of irony in Mrs. Maberley's tone; it was quiet, even, matter-of-fact.

"He acted on his theory, I on mine, and we were useful to each other. I had been obliged to remind him several times of late that his debt to me ought to be reduced, and would in the event of my having any pressing need of money be very inconvenient for himself and you. I had also reminded him that should his death occur while it remained unsettled or unreduced, you would be left destitute."

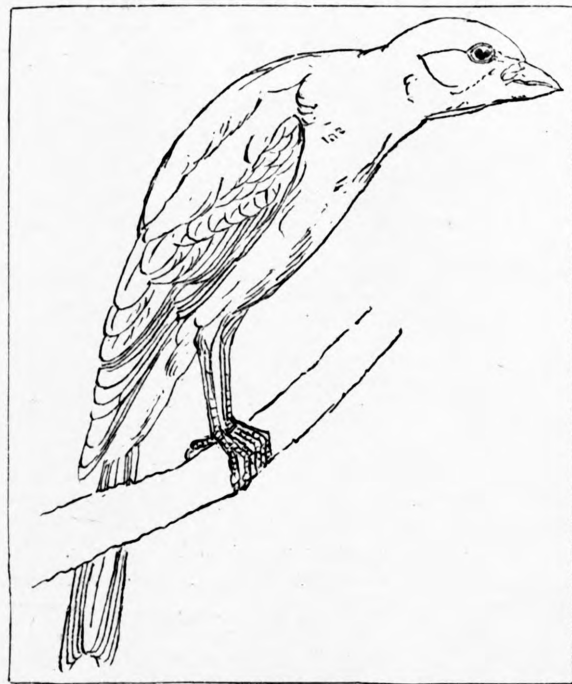
"And neither the one argument nor the other had any effect on him," said Beatrix, with calmness that successfully competed with Mrs. Maberley's, "because he knew you would never have any pressing need of money, and because he did not care what became of me when there was an end of him."

"You ought not to give yourself the habit of speaking in that way," remarked Mrs. Maberley; "it is bad form. I observe that such extreme opinions as you hold are apt to lead to bad form. I don't quarrel with the opinions, but I object to the form; you will find it a disadvantage."

Beatrix's eyes sparkled with anger, but she controlled herself.

Mrs. Maberley continued:

"Besides, in this judgment of your father you



LONG-BREAST OR FRENCH CANARY—PERFECT TYPE.

charge, the song of any other bird, or to teach him to sing written music, for there is hardly a cage-bird whose powers of imitation are as great. In fact, the canary can be taught a variety of accomplishments, in proof of which Dr. Bechstein, one of the most reliable authorities on cage-birds, says: "Instances have also been known in which it [the canary] has been taught to repeat short words distinctly, to distinguish colors, letters, and numbers, and to perform certain acts at the word of command. I once saw a female, in possession of a person named Jeantot, of Befort, in Alsace, which selected from the alphabet, and placed in order, the letters of certain words, added, subtracted, and multiplied, and indicated by the means of numbers the exact time by a watch. This person had with him also three males which were able to select letters and numbers that had been named. Hunger had been the chief means used in the education of all."

In Germany, where the greatest attention is paid to the song of the bird, the young one is taken at the time it first begins to warble, and hung in a small room directly under the cage of a lark, nightingale, or whichever species it is desired he shall imitate. It is thus impossible for the canary to have his attention distracted by the sight of his instructor, and, naturally desirous of singing, he soon learns the only song he hears. Oftentimes one old bird will act as teacher to a number of young ones; but the lesson is not given as perfectly, owing to the distraction caused by the other members of the class, and because of the number of false notes necessarily heard.

It is also possible, in a great measure, to correct the song of a bird, even after he is a year old, by having in the same room with him an older, full-voiced canary.

The simplest and shortest way, however, by which the full strength and quality of song can be gotten from the little feathered music-box is to teach him when he is young, and the labor is not difficult, even though it may not be possible or convenient to procure the services of a bird-instructor, always premising, however, that the one to be taught is of good blood well bred.

Get, if possible, a bird bred from a French or long-breed male, and a German or short-breed female, and not more than four or six weeks old. Pay no attention to color, whether it be yellow, green, gray, or variegated, save when it approaches the fancy plumages, such as cinnamon or red. A mealy bird may have as good a voice as any, but since it is much more likely to be delicate, it is not advisable to attempt to train it. As to the shape, there are a variety of opinions as to whether it may be depended on as any sign of the quality of the song. Some fanciers contend that there is no other way by which the capabilities of the bird may be foretold; others will stoutly contend that the shape of a bird is no more a criterion of his voice than is that of an apple as to its flavor,

are wrong. His indifference to my representation did not arise from his not caring what might become of you after his death. You must bear in mind that he had no reason to apprehend death for several years to come; it was due to his very just expectation that you would make a good marriage, and so help him out of his difficulties. You have always known that he hoped and believed you would marry well."

"Certainly; he was very candid with me upon that point when I was quite young; but I wish he had made me understand the full urgency of it."

"He could not, my dear; you would never have realized it until the occasion arose. We never do, believe me. But we only waste time by discussing the matter. Let us look at the facts. They are simply these: The house and everything in it belongs to me; the very small amount of property remaining in addition to the house and furniture will certainly not even appease the most pressing of your poor father's other creditors, much less pay the whole. There is nothing whatever for you. What do you propose to do? The Darnell affair is, I understand, entirely off. Is that so?"

"That is so."

"Have you made any plans?"

"None whatever. I have no relations and no friends, no money, no means of earning money except by marriage; and as I must necessarily disappear out of the world in which we have been living, that chance does not count for much. I don't know that I shall try any other; it seems hardly worth while. I should not hesitate for a moment between poverty—I mean avowed, squalid poverty, the sort of thing they call 'earning one's bread' as a governess, you know—and putting an end to myself. One's instincts of life are strong when one is still young and very handsome, as I am, but common-sense and knowledge of one's self can get the better of instinct, I should think, when the game is so very thoroughly up."

Mrs. Maberley raised her eyes, and looked at the speaker with a strange horror. This was being logical and consistent indeed—this was following out the training she had received to its legitimate end.

The manifestation of the courage of Miss Chevenix's opinions took her hearer aback.

Beatrice perceived the impression she had made, and laughed scornfully.

"You are surprised to find me no longer what I was a fortnight ago; but why? 'Eat and drink, for to-morrow you die,' is your creed as well as mine; I only contract it into 'As you can not be sure of having anything to eat or drink to-morrow, die to-day.' I am not hungry and thirsty yet, and I never mean to be; neither do I mean to eat bread, to drink water, or to wear anything but Morrison's equivalent for purple and fine linen, except my shroud."

"Is this girl trying to frighten me?" thought Mrs. Maberley; but she quickly answered the question in the negative. There was an entire disregard of her in the look and tone of Beatrice, and her hardness was perfectly sincere.

"Therefore," she continued, "you need not mind if you should be disposed to any scruples about claiming your own—other people will not be so squeamish, and you will be no more to blame than they, if you care about blame. You had your reasons for being patient with my father; there's an end, with him, of your reasons."

"Pray don't talk in that shocking cynical way," said Mrs. Maberley, quite hurriedly for her. "Your father often said the same sort of thing—that he would never bear pain or illness if there was no prospect of cure, or—"

"He meant it too," interrupted Beatrice, "and he showed his good sense and consistency. He always had the means at hand of ridding himself of life if he should ever come to the deliberate conviction that death was the least of two evils between which he had to choose."

"How do you know that? He surely did not tell you?"

"No, he did not; I found it out for myself; I found the 'means.' Pray don't look so scared, Mrs. Maberley: I am not going to poison your tea; I am only going to ring for it, and you can pour it out for yourself."

She rose, smiling, and rang the bell. Mrs. Maberley's sense of being mistress of the situation was failing her; her nerves were tried by the sang-froid of this consistent and indomitable young woman. She rallied her strength, and fell in with Beatrice's humor.

"You are an odd creature," she said; "only that I understand you so well, you would make me uncomfortable. Give me my tea, and let us be business-like."

Beatrice gave Mrs. Maberley her tea, and preserved unbroken silence and an unchanging smile until the ceremony was over. It amused her, it relieved her to a certain extent, to discompose this woman, of whom she was more than ever afraid; but she was perfectly in earnest in all she said.

"Now," said Mrs. Maberley, "I will tell you why I wrote to you that it would be for your interest to see me soon, and to keep your own counsel in the mean time. It was not only because I had to say what I have said; it was because I intended to make you an offer of help in this trouble."

"Help! When all there is would barely pay the debt due to you!"

"Yes, help. Listen to me. You are so well aware of all the advantages of the position that has hitherto been yours that there is no need for me to dilate upon them; that you have correctly counted the cost of losing it the terrible things you have said to me sufficiently prove. If at your age, and with your beauty and health, you can deliberately prefer death to deprivation of the luxuries and the pleasures of life, to exerting yourself to earn a livelihood, to facing the battle in whose front so many women stand defenseless, you will be able to estimate at its value the offer I now make you. I will hold over my own

claims on your father's estate, and I will make an arrangement with the other creditors that will free you from any annoyance; I will enable you to maintain precisely the same appearance as before, so that all the world may take you for the inheritor of your father's fortune, to whom his death has made no external difference, until you shall have made a suitable marriage—if you will agree to my terms."

Beatrice listened with profound amazement. Had she been wrong after all? Had her presentiment misled her? Was this woman, whom she feared, to be her rescuer? The surprise broke down even her composure. She said, faintly: "Do you mean it? Can this be true?"

"I perfectly mean it."

"And the terms?"

"They are simple, and will not prove unpleasant, I believe. I propose that you should come and live in my house, under my chaperonage—everything shall be made pleasant for you—that you consult me with regard to your movements, cultivate the people whom I recommend, accept the invitations that I select, and undertake, if you get a good offer of marriage, to fix the time for your marriage at my dictation. Those are my terms: the proposal is to take or to leave."

"And the alternative?"

Mrs. Maberley slowly shrugged her shoulders, and slowly lifted and let fall her hands.

She said nothing; but Beatrice was answered.

"You mean that if I refuse, you will have your bond?"

"I mean that I will enforce my claim. Have you anything to urge against it?"

"Nothing. Come, Mrs. Maberley, be frank with me; this is only a pretense of frankness. What is your motive for making me so extraordinary an offer? It is not compassion for me—you are no more compassionate than I am; it is not affection for me—you do not like me. You were my father's friend, I know; you have never been mine in reality, and under this marvellous offer to pull me out of the gulf of ruin, and save me from even being suspected of poverty, there is some strong motive: what it can be it is impossible for me to guess, but I know it exists."

"Your frankness, my dear, is real enough to do for both of us," answered Mrs. Maberley, in her slow, placid manner, as if there had been no sting at all in the words of Beatrice; "to a certain extent I propose to imitate it. My motive is not compassion for you, nor affection for you; it suits me to do this thing, and that is all I mean to tell you. You will believe me, I am sure, when I say that no one finds out a secret which I choose to keep. I choose to keep this one. The offer I make you, in perfect good faith, is your business; all the rest is mine. It is, as I said before, to take or to leave—very soon."

"And you will positively tell me no more? on this only I must make up my mind?"

"I will positively tell you no more, except that the motive that actuates me is one harmless toward you."

"And I must make up my mind soon?"

"In three days I shall come for your decision. In three days you will see your position here more clearly than you even see it now, and I don't wish you to be surprised or hurried into accepting my offer. If you decide in your own favor there will be no trouble to you in the matter. Now I will leave you. Stay, there is just one very trifling stipulation—I had almost forgotten it—that I wish to make."

Mrs. Maberley had risen, and was approaching the door, as she uttered the last words.

The stipulation was very trifling, it had quite the air of an after-thought; and Beatrice hardly commented upon it. That, if she accepted the whole proposal, she should accept that trivial part of, went without saying.

Left to herself, Beatrice pondered for several hours upon what had passed. The riddle was beyond her reading; the point on which she finally concentrated all her thoughts was the absolute hopelessness of her present condition. As she paced the room to and fro, her glance fell on Mrs. Townley Gore's last letter, and she suddenly remembered the mood she had been in when she replied to the former one. She remembered what she had said to herself about Mr. Horndean; and she thought how securely far from a chance of captivating her brother Mrs. Townley Gore would keep her dear afflicted young friend if she had any notion of the truth, and how readily other women of the world would adopt a similar precaution. The reflection served as a spur to her intent, nor did that day pass over without its being stimulated in other ways.

Miss Chevenix had not been prepared for the very immediate and peremptory pressure of their claims by her father's and her own creditors. She had supposed she would have been given what she called "time to breathe," but she was not. It was almost as though some malign influence had been brought to bear, especially in the case of Beatrice's personal debts, and when the demands poured in upon her she stood aghast at their magnitude. She would not have believed it possible that she could owe all that money. Not that the amount mattered much, so far as she was concerned, for it would either never be paid at all, or it would be paid by Mrs. Maberley, in part, at all events, according to her extraordinary proposal; still, it did startle her. And it too pricked the sides of her intent, for she would not even contemplate a future in which she should be obliged to do without any of the personal luxuries for which she owed that money. No, not she. Fate might force hopeless pain, miserable sickness, abject poverty, upon those who would submit to be its slave; fate should never force them upon her.

The days passed, and each hour of them enforced the lesson that Mrs. Maberley had reckoned upon. On the third, Mrs. Maberley presented herself in Miss Chevenix's drawing-room, as quiet, as slow-spoken, as insignificant as ever;

and as she took the cold hand that Beatrice extended to her, she said:

"I have come for your answer, my dear. Do you consent, or refuse?"

"I consent."

"Then it's a bargain."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Crochet Rosettes for Tiedies.—Figs. 1-4.

See illustrations on page 532.

THE illustrations Figs. 1 and 2 and Figs. 3 and 4 give patterns of crochet rosettes, which are duplicated and connected to form tiedies. The large rosettes are linked by two scallops on each side, and the small rosettes serve to fill the spaces. Illustrations of the tiedies with the rosettes put together, and the details of the crochet-work, were given in the last Bazar.

SOMETHING NEW FOR OUR DOORS.

A COMMONPLACE wooden door is not a very sightly thing, and on account of its size, the color being generally white, it is apt to attract the eye. The fashion for decoration has helped to beautify many homes, and those who have artistic taste and training may be able to produce very beautiful designs, and carry them out successfully. It is not for such, however, that the following suggestions are made, but for those amateurs whose love for the beautiful is unaccompanied by proficiency in art execution, and yet who are willing to take a little trouble to decorate their homes, if the doing of it be within their capacity.

To begin with, therefore, the first thing to be thought of in regard to a door is to render it less conspicuous in tone than the surrounding walls, and to consider what color will best harmonize with the furniture and general aspect of the room. A newer and more graceful fashion than painting directly on the wood-work of the door is that of making a *hanging*, or piece of drapery, to be fastened to the door, covering the plain and uninteresting panels, and adding greatly to the beauty of a room. Needle-work, though always available, has been so much written and talked about, also practiced, that it is hard to find anything new in that department; but this idea recently introduced of *stenciling*, so to speak, the patterns upon the material, gives a beautiful effect when carefully done, and is within the power of any one to undertake, as not the slightest knowledge of drawing or painting is necessary, when the method is clearly explained and understood.

In the first place, measure the door to be ornamented, and in calculating the size of the hanging remember that it must be large enough to entirely cover the panels, and should come to within a few inches, say six, of the outside measurement of the door. Next choose the material for the foundation of the designs.

A beautiful effect is produced by selecting a fine cheese-cloth, which is very inexpensive; or, if economy is not a consideration, still better, a soft, partly silk nuns' veiling, either to be a soft écaré in color. If the material is wide enough to allow of its being in one piece, so much the better; if not, make the seam as invisible as possible, remembering always that the drapery is to hang slightly full when finished, and that there must be an allowance of an additional three-eighths of a yard in length beyond the actual space to be covered on the door, for what use shall be shown presently.

Next, stretch the material carefully and smoothly on a large wooden table, and fasten it by paper or thumb tacks so that the surface will not be wrinkled; then take some simple design which will have a good effect in outline, such as a daisy or sunflower, a fleur-de-lis, a butterfly, a bird, or a star. Let us say a daisy, to begin with. Draw an outline neatly on a piece of card-board, separating the leaves as much as permissible; then cut it out carefully with a sharp knife or scissors. Now there are two ways of proceeding: one, which is perhaps the easiest, we will describe first. After cutting out the flower so as to leave a perfectly shaped opening in the card-board, use this after the manner of a stencil, laying it on the cloth, and with a fine sable or camel's-hair brush paint over the open space with liquid gold paint ("Bessemers") is one of the best for this purpose), and remember to follow the outline of the leaves carefully with the point of your brush. Repeat this pattern at convenient intervals all over the body of the hanging until within three-eighths of a yard of the top. This space is to be turned over, and must be decorated in the same manner on the *other side*.

The other way of proceeding—and which we think will be preferred by some—is to take the card-board flower which is cut out, and trace its outline with a pencil on the cloth; then fill in this outline with the gold paint, covering the pencil-mark. In either case the design may be varied by making several flowers in different positions. This, however, is a matter of taste. When the whole surface of the hanging is covered, that is to say, sprinkled over, with golden daisies, several rows of feather-stitching in different colors may be added at the bottom for a border, and one row in coral-color all around the edge. Turn over the three-eighths at the top, and sew on a number of small brass or ivory rings. Finish both top and bottom with bullion fringe, and fasten the hanging on your door by means of a brass rod run through the rings, seeing that there is an equal distance from the outside of the door on all sides. This new and beautiful manner of decorating doors must not be confounded with the portière in its uses, which is entirely different.

These door-hangings are very beautiful made of plush or satin treated in the same manner, the ground color selected to accord with the rest of the room, and the designs always in gold.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. L.—We know no safe nostrum for making your short eyelashes long and curling.

ESTELLE.—Late numbers of the New York Fashions of the Bazar, and the article on wedding etiquette recently published in the Bazar, will answer all your queries about conducting your summer wedding. The bridegroom and ushers wear day dress suits, not evening full dress, and dispense with gloves. The bridesmaids wear white muslin dresses, with large round hats, or else short tulle veils, and either white or tan-colored undressed kid gloves, or, if you choose, white lace mitts. There is no change in the bride's full-dress attire of white satin, veil, and white gloves. Do not hem your tulle wedding veil; it is prettiest with raw edges.

SOUTHEY.—We can not tell you how to eradicate crow's-feet. Cosmetics are often dangerous. We do not counsel their use.

S. U. B.—We do not publish monograms at the request of individuals.

ANNIE L. S.—The song is unknown to us. There is danger in tampering with the moles on your face. Best let them alone.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—The numerous articles on the usages of society that are published in the Bazar will afford you much valuable information concerning social conventionalities. Your womanly tact and quick perception must, however, be your best guides in gracefully dispensing your newly acquired fortune. Educate yourself as far as possible, cultivate refined society, read, think, and observe, and you will be sure to win an honored place in a society where few are born in the purple, and where it is the proudest boast of the heads of the nation that they are self-made men.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER.—It is very bad style for a young lady to wear a great deal of jewelry. Gold chains are not worn around the neck. Your sample is black satin Surah, and will be very pretty made up entirely of itself, with pleatings of the same, and Spanish lace for trimming. Your church suits, and indeed all dresses to be worn in the street, should be short. White mull and white nuns' veiling dresses are worn to church in the summer resorts. Swiss muslin is not as popular as soft mull or fine sheer wool for white dresses.

FAITHFUL READER.—It is too early for you to make the dresses of your trousseau, as it is not needed until November. You might get everything else ready, such as under-clothing, and any household linen you intend to provide, and leave your dresses until September. For your two wrappers get light cashmere for the nicest, and dark flannel for the useful one. Dressing sacques of light twilled silk and of cashmere trimmed with lace may also be made at once.

CATSKILL.—The light porcelain blue flannels are very pretty for mountain dresses, and are liked better than those of dark navy blue flannel, though the latter are still used. The hunting jacket with double-breasted front, an apron over-skirt pointed in back and front, and a round skirt with a pleated dounce, is the favorite style for making such dresses. Large rough straw pokes are worn drawn down on the sides, trimmed with many feathers or with a gay kerchief twisted around the crown. A pair of long loose-wristed chambray gloves and a colored neckerchief complete the toilette. Gentlemen wear blouse and trousers of dark blue flannel. Some prefer a regular shirt of the flannel, with a skeleton sack coat of the same, to be worn when not on the tramp.

MOLLIE.—Under-waists under thin dresses are high in the neck, but are without sleeves. The neck of the dress and the waist are then cut alike in the front, either square or in a surplice point.

MRS. A. K. M.—Your lace is an inexpensive woven lace, and will trim a simple dress very prettily. Woven laces are now used for lawns and muslins, also for sheer wool goods, and are not considered shams.

KREVIL.—It will not be in bad taste for you to wear a diamond ring set in black while you are in mourning, but do not wear many such rings. There is no way of preventing the disagreeable effects of crape. It is customary for widows to wear white tarlatan cape in the house. White strings and how are not worn with the bonnet, but there is always a *ruche* of white tarlatan in widows' bonnets. There is no fixed time for wearing the veil over the face.

W. G.—The flannel waists and over-skirts to wear with striped skirts of awning cloth are made in the usual way, with a plain round apron over-skirt simply stitched, while the waist is either a hunting jacket or else a postillon basque.

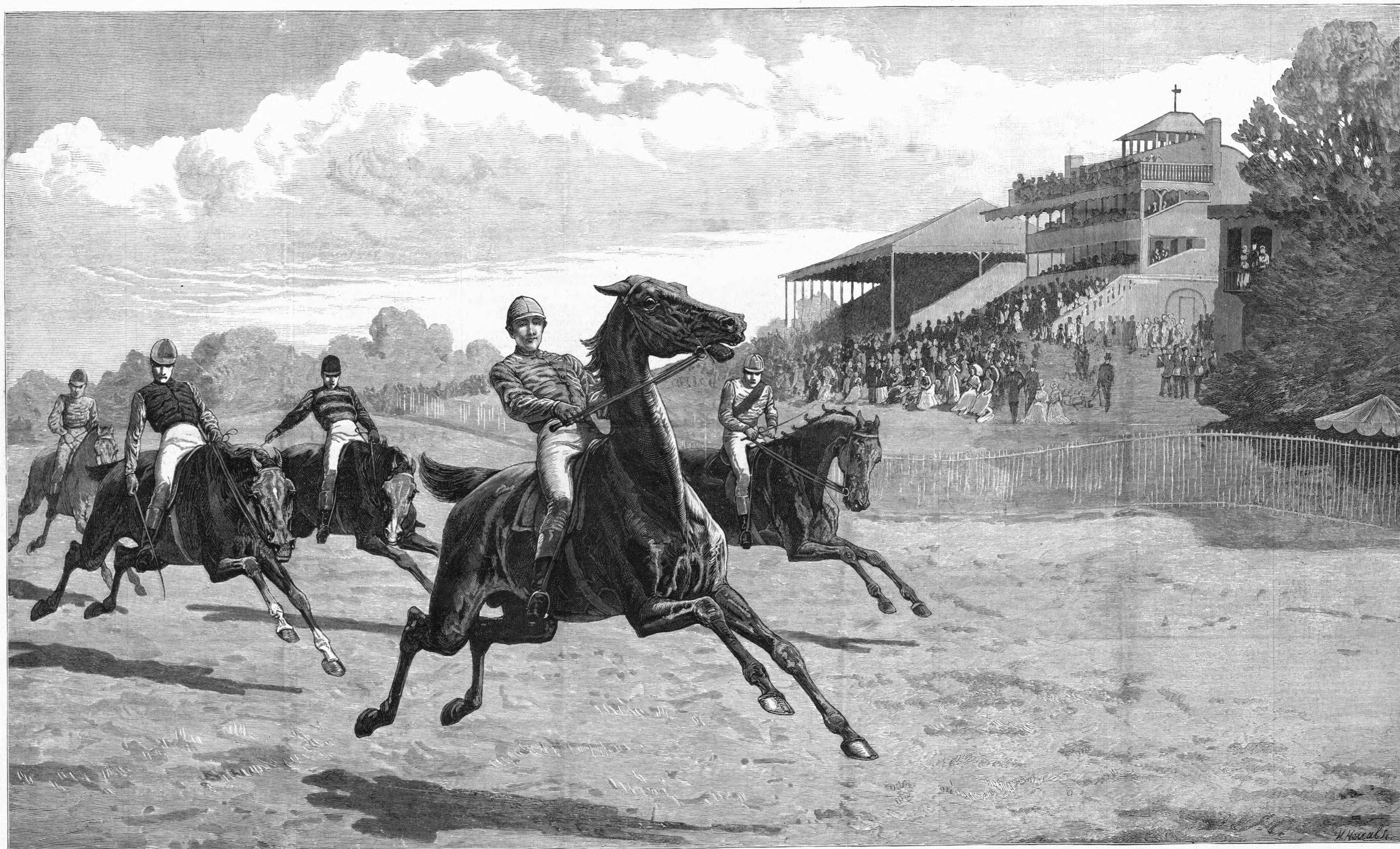
E. M. B.—A gay plaid gingham or else a linen lawn dress would be pretty for picnic parties. A pleated basque and pointed over-skirt, edged with wide and thickly dotted Hamburg-work, is a good design for the gingham, while the linen lawn might have three flounces across the back and a deep apron in front.

E. K. W.—We do not furnish addresses in this column. Any stationer in your town can order the fancy note-paper for you, or tell you where to send for it.

TEADDLER.—Your silk is not fashionable at present; plaids of such colors are laid aside for the time. Your plain sample is *vignone*. You would do better to have it cleaned rather than dyed. Then make it with a shooting jacket, pleated skirt, and pointed apron over-skirt. Your third sample is camel's-hair and silk. It is too early to speak positively about full wraps. We do require the real name of a subscriber who addresses this column.

RUSTIC.—A better plan for your dress would be a basque with trained skirt instead of the princess style. Have the basque pointed in the neck, and elbow sleeves of the Surah, with trimmings of the brocade and creamy lace. Have full flowing back breadths of the Surah for the skirt, and trim the front with the brocade. The satin hand-painted dress would be prettiest made like the blue *moiré*, with hand-painted satin lately described in the New York Fashions of the Bazar. The embroidery of silk and jet will be handsome for your black camel's-hair dress. Colored balayouse flounces are no longer worn.—*Social Etiquette*, published by Harper & Brothers, may serve your purpose. The price is 20 cents.

K. J., ONTARIO.—One best man and three bridesmaids will do very well; also the red dresses you describe. Let lace be the only trimmings for such dresses, except that of the dress material in the way of flounces. Have the best man wait on at the altar with the bridegroom. Let your sisters precede you, and dress up the little bridesmaid in an old-fashioned white mull dress and a poke bonnet, and have her carry an enormous bouquet of white flowers. The gloves for the bridesmaids may be long tan-colored undressed kid, but those of the bride must be white. Ushers are necessary to seat the invited guests in church; after the ceremony they accompany the bridal party to the bride's house, and sometimes to the *dépot*. The bride should cut the bride's cake. Your sample is tan-colored *armure*.



WON IN A CANTER.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 538.]

WON IN A CANTER.

See illustration on double page.

STRADY, my beauty, my darling, my pride—
Steady and sure, with your long loping stride;
Swifter and swifter we speed o'er the track;
Neck and neck now, there is no looking back.
Forward the word; never hurry nor start;
Pure is the red blood that beats in your heart.
Easy; not yet need we spend all our strength;
Sturdy and stubborn, we're gaining at length.
Ha! for the home-stretch! we sweep to the goal;
Rider and steed, we have only one soul.
Ho, and hurrah! we have left them behind,
Rushing along on the wings of the wind.
Not a hair turns on your satin-smooth skin;
Queen of the turf, 'tis your custom to win.
Spurs for the laggard, and blows for the slave,
Whispers of love for the bonny and brave.
Ay, they may curse as they toil in the rear;
Little we care for their anger, my dear.
One effort more, and the danger is past.
Won by a canter! we're victors at last!
Crowded like flowers that blaze at a show,
Rise the sweet faces, bright row upon row,
Lending a charm to the maddening race,
Brilliant and subtle of favor and grace.
Horses and men thrill again to the glow
Flung by soft smiles on the spaces below.
Conquest and contest were vain if the hour
Were not superbly its own special dower.
Losing or gaining, in glory's full tide,
Bearing defeat with a resolute pride,
Victor or vanquished cares gladly to say,
"She that I worship hath seen me to-day,
Wearing the color that flamed at my crest,
Set like a rose in the folds of her breast."

Gazing, the ages like leaves fall away;
Greece, with her beauty, once more holdeth sway;
Rome, with her eagles, soars over the world,
Lifting her banners all grandly unfurled.
As they strive here, so they strove in the dawn,
Ere the first freshness from nature had gone.
Juno and Jove from Olympus looked down,
Smiling on him who was wreathed with the crown.
Juno and Hebe—ay, still they survive;
All the old goddesses yet are alive.
Did they not wave their white hands as the race
Swept in its might past each beautiful face?
So, steady, my beauty, my darling, my pride—
Steady and sure, with that long swinging stride;
Swifter and swifter we fly o'er the track;
Neck and neck now, there is no looking back.
Spurs for the laggard, a whip for the slave,
Softest caresses to hearten the brave.
Ha! for the home-stretch! we sweep to the goal;
Rider and steed, we have only one soul.

MRS. MANCHESTER'S HOUSE.

FOR how long a time Mrs. Manchester had been my friend! I was younger than she, and altogether different, for she was one of those born to rule the race, and I was utterly devoid of any courage of self-assertion. Perhaps our very difference explained our friendship. It often seemed to me that only the great women of history were quite her equals, and I often thought of the part she could have played had circumstances thrown her into any heroic situation, instead of making her merely a rich woman of good family. As for me, I was always an applauding audience, an admiring worshipper, delighted with her beauty, her grace, her ease, delighted that anything so good should be a woman; I watched her, I listened to her, I loved her.

My own delicate health would have hindered my making acquaintances, or entering into gayeties, if nothing else had done so; and when we came, Harold and I, to live in the splendid city where she made her winter home, her house was the only place where I, at least, had any view of the great world. Harold, of course, had many more opportunities, for he was a strong and brilliant man, full of wit and charm and daring, only, as such men often are, unfortunate in everything he touched relating to money. We were absolutely alone in the world, and we sustained toward each other a very tender relation, for I had been given a baby into his mother's arms when my own mother died, and we had been brother and sister, in all but blood, since that hour. Harold represented the whole of mankind to me, who had never had a lover; and I used to think he cared for me all the more because his untoward fate kept him apart from the girl he had loved so long—so long, for she had seen but twenty-two summers now, and she had promised herself to him six years ago. She had promised; but her father—who knew the advantages of money, its comforts and blessings, and had no idea of sacrificing the thing he loved best in the world to want and care—he had enforced another promise, this promise from Harold, and to the effect that he would not claim her hand till he could give her as fine a home as that from which he took her.

And so we lived on, he always hoping to seize Fortune for Amy McNeil's sake, Fortune always eluding his grasp, and I waiting and watching, hoping and praying, for his sake, to have the little sunbeam come and brighten my life by brightening Harold's—lovelier than the first wild rose, fresh as the violet, happy as a bird upon the bough, the sweetest little morsel of beautiful flesh and blood, I thought then, that ever trod the earth, and loving me, almost before she knew Harold, with one of the passions which young girls sometimes feel for stout-hearted old maids, and loved by me first on her own account, and afterward on Harold's. Every year we hoped for the good luck to crown Harold's enterprises that should entitle him to bring her home, that should give him a home to bring her to, and every year the luck fell short.

Now they had discovered oil on his waste land in Pennsylvania—there were millions in it: the oil took fire, and burned the region out. Now he bent every energy toward procuring the running of a railway through his Michigan wood lots, whose cutting would furnish a life-long income: the railway ran miles to the south of it. Now he plunged into stocks, relying on sources of in-

formation that affected the market: his broker made a fortune, and not only stripped him of every penny, but left him in debt to a point that, with his finely strung sense of honor, was a perpetual nightmare. At last he had settled down to the practice of his profession, with its slow returns, economizing in every way, in order that he might pay each quarter some installment on the indebtedness which galled him so, and which now seemed to make such an impassable barrier between him and his happiness, unless the great windfall of success that never came should come at last. Once in a while he went and visited the McNeils for a day and night; once in a while he sent me; he limited himself to a weekly letter, both because Amy was not a letter-writer, and because he thought it the wiser way; and of late Amy had been a little reproachful that he should think more of honor than of love, and should be spending on his indebtedness what might be amassed into a home, spurred on, I saw on the occasion of my last visit, by her father's talk about the Quixotic folly of Harold's refusing to take the poor debtor's oath, and so get rid of his cares, and begin life anew. And Harold sat evening after evening at his desk, not writing leaders or reviews, I knew, but poring over the little ivory miniature—that thing of beauty which was all there was to represent to him wife, home, and future. It used to make my heart ache for him, and sometimes I felt as if, were he only relieved of the burden of taking care of me, with my doctors' bills and invalid wants, he would do better; and once I hinted as much. But he wheeled about angrily, as I ought to have known he would.

"Pauline!" he cried, "do you dare to say such a thing to me? Do you think life would be worth a farthing to me," he went on, more softly, "or to Amy either, without my sister Polly in the house?"

"You would not miss me, Harold dear, so much, after you had that little sunbeam in the house," I faltered.

"She is a sunbeam," he said. "God bless her! But you are the light in the window, the fire on the hearth, Polly. Don't let me hear any more such stuff. I've trouble enough now, God knows, without feeling that you are turning over such thoughts as that."

I could not help thinking what a mistake Judge McNeil was making in refusing his child to such a man as this, simply because he had not as much money as himself—a noble, manly fellow, upright as the Judges of Israel, strong as Samson, and handsome as Saul, fit in himself to make any good woman happier than all the gold of Tarshish could.

Time fled, and Harold still plodded on. Sometimes, when I was well enough—and I had been gaining lately—he dictated an article to me; sometimes I went to the libraries and gathered him data for his work, that brought him much praise and little pay. We lived in our three rooms; we studied Spanish together for the sake of some Spanish records of use to him; we found a certain quiet and healthy pleasure in every day. My only dissipation in this time was my evenings with Mrs. Manchester, seldom going on those of her grand receptions, but on the off nights, when some cluster of distinguished people dropped in, or when she had music of a rare sort; and if there were only herself and myself, then enjoying the time all the more, for the hours that I spent with her alone gave me glimpses into her nature that were like travelling in unknown regions. She knew my circumstances, but of course she could offer us no such indignity as to urge upon us any other assistance than her friendship, although she did more than once beg us to give up our little rooms and come and share her lonely splendor. But that would have been Harold's surrender of independence, and was out of the question. "Well," she said at one time, "it is absurd. It deprives you of comforts and enjoyments, and gives you no pleasure but the gratification of your pride. Still, I like your pride; it is healthy. *Au reste*, I shall be of use to you where you little dream it." And she sat thinking moodily awhile, and waving to and fro her feathered fan like the dark wing of some dream. Often, then, when she sent me home in her sumptuous carriage, I half wished that Harold were not so healthy in this matter of pride, for house and equipage were all exactly to my taste, that loved surroundings of state and beauty.

I was going down to the McNeils to spend a day, when I bade Mrs. Manchester good-by one morning.

"Take me with you," she said, impulsively. "I should like to see little Hop-o'-my-Thumb again," which was one of the names she had given Amy, varied of late with Her High Flightiness and Miss Hoity Toity. When we came back that night, Mrs. Manchester brought Amy with her for a visit. And such a visit as it was! Mrs. Manchester seemed resolved that the child should have all the gayety she could take, and there was no doubt that the little beauty could take a good deal.

It was all new to her, just from her country town. At first it dazzled and then it delighted her. She had the world at her feet, for she was fresh as a dewy wild flower where one tires of wilted exotics. At first, too, she would have none of it without Harold and myself; but at last one person or another, it seemed to make little odds. Perhaps this was somewhat due to Harold's openly expressed objection to her waltzing repeatedly in one evening with young Peixotto, who seemed to clasp her more closely as they whirled by Harold, standing near, and to glance with a sort of insolent triumph at the lover with his love in another's arms; and to her morning rides with Mr. De Maury through the woods beyond the city; and to her appointment to meet Captain Merriam in the gallery, and all the rest of it. Then Amy would accuse him of trying to prevent her pleasures, and would pout a little, and perhaps cry a little, and then laugh a little, and end by dancing

away to get ready for an afternoon stroll and a call at Mrs. General Vance's with somebody else.

"Great heavens!" Harold said to me, on coming home one night—for I did not go to the routs after a little—"how this business rubs the bloom off a girl! What did Mrs. Manchester mean by asking Amy into this inferno?"

But I knew full soon what she meant. She meant that Harold should see how little it takes to strip the down from the wings of a butterfly. "But," I said to myself, "it is useless, for there are none so blind as those that won't see."

One night Harold had it out with Amy, after a fashion. We had gone up to dine with Mrs. Manchester and a small company, and I fancied that Harold hoped for a quiet hour or two with Amy afterward. How lovely she was! Judge McNeil had given the pretty spendthrift a check-book, and bade her use what she wanted; and his money was never spent to better advantage, inappropriately splendid as some of her attire was. That night in her close-fitting, long-trained robe of purple velvet, with one yellow rose in the knots of creamy lace at her open throat, with her yellow hair, her apple-blossom face, she was so beautiful that one looked again to make sure. But it was no quiet hour or two that she wanted that night.

"Why, what nonsense, Harold!" she laughed, at something he whispered as they stepped into the conservatory together. "As if we shouldn't have all our lives together, for you to be grudging me this first and last outing!"

"You seem to enjoy the outing."

"Of course I do. This is the world—"

"But, Amy, it is no world for you. I can never give you anything like this. Our life must be very different from this festive life."

"Then I don't want it," she cried, passionately.

"Amy!"

"I mean—Oh, Harold, I shouldn't think you needed to interfere with this one little bit of pleasure. And I'm going to Mrs. Colonel Torrance's in an hour, and my eyes will be red. I never saw anything so hateful and selfish as men are. There! kiss me, and let me go." And that was the end of it, she thought. But not so.

"I will kiss you, Amy, and I will let you go," said Harold, gravely; "but I am going to tell you that I think a longer term of this pleasant life will put an everlasting barrier between you and me. If you do not want that, you will bid Mrs. Manchester good-by, and go home to-morrow. It is not only ruining you, but me. I can not endure to see you again in Peixotto's arms; I can not endure to know—"

"You can not endure, and you can not endure!" cried Amy, in a sudden temper; and she flung herself away from him, and he saw her no more.

But the next morning she went home to her father, having left Harold a penitent little note, in which she said nothing about me, however, except to remark that if it were not for good-for-nothing prudes there would never have been any trouble between them, not having quite gotten over a word or two I had ventured to say to my little sunbeam in all gentleness and desire for hers and for Harold's happiness. And Harold went down to spend the night at the Judge's, and it was all serene again.

"A star might as well marry a will-o'-the-wisp," said Mrs. Manchester to me. "How strange that men should be so blind! My dear, do you think he will marry her?"

"Oh, it would break his heart if he didn't." "I don't think it would do anything of the sort," she said.

One evening Mrs. Manchester handed me a linen envelope. "I want you to take care of this for me," she said. "It will be worth your while. It is a memorandum of something I wish to do for you. Only the half of what I wish to do, though—remember that. When you have opened this envelope, which you will not do while I live, you are to make personal use of that to which it relates, and exactly as I do, and only on that promise is it yours. And when you have done that, you will find in it the means to obey my wish. I shall leave you nothing in my will, for those grasping Manchesters would be sure to break it if I did."

"Why do you talk so?" I exclaimed. "As if there were any chance of my surviving you!"

"But supposing there were a chance," she continued. "You have been more to me, with your guileless admiration and faith, than you ever dreamed. I love you, Pauline, and because I love you I wish you to have your share of all that I have enjoyed."

"I hope—oh, I hope," I cried, "that I shall die first!"

"I shall die first, whispered Hope to the Rose," she sang. "And it looks as if you would, doesn't it?" she said, drawing up her stately figure to its full height, as she waved her fan of black feathers, and surveying the full superb outlines and the dark rich beauty of the face in the mirror, and then turning with her sweetest, rarest smile to me. "Well, well, Pauline," she said, "I have had all that this life can give me, and I am ready to try the next. And who knows what a day may bring forth—or a night either, for the matter of that!"

Who knew, indeed! One week from that time I looked on Mrs. Manchester in her coffin. She had died of an inscrutable heart-disease, of which only she and her physician knew.

What an ineffable loneliness beset me then! I had Harold at my desk, to be sure; but Harold's thoughts, I saw, were miles away from me; and Mrs. Manchester—she knew me through and through. It had been enough for me to breathe, and she answered my thoughts; a thousand things I could say to her that I should never dream of saying to Harold—for I was willing, possibly, that she should know me as I was, but wanted Harold to know me better than I was. Oh, I did miss her inexpressibly.

"Have you opened the envelope that Mrs. Manchester left in your charge?" asked Harold, glancing up one night from the ring of light cast by his lamp to where I sat in the shadow of the open window, looking out at the night.

"I will get it now," I said. "If I had not quite forgotten it, I have half dreaded it."

I went and brought it down, and opened it, and took out a legal-looking paper and handed it to Harold. It was the deed of the land and the house where Mrs. Manchester had lived, and of all that it contained, moreover—the house that she had rebuilt and furnished herself, and in which we had so long known her. The whole thing was properly executed and recorded long before, as we subsequently found.

"Oh, Harold," I gasped, "see how she blesses us from the grave! She gave me so much pleasure, and now she gives me this. See! It is the home to which you can bring Amy."

"The home!" exclaimed Harold. "What have we to entitle us to such a home as that?"

"Why, that is the condition she made, to make personal use of it exactly as she did herself. Don't you remember?"

"Yes. You have to live in it, I suppose, if you would keep your bond. It was the condition."

"The condition on which it is ours—"

"Ours?" he said, in a bitter tone.

"Why, Harold! Harold! you don't mean, when yours has been mine so long, that you wouldn't take—And Amy need never know—"

"Oh, Polly! Polly!" And there Harold's head fell forward on his arms, and, to my amazement, he had burst into tears.

He was tired, and nervous, and worn out, I said.

I could not tell what ailed me, but I could no more go to him then, and take his head on my shoulder and soothe him, as once I could have done, than I could fly.

"Harold dear," I said, presently, "we can as well live there as here. What feeds us here will feed us there."

"What I can earn, Polly," he said, after some further words of mine, "would not keep that house in repair—would not pay for the servants to keep it in order. But you are so resolved, that we can go up and see. We can, at any rate, camp out in two or three of the great rooms with our one servant; and if we can't keep it, we can surrender it."

And so, after some slight difficulties with the Manchester heirs, as Mrs. Manchester had apprehended, we did move up; and for a week or so I enjoyed the occupancy of the great rooms, and enjoyed wandering through them with the sense of possession strong upon me. At least I should have enjoyed it immensely, it was so entirely to my mind, the rest, the luxury, the loveliness, the space of it all; but every day I grew more and more lonely, the rooms were so vast if they were so beautiful, and Harold sat now by himself so much. I seemed to hear Mrs. Manchester's step on the stairs, the sweep of her train on the carpets; for all the rich furnishing of satin draperies and Axminsters and paintings and cloisonnés and carvings had staid with the house. I turned twenty times a day, expecting to see that majestic figure, with its dark sweeping silken robes about it, with the diamond arrow in the hair, move up the room, waving the old fan of black feathers.

We had been in the house a month, when I ventured once more to open the subject to Harold, and say to him that here was a home as good as—nay, far better than—her own home for Amy.

"It is entirely beyond reason," said he. "To live in this house requires dress, equipage, and style that are utterly out of my power."

"And do you mean that even you and I, Harold, ought not to stay here?"

"Yes, to tell the plain truth. If we could sell the house, that would be another thing; but as we can't, I think it will be cheaper for us in the end to surrender it to the heirs. It is a white elephant."

"That would be violating Mrs. Manchester's wish just as much as if we sold or rented it," I urged. "I wonder—I do wonder what she meant when she bade me remember that this was only the half of what she meant to do for me. Well, Harold dear, we will do exactly as you think best, of course. But it is too bad, too bad—so beautiful, so charming a home, and so filled with Mrs. Manchester's presence as it is! And how perfectly Amy would fit it all!"

"With her love of pleasure, it would be Amy's ruin," said Harold, hoarsely.

A few nights after that I was sitting alone in the gray drawing-room—a vast and lofty room hung with gray satin. Here and there a marble gleamed from a dim recess; here and there the ray of a street lamp flashed up, and played a second on fresco or portrait, or glistened in the mirrors between the long open windows, through which occasionally there drew a breath of welcome air, for it was an intensely hot summer night; too hot, it seemed to me, as I sat not far from the windows, for the stars to shine. As I opened my fan I thought if I was so warm in these spacious rooms, what were people enduring down in hovels and shanties, and I thought with a pang of regret of the necessity of surrendering it, and I studied again and again the meaning of Mrs. Manchester's words, "only the half of what I wish to do—remember that." I could not help a sensation of meanness, a feeling that I was sordid, although I knew it was without thought or hope of anything of the sort that I had loved Mrs. Manchester; but I repeated and repeated the words, wishing bitterly that if the gift of the house was but the half of what she meant to do, she had had time to fulfill her intentions, not for my sake, but for Harold's. And then my mind dwelt on the rest of the sentence, "and when you have done that, you will find in it the means to obey my wish." What had that implied?

Harold had hunted the house over, but we had found nothing to give us a clue to her meaning. "Ah, my friend!" I thought, throwing myself back in my chair in the dimly lighted room, "you meant to give me pleasure, and you have only caused me suffering, since it is harder to give up the prospect of this home for Harold and his happiness than never to have had it."

Perhaps I closed my eyes a moment; perhaps there were tears in them—I don't know. All I do know is that the next moment they were wide open, for I could have affirmed that I heard the trail of a garment over the carpet. I started and half turned, and my eyes were caught by something like the sparkle of a diamond in the long mirror, and there, as distinctly as ever I saw her in my life, was Mrs. Manchester, sweeping down the suite of parlors in her dark robes, and waving her fan of black feathers, and as she glanced over her shoulder at me, there was the diamond arrow in her hair. I was spell-bound. I dared not move; I hardly breathed. It was all in a half-dozen heart-beats, but she had moved slowly up the parlors, turned to the mantel-shelf that carried its splendid old colonial wood-carving to the ceiling, and rested before the *armoire* of Florentine mosaic in one of the niches at its side. Then she had taken the diamond arrow from her hair, inserted it in some invisible crack of the work, displaced with it a leaf and blossom of the marbles, taken from the interstice a bundle of papers, run her thumb over the edge, put them back, and replaced the stone spray of leaf and blossom, put the arrow in her hair again, and with her eyes on me, coolly waving her fan of black feathers, had moved down the room again—and suddenly there was empty air in the mirror where she was.

I don't know what time had passed when Harold came into the room with an open letter in his hand. In all the heat I was icy cold.

"You have been dreaming," said he, when I had stammered out my story, "or you saw the darkness and the street lamps in the glass."

"Maybe so," I murmured. "Only light the gas and let me see."

I gathered my strength, and ran, as he obeyed me, and with my own plain hair-pins dislodged the mosaic spray in the front of the *armoire*, and took from the interstice a bundle of papers.

"This is it, Harold," I almost screamed. "She has come back from heaven itself to tell me what she had no time to tell me here. This is what she meant by her words about finding the means to obey her wish." I ran my thumb too over the edges of the parcel as she had done. A little cloud of dust flew out, but not enough to hinder my seeing Treasury notes and gold certificates to an amount that put away forever behind us. Round the parcel was a little strap, and on the strap was written Harold's name. "Oh, look, Harold!" I cried; "it is yours. She gives it to you. Now there is no trouble; here is your fortune; you are richer than we ever wished. And we need not go away, and Amy can come now to a home far surpassing her father's."

"Amy will never come into this home, Pauline," he said, tossing the new-found wealth on the table; and he gave me the letter in his hand. Truly, she never would. She had been married to young Peixotto the day before.

"Hush!" he said; "don't pity me. I should have married her all the same, but from the time of her visit here it has hung over me like a cloud, for all my love of her burned out in the fire of the pain she gave me here."

"Harold!" "That is so. Great Heaven! it is the lifting of a load from my heart. Can you imagine what it is to marry one way and to love another? For, Polly, Polly, do you suppose I am a bat and mole thus to live with your goodness, your angelic goodness, and not to see it? Do you suppose that after my eyes were open I could do anything but love you, Polly?" And he stretched out his arms to me, and held me in them as if he never meant to let me go again. And I—

So we still live in Mrs. Manchester's house. I think she hid the money with some idea of the want of it and the trouble for it bringing us together. But she has never walked up the gray parlor waving her fan of black feathers again, and Harold says she never did, but that excited and unconscious cerebration worked on some dimly remembered hint, with gas-lights and wind and starbeams to make a ghost for me.

"And a fortune for you," I say. "The best of all fortunes," he answers, "would have been mine without it. For that letter set me free to seek it—to marry you, Pauline."

NUMISMATIC HINTS FOR LADY COLLECTORS.

FEW ladies, at some period or other of their life, have escaped a hankering after ancient coins, and the late revival of antiquarian tastes has added greatly to the number of conscientious collectors. Yet it may safely be asserted that few tastes are pursued with less judgment. People do not buy pictures unless they can discriminate between the different schools; but the coin-collector is often ignorant or careless of the facts which make her hobby really one of the most interesting and useful that an educated lady can indulge.

Historical interest is one of the first and noblest inducements to the study of numismatics, and in the formation of a cabinet the historic idea should be the leading one. A contrary feeling is to exalt scarcity, though it be but of the mere metal, and there is often a conflict for the rare brass, where the gold and silver are too common to be prized. But coins that have nothing but their scarcity to recommend them are often dearly bought: the Pax-pennies of William the Conqueror—one of the most barbarous bits of money in existence—were worth some time ago their weight

in diamond carats, but since thousands of them have been unearthed at Beaworth, they are sold for sixpence each.

If the historical idea be the collector's choice, then she would do well to attempt the completion of a series or an epoch. The coinage of the ancients is classed under six of these divisions. First, coins from the time of Phidon to Alexander the First of Macedon, B.C. 454—a period of two hundred years. This class is distinguished by early fabric, globulous shape, and that *certain mark* of antiquity, the indented square. Coins whose types are indented on one side and in relief on the other are ranged with this early class; also those which are without legends, or whose legends are in characters of the most ancient or retrograde kind.

The second class includes coins from Alexander I. to Philip, the father of Alexander the Great—a period of one hundred years. This class exhibits a great improvement both in the shape and in the striking. The indented square gives place to a perfect reverse, except in a few instances where it has been retained out of a feeling of reverence for the ancient method. This class includes some of the finest specimens of Greek art, notably the gold coinage of Philip, which was of surpassing beauty. It bears on the obverse the laureated head of Apollo, on the reverse a figure guiding a biga.

The third class comprises coins from the reign of Philip to the accession of the Roman Augustus. In this class the legends are given at full length, with monograms and *dates*.

The fourth class comprises coins from Augustus to Antoninus Pius. To this class belong the extensive series of Greek imperial and colonial coins. They include many fine specimens, but generally indicate a decline in Greek art.

The fifth class comprises coins from Antoninus Pius to Gallienus, and indicates a gradual but sure declension.

The sixth class comprises coins from Gallienus to the taking of Constantinople, and the extinction of the Empire of the East. This class covers nearly twelve hundred years. The devices on its coins are rude, the legends of wearying sameness. The majority bear on one side a seated figure of Christ, and on the other barbarously executed figures of the Emperors of the East, sometimes with their wives and children.

Advice for Small Cabinets.—The above division into six epochs is a very good one for those who have plenty of time and money, as it shows at a glance the rise and decline of art in the ancient world; but the majority of ladies will be less ambitious, and will prefer a smaller area of study and collection. The best of all methods for small cabinets is first to select the nationality. If Greek coins are decided upon, then divide them into two grand sections—coins struck by independent cities or republican states, and coins struck by princes.

The first class must be collected in groups, each group containing coins of the cities within a certain well-defined tract, as Caria, Macedonia, Sicily, etc. Arrange the towns either alphabetically or numerically. Put the name of the district in large letters on each drawer of the cabinet, and that of the towns in smaller letters beneath it. A chronological order may be maintained by making the upper drawers contain the coins of those states which were the first to coin money, the next most ancient coining district being placed next, etc. For instance, place the Lydian and other Asiatic early coining states in the first drawers, then the Ægina, Boeotian, Argive, Macedonian, etc., etc.

The Greek regal coins may be arranged in the same manner. These coins contain the portraits of princes, and therefore their chronological order may be determined by a reference to any good history.

The Macedonian regal series is admirably adapted for small cabinets, as it includes the earliest regal coin bearing a name, and exhibits all the successive peculiarities of Greek coinage from nearly its earliest period to the subjection of the country by the Romans.

A very compact series, extending over the finest period of art only, is that of the Seleucidian dynasty of Syria, or that of the Ptolemies. One of the coins of the Seleucidian dynasty is a fine tetradrachm of Antiochus Evergetes, bearing his portrait and the title of *Evergetes*—benefactor. This title was assumed by the Kings of Syria, and as we know from Josephus that this money was circulating in Judæa in the time of Christ, it is doubtless that alluded to by Him in Luke, xxii. 25.

There is a small but very beautiful and interesting series of coins of the Kings of Cyprus from Evagoras, B.C. 350, to Menelaus. These coins have always been considered of the first rarity, but doubtless the prominence into which Cyprus has been lately brought, and its occupation by England, will make its ancient coinage more abundant.

Many good numismatists say that a complete collection of the coins of Chios exhibits specimens of every period of art better than those of any other single state.

The coinage of Sicily, or even of the city of Syracuse only, affords ample material for furnishing one exquisite cabinet, as it would exhibit coins from nearly the infancy of art to its most splendid development. The cities of Tarentum and Neapolis are also separate and distinct fields of study and collection.

Roman Coinage.—Some numismatic students prefer the Roman coinage as the most historically instructive. In it there are three grand divisions: The Republican coins, the Imperial coins, the Imperial Greek coins.

The Republican comprise the early uncial copper, the early silver and gold of mixed Greek character, and the consular or family coins.

The Roman consular or family coins are held in high esteem, though their execution is often very rude, for they contain the first records of

historical events and popular traditions. Thus a denarius of the Æmilia family represents M. Lepidus crowning the young King Ptolemy Epiphanes; another of the same family represents the dream of Sylla as told by Plutarch. On the denarii of the Antonia family are the names of the legions who served under the Triumvir. A coin of the Calpurnia records the purchase of corn by Piso and Cæpio in a time of famine, etc., etc. Several interesting portraits occur on these coins—the elder Brutus, Numa, Sylla, etc. These consular or family coins are mostly common and easily procurable.

The Imperial coins of Rome give us an unrivalled collection of true portraits, from Julius Cæsar to Constantine and his immediate successors.

The Imperial Greek—which are coins struck in the Greek dependencies of Rome—are best arranged in districts, as Syria, Macedonia, Greek Islands, etc. Many prefer to arrange the Imperial Greek and the colonial coinage of Rome with the Roman mintage of each successive reign, as in this way the state of art in the various parts of the empire at a certain period is at once under the eye.

Some collectors of Roman coin prefer the gold and silver, which have come down to us in immense quantities; but the most splendid, in an artistic point of view, is the large bronze. Roman brasses are of three kinds—large, middle, and small. The large ceases with Gallienus. Of the small a complete series can not be made, as it is doubtful if any coins of the earlier emperors exist; but a collector could form a very complete series by taking the second brass, which is also the most economical.

American coinage, though destitute of that charm of antiquity which gives piquancy to Roman, Greek, and English collections, is still sufficiently interesting to deserve a special cabinet with the American collector. The earliest metallic currency of the colonies consisted of coins of the mother country, but in A.D. 1652 Massachusetts established a mint, which continued in existence thirty years, during which time a great amount of coin was issued. This coinage was very rude and thin, of various diameters and impressions, but the date 1652 is on all. They are known as the pine-tree shilling and sixpence, the oak-tree shilling and sixpence, and the oak-tree three-penny and twopenny pieces. Within the next ten years Maryland issued the Lord Baltimore shilling, sixpence, groat, and penny, and these are the only issues of silver coin previous to the independence of the States.

There were, however, different pieces of copper struck at different periods, as the Carolina half-penny of 1694, the twopenny piece and penny piece of 1723, a penny in 1733, and a Virginian halfpenny in 1733. After the Revolutionary war, and before the establishment of the national mint, there were various emissions of coin by States and individuals, but the Constitution of 1787 arrested all these local issues. The subject is too large to be more than indicated here. A collector will find in the splendid work of Montroville Wilson Dickeson, a copy of which may be examined in the Astor Library, all the information existing with regard to American coins.

A collection of all the halfpennies and cents of the United States makes a very interesting cabinet, and the Confederate paper money is now becoming of value to numismatists, especially those notes signed by women. Of these the dollar bill of 1862, having on it the head of Mrs. Governor Pickens, of South Carolina, is most sought after. To purely American collectors the Mexican and Brazilian coinage is also worthy of attention.

In order to enjoy all the historical pleasure of a coin, it must have been struck at the time. It is only when such a piece is unattainable that one struck subsequent, from original dies, may be allowed a place in a historical cabinet. If the dies have been retouched, reject it without hesitation, though forgeries of rare pieces, if of the time, are admitted into good collections.

Historic interest, it must be remembered, operates locally. A piece of Massachusetts pine-tree money might not be prized beyond the area of the United States, but a Judæan capta would be eagerly sought after by collectors of all countries.

Portrait Cabinets.—After the historic idea, that of forming a picture-gallery of coins comes next in interest. The faces on the majority of coins are undoubted likenesses. In this way we possess the grand Asiatic head of Mithridates, and in its energy, fire, daring, and cruelty we have the key to the career of the King of Pontus. Again, the coins of Artaxerxes Memon (400 B.C.) show us a head of great beauty and refinement, not unlike a handsome Arab of to-day, and its expression agrees with what history tells us of this king. It is the head of a philosopher rather than of a conqueror. These are but instances; it is certain that coins afford material for the construction of the most ancient, most reliable, and most interesting of all portrait collections.

Rarity.—The wise collector, who goes upon the basis of economy and common-sense (and with these, true taste can never be at variance), will supply herself with the historical incident or portrait in the most reasonable material—brass, if silver be extravagant; silver, if brass be rare. A Claudius Gothicus will be no better minted in rarest billon than in the cheap and frequent copper. But if a coin is to be valued for its rarity, then its estimation must depend upon the degree in which its type is removed from those of common coins. Thus a Roman coin with the figure of Hope on it would be little prized, even though no similar coin of that particular reign had been found; but if a coin were found bearing some deity not before seen on Roman coins, it would be highly valued, though other coins of the same date were abundant.

Size.—Other circumstances being equal, large coins are more valued than small ones, especially in Greek coins, where the artistic work is nearly

always of great excellence and beauty. But in valuing a coin for beauty of design or workmanship, regard must be had to the time and circumstances of its execution. Among Saxon coins we should prize an *affa* for its good workmanship, but a similar coin—if we could conceive such a one to have been issued—from the mint of Athens or Syracuse, would be regarded as barbarous.

Good mintage gives to every coin a special value. A coin is said to be badly minted when the die is worn, fractured, blurred, or rusted; when the module is not circular, when it is too large, or not large enough to receive all the type; when the surface has been blistered or cracked in striking. Any of these defects reduce the value of a coin.

Good preservation adds greatly to value. A well-preserved coin is not rubbed, nor bruised, nor bored, nor set as an ornament, nor scraped, nor tooled, nor cleaned by fire or corrosive liquids. The surface must not have been altered by sulphuring, gilding, or enamelling, nor must the impression be indistinct through incrustation.

Patination is the crowning glory of copper coins. There is a patina of deep green, sometimes of a blue color, which is produced in the volcanic region of Italy. This defies all imitation, and often makes a coin scarcely less beautiful or valuable than a gem. The green patina with red incrustations is equally the despair of forgers. Blue patina is most valuable, then the shades of green, according to their brilliancy. Patination is often of surprising thickness, yet when fine it sets off and shows to great advantage the minutest beauties of the engraving.

Forgeries.—It is one of the most necessary arts of the collector to teach herself to detect a forgery. This is best done by accustoming the eyes to undoubted specimens. Begin with Greek coins, and let the first be copper coated with patina. Go on to silver, selecting different styles and ages; and when the eye has thoroughly learned them, it will, almost by instinct, detect the want of the ancient feeling in a forgery. The faculty of detecting forged ancient coins can only be gained by the frequent handling of ancient pieces; this is a matter of no great difficulty; all large cities contain collections for sale, where at least nineteen out of every twenty are true ones. In Paris, London, Vienna, Madrid, New York, etc., it is well known with whom it is safe to negotiate; and ladies, until great experience has been acquired, will be wise to buy only from honorable and well-known dealers, who, moreover, are always willing to give young collectors the advantage of their skill and experience.

Every collector ought to be very careful of really rare and valuable coins; it is false good-nature to lend them promiscuously, lest they serve as models from which to stamp base ones.

Cleaning Coins.—The general result of cleaning coins is to ruin them. They are subject to oxidation, erosion, and incrustation. Oxidation is the bloom of antiquity and ought to be respected, though it can be removed. Erosion is irremediable. Incrustation is a deposit of some inferior metal, obscuring both portrait and legend. Silver coins of good quality may be safely cleaned from incrustation by covering them with the following solution, and letting them remain in it in a very warm place near the fire: citric acid, one ounce; glycerine, one and a half ounces; water, ten ounces. Leave the coins in the solution from one to three hours, then put them in *liq. ammon. fortiss.* for half an hour, and brush with soap and water. The process may be safely repeated until all the incrustation is removed.

Cabinets are now made of exceeding beauty. Every bric-à-brac store has varieties of them. Those made of ebony inlaid with silver or brass are favorites with English collectors.

MARGERY DAW.

I'm in love, but I've never told her,
Never told the maiden I love;
I lie in the long green grass and behold her,
As she swings all day in the boughs above.
I'm a student with toil o'erladen,
And a student ever should books prefer,
But she's such a darling dainty maiden,
My thoughts go swinging away with her.

See saw!

Margery Daw!

Up in the apple-tree Margery swings;
And I, lying under,
Watch her, and wonder
What is the ditty that Margery sings.

And she goes swinging; and I go slaving,
Turning the leaves of a musty book;
But surely that was her white hand waving,
And surely that was my darling's look.
A perfect fortress of books I sit in,
Ethics, economy, politics, law,
But all the pages I vow were written
By that little philosopher, Margery Daw.

See saw!

Margery Daw!

Up in the apple-tree Margery swings;
And I, lying under,
Watch her, and wonder
What is the ditty that Margery sings.

The light is fading, the day grown older,
And now the westering sun is gone,
And Margery, I no more behold her:
In the deep cool grass I lie alone.
For Margery she was a sunbeam only,
And I was a fool for all my pains,
But whenever I'm sad and whenever I'm lonely,
Back comes Margery, back again.

See saw!

Margery Daw!

Up in the apple-tree Margery swings;
For "Life's a dream,
And love's a shadow,"
And that is the ditty that Margery sings.

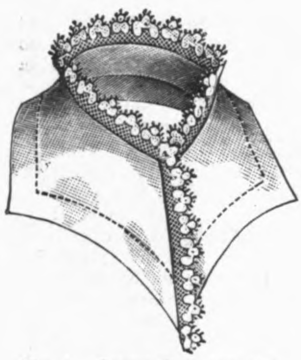


Fig. 1.—LINEN CAMBRIC AND LACE COLLAR.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 44 and 45.

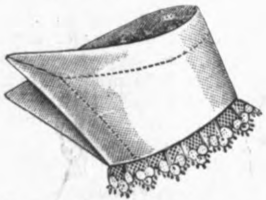


Fig. 2.—CUFF FOR COLLAR, FIG. 1.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 46.

Collars and Cuffs. Figs. 1-12.

To make the collar Fig. 1, one whole piece is cut from Fig. 45, Supplement, of doubled linen cambric; the bottom is hem-stitched, and the top is joined to a band cut from Fig. 44. The collar is trimmed at the top and the right edge with lace an inch wide. The cuff, Fig. 2, is cut from Fig. 46, joined to a double band an inch and a quarter wide, and trimmed to match the collar.

The collar Fig. 7 is cut from Fig. 49, Supplement, of doubled batiste. The bottom is ornamented with hem-stitching, and the top is joined to a band twenty-eight inches long, the ends of which are covered by India mull scarfs fastened on each side under the collar. The ends of the scarfs are held together under a bow and knot of India mull, and the collar is trimmed in the manner shown in the illustration with guipure lace an inch and a half wide. For the



Fig. 6.—CUFF FOR COLLAR, FIG. 5.

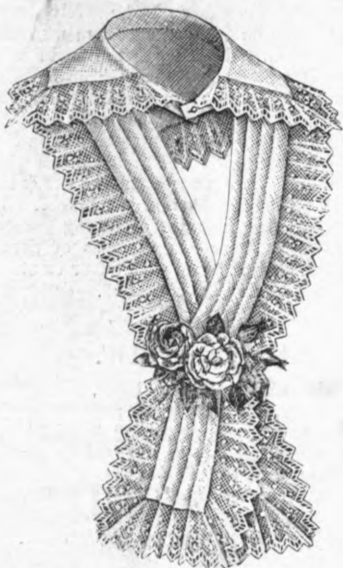


Fig. 5.—BATISTE AND LACE COLLAR.
[See Fig. 6.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 47 and 48.

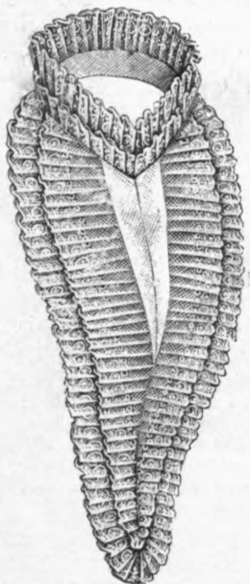


Fig. 9.—BATISTE AND LACE COLLAR.
[See Fig. 10.]



DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 4 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

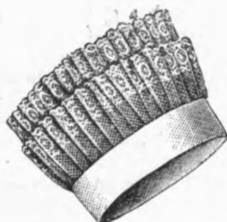
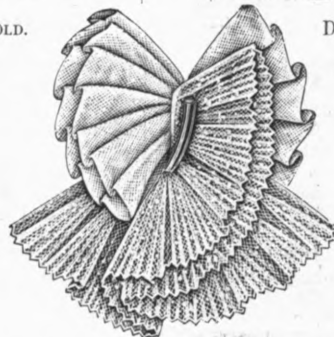


Fig. 10.—CUFF FOR COLLAR, FIG. 9.



TULLE AND LACE CRAVAT BOW.



DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

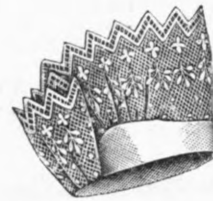


Fig. 12.—CUFF FOR COLLAR, FIG. 11.



Fig. 3.—LINEN CAMBRIC AND LACE COLLAR.—[See Fig. 4.]

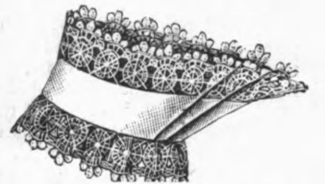


Fig. 4.—CUFF FOR COLLAR, FIG. 3.

cuff, Fig. 8, one whole piece is cut from Fig. 50, joined to a band two inches wide, and trimmed with hem-stitching and lace.

The plastron fronts of the collar Fig. 11 are of white batiste, fifteen inches long; they are tucked at the front edge, sloped to a point on the sides, and rounded out at the neck, where they are joined to a standing collar fifteen inches wide, an inch and a half deep in the back, and sloped to an inch deep in the front. The collar is edged with lace an inch and a half wide, and similar lace three inches wide is arranged in jabots on the sides of the plastron, and carried across the back of the band. The cuff to match the collar is made of batiste, and trimmed as shown in Fig. 12.

The collar Fig. 3 is cut bias of linen cambric, and is four inches deep at the front and an inch and a half deep in the back; it is edged with guipure lace at the bottom, side-plated at the front, and joined by the

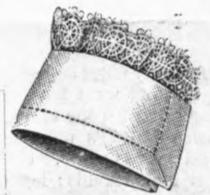


Fig. 8.—CUFF FOR COLLAR, FIG. 7.



Fig. 7.—BATISTE AND LACE COLLAR.
[See Fig. 8.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 49.



Fig. 11.—BATISTE AND LACE COLLAR.
[See Fig. 12.]



Fig. 1.—FIGURED SATTEEN DRESS.—BACK.—[For Front, see Fig. 1, Page 541.]—CUT PATTERN, No. 3117: POLO-NAISE WITH SCARF AND TRIMMED SKIRT, 25 CENTS EACH.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—BUNTING DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

upper edge to a narrow standing collar, which is trimmed with similar lace. The cuff, which is shown in Fig. 4, is also pleated at the ends, and is edged with lace at the top and bottom.

The collar Fig. 5 is cut of double batiste from Fig. 48, Supplement; it is edged on the front and bottom with white lace two inches wide, and bound at the neck with the narrow band which is cut from Fig. 47. Batiste scarfs twenty inches long, which are trimmed with lace on the edges, evenly folded, and pressed flat, are fastened to the front of the collar on the under side; the ends are crossed and held together under a bouquet. The cuff, Fig. 6, is two inches deep and seven inches wide; it is joined to a narrow band on one side, and edged on three sides with lace.

The collar Fig. 9 is a sloped standing collar an inch and a half deep in the back and an inch deep in the front, which is edged with side-pleated cream lace an inch and a half wide, and covered with similar lace. To this are attached at the front two



Fig. 2.—CAP FOR ELDERLY LADY.

Fig. 1.—TULLE AND LACE CAP.

Fig. 3.—CAP FOR ELDERLY LADY.

bottom from the middle to the sides. The top is pleated and fastened to the back of the frame, and the bottom is edged with white blonde lace two inches and a half wide. A short veil of silk tulle five inches long and eight inches wide is similarly arranged to the larger one, over which it falls, and is tacked down on it with a small bouquet of white flowers and foliage. The front of the frame is edged with a box-pleated ruche of silk tulle, and the surface of it is covered with puffs of like material and with blonde lace. A bouquet is fastened on the left side. The scarfs attached at the sides are twenty-six inches long, and are made of two rows of blonde lace run together along the straight edges.

Surah, Velvet Ribbon, and Lace Cap.

Thus cap is made of blue and beige striped Surah, and is trimmed with black velvet ribbon and Breton lace. For the brim cut of double stiff lace one piece an inch and a quarter wide and



SURAH, VELVET RIBBON, AND LACE CAP.

pointed ends of batiste four inches wide at the top and fourteen inches long, which are trimmed along the outer edge with a double row of side-pleated cream lace. The cuff, Fig. 10, which is ten inches wide and three inches and a half deep, is turned down an inch and a half deep, and trimmed with lace as shown in the illustration.

Caps for Elderly Ladies. Figs. 1-3.

The cap Fig. 1 is made of cream white tulle and lace on a stiff net frame, and is trimmed with a bow of cream satin ribbon an inch and a half wide in the back, a feathery silk border across the front, and a small bouquet.

The frame of the cap Fig. 2 is formed of a piece of black stiff net three inches wide and nine inches long, which is sloped along the front edge from the middle to the back corners, wired, and bound with taffeta ribbon. To the back of this frame is fastened a crown made of beaded black net, and edged with black lace three inches wide. The frame is covered with rows of black lace two inches wide, over which fall loops of jet beads. A bow of velvet ribbon two inches and a half wide and a cluster of shaded pinks comprise the trimming.

The frame of the cap Fig. 3 consists of a piece of white stiff net four inches wide and thirteen inches long, which is cut to a point at the middle of the front, wired, and bound with silk ribbon. The crown is made of white silk tulle eleven inches long and thirteen inches wide, and rounded at the top and



Fig. 1.—FIGURED SATTEEN DRESS.—FRONT.—[For Back, see Fig. 1, Page 540.]—CUT PATTERNS, No. 3117; POLONNAISE WITH SCARF AND TRIMMED SKIRT, 25 CENTS EACH. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD. For description see Suppl.

Fig. 3.—PERCALE DRESS. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. 11, Figs. 7-11, 11".



SURAH AND LACE CAP.

twenty-two inches and a half long, edge it with side-pleated lace two inches wide, and join it to a crown of Swiss muslin. On this brim arrange a round piece of striped Surah fourteen inches and a half in size, shirring it five times at regular intervals, in perpendicular rows, beginning at the middle of the top, and pleating the edge all around. The seam made by joining the Surah with the brim is covered with a row of lace, which is continued on the uncovered portion of the Swiss muslin crown. On the brim is laid black velvet ribbon two inches wide, which falls in short ends behind. In front the cap is trimmed with an Alsatian bow made of velvet ribbon two inches and three-quarters wide, and in the back with loops of similar ribbon.

Surah and Lace Cap.

For this cap cut the brim of double stiff lace an inch and a quarter wide and twenty-four inches long, lay it in a pleat at the middle of the top, join the ends crosswise, and set a three-cornered piece of tulle on the upper edge from the back to the middle of the brim. On the edge of the brim set a row of pleated Breton lace two inches wide. The crown is made of a square piece of pale blue Surah twelve inches and a half in size, which is edged (with the exception of the corner designed for the top) with a bias fold of striped cream-colored gauze and with pleated lace. Round off this part on the untrimmed corner, gather it to the middle five times at intervals of an eighth of an inch, in vertical rows, which forms a shirring four inches

and seven-eighths long, and fasten this part on the summit of the tulle crown, and the corresponding corner on the joining seam of the brim. The lower free sides of the scarf are arranged each in four pleats turned toward each other, which are tacked together on the wrong side, and the rest of the scarf is sewed to the sides of the brim. In front the cap is trimmed with a bow of striped gauze.

Tulle and Lace Cravat Bow.

See illustration on page 540.

For this bow take three strips of Mechlin tulle, each eight inches and seven-eighths wide and five inches and three-quarters long, fold them double, lay them in side pleats, and sew them on a stiff lace foundation as shown by the illustration. Between these parts set on pleated lace two inches wide, which is continued to form the ends of the bow.

MEAT BREAD.

THIS prepared food is the practical outcome of the observed fact that the leavening or fermentation of flour bread causes the digestion of meat. A beefsteak cut into small pieces, and mixed with flour and yeast, is found by M. Scheurer-Kestner to disappear entirely during the process of fermentation, owing to the incorporation of its substance with the bread. When he began his experiments in this direction he used raw meat, three parts of which, finely minced, he mixed with five parts of flour and five parts of yeast. Sufficient water was then added to make the dough, which in due time began to ferment. After two or three hours the meat had disappeared, and the bread was then baked in the ordinary manner. But when thus prepared the bread has a disagreeable sour taste, and it is therefore better to cook the meat for an hour in the quantity of water necessary to afterward moisten the flour. The meat should be carefully deprived of fat, and only possess sufficient salt to bring out the flavor, as salt, by absorbing damp, would tend to spoil the bread. Salt lard may, however, with advantage take the place of part of the beef; and in order to insure complete digestion, the quantity of beef should not be more than one-half of the amount of flour used. Bread made with a proportion of veal is said to form an excellent soup for invalids, and as it keeps for a long time, it will very likely prove serviceable in sea or land travel.

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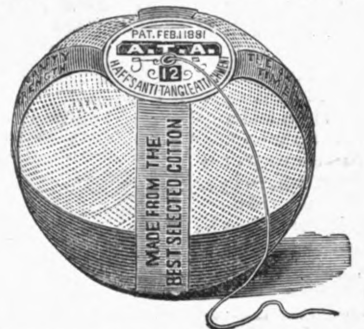
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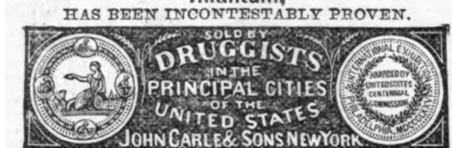


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RO(W)MAN TORTURE.

GEORGE (who has been rowing for the last hour in the hot sun in one of those heavy boats which abound in country lakes). "Ah, perhaps you would like to go ashore now, Miss Arabella. You—you—look warm."

ARABELLA. "Oh, this is just too delightful! Don't hurry in on my account."

FACETIE.

An interesting letter from Halifax to a London editor says that lobsters there are so cheap and plentiful that they may be purchased for a cent apiece. An Irish officer, being unaware of this fact, and thinking that they were in all probability two-and-sixpence or three shillings each—as in his own extortionate country—gave his servant a sovereign, and bade him order the worth of it in lobsters, as he had some friends coming to sup with him that night. Judge of his surprise when, on arriving at his lodging, he found a cart-load of the delicate crustacea there awaiting him.

"Why, what is the meaning of this?" he began.

"I beg pardon, sir," said the servant, "the other cart will be up presently."

A man who was too poor to indulge in any luxuries other than children, was presented by a loving wife with triplets—three boys—and he sought for some family to adopt them. Mr. Clark was inclined to take one of them, but his good wifethererobjected. They were talking it over before their little eight-year-old daughter, who said, "Why don't you take one of them, ma? or don't they want to break the set?"



A NEW VINTAGE.

WINE-MERCHANT (to new customer). "Ah, I know just where that wine comes from. Sunny little spot on the banks of Le Gag in France. Beautiful scene a vintage is."



LITTLE PITCHERS HAVE GREAT EARS.

"Now, then, what's your Papa's name, Freddy?"

"Dunno."

"Don't know your Papa's name! Why, what does Mamma call him?"

"Brute."

[A true story.]

A little girl joyfully assured her mother the other day that she had found out where they made horses; she had seen a man finishing one. "He was nailing on his last foot."

Why are seeds, when sown, like gate posts?—Because they are planted in the earth to propagate.

"Why don't you grow a mustache, Edwin? You would look much better." "I don't want one. I've got a pair of cricketer's whiskers." "Cricketer's whiskers! What are they?" "Eleven on each side, dear."

ALWAYS IN FASHION—F.

At repartee the Rev. Sydney Smith had few equals, and he must have been a bold individual who attempted to banter words with that celebrated humorist. His humorous and deliberate manner of driving home a retort, a thick-headed squire once discovered, who, being worsted by him in an argument, revenged himself by exclaiming, "By Jove! if I had a son who was an idiot, I'd make him a parson." "Very probably," replied Sydney; "but I see your father was of a different mind."



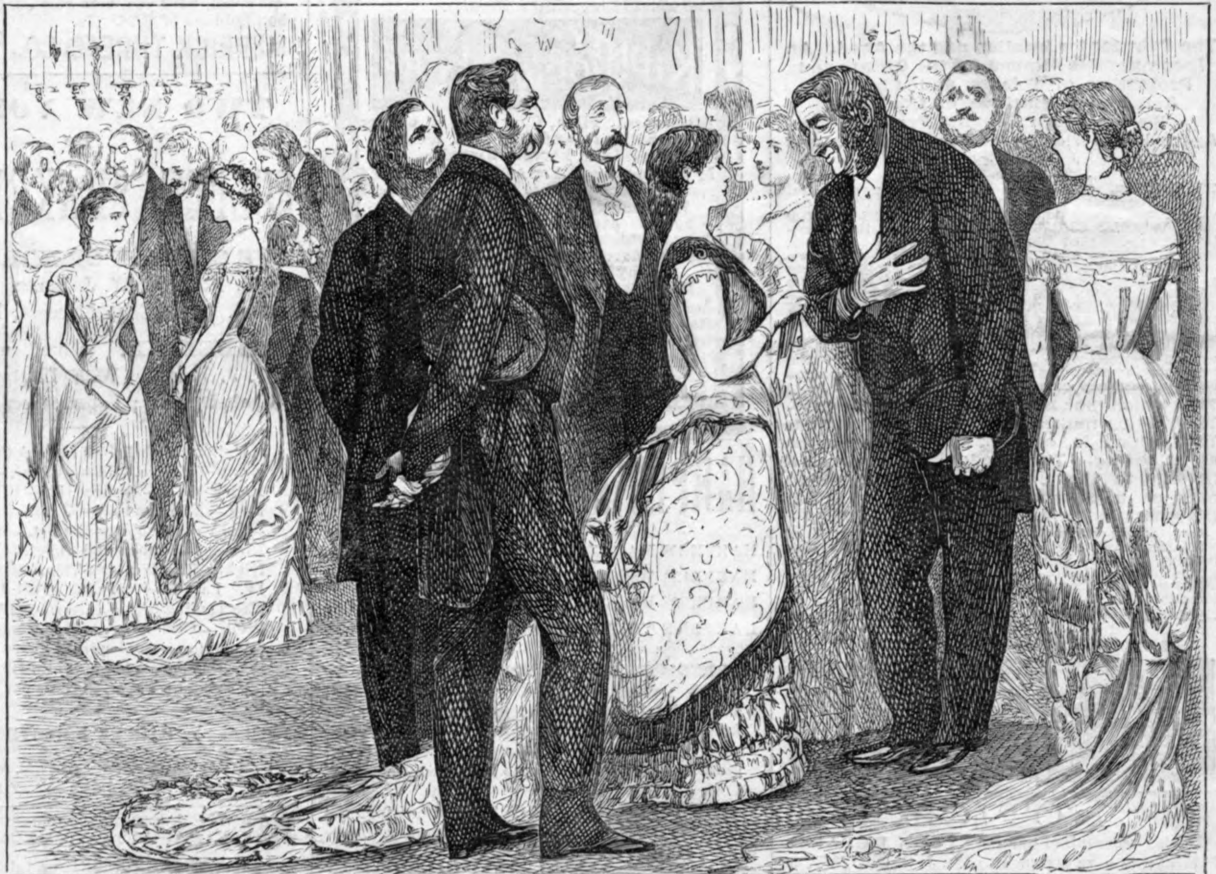
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SCENE A VINTAGE IS!



SHUT UP.

"You're very Bald, sir! Have you tried our Tonic Lotion?"

"Oh yes. But that's not what's made all my Hair fall off."



ANOTHER OF THE THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

HOSTESS. "What! leaving already, Mr. Mivers? I've scarcely seen anything of you the whole evening."

MR. MIVERS (who goes in for the courteous manners of the olden time). "That, madam, is entirely my fault."

[Exit gracefully, but remembers as he goes down stairs that he meant to say "misfortune," not "fault."]